

ALABAMA MEMORIAL

A MONUMENTAL REVIEW
EDITED BY J. M. MENN

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ALABAMA
MEMORIAL
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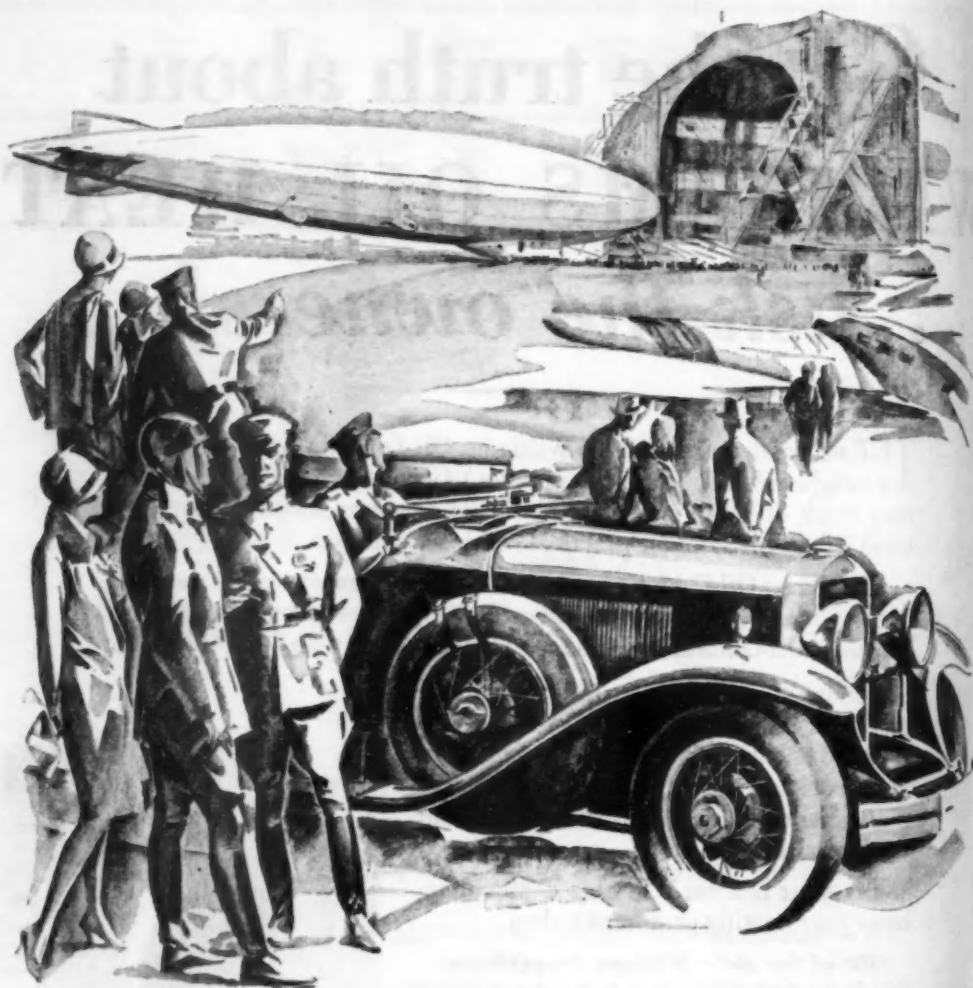
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XVI

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PUBLIC QUESTIONS

PROHIBITION, LEGAL AND ILLEGAL.

By Howard Lee McBain.

The Macmillan Company

\$2.

7 3/4 x 4 3/4; 171 pp.

New York

Dr. McBain is the Ruggles professor of constitutional law at Columbia, and the author of a number of valuable works on government and politics. The present book is a reworking of lectures delivered at Cornell and the University of Richmond. It presents a comprehensive and excellent review of the legal aspects of Prohibition, and discusses at length the statutes and judicial decisions underlying the current attempt to enforce it. The tale, in the main, is a melancholy one. At almost every point of conflict between the Eighteenth Amendment and the Bill of Rights the Supreme Court of the United States has given the Eighteenth Amendment the right of way. Dr. McBain analyzes some of the leading decisions in detail, and points out their effects, now and hereafter. He believes that the best way to get rid of the intolerable nuisance of so-called Law Enforcement would be for Congress to "adopt the Prohibition laws of the several States as the Prohibition law of the nation, retaining the Volstead Act for enforcement only in those States which refused to adopt Prohibition as a State policy." This would force all the States to adopt Prohibition acts in self-defense, and they could be framed to suit local tastes. Once they were on the books, the Federal Prohibition agent would have to retire. Dr. McBain believes that the Supreme Court would approve such a scheme, and that it holds out the only plausible prospect of release. He is aware, of course, that putting it into execution would present tremendous difficulties, but all other schemes, he believes, are downright impossible. His book is very fair, intelligent, learned and valuable.

FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD.

Edited by Horace M. Kallen.

Coward-McCann

\$2.50

8 3/8 x 5 3/4; 304 pp.

New York

This book is made up of a series of lectures delivered at the New School for Social Research in New York. The lecturers are Walton H. Hamilton, Father John A. Ryan, F. J. Foakes-Jackson, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Clarence Darrow, Silas Bent, Max Eastman, Robert Morss Lovett, Joseph Jastrow, John Dewey and Horace M. Kallen. They naturally approach the subject of liberty from widely differing viewpoints. Dr. Dewey discusses it as a philosophical idea, Father Ryan as a theological concept, and Messrs. Chafee, Bent, Darrow and Lovett as a practical matter. Father Ryan's lecture is a frank and straightforward statement of the

Catholic position: it is clear and logical, but it is surely not reassuring. Perhaps the most interesting of all the lectures is Mr. Chafee's on "Liberty and Law." He tells the depressing, and, in some of its details, almost incredible story of the raids made upon the constitutional guarantees in the United States since 1917, but he closes upon a note of hope. The very violence of these raids, he believes, has only made the value of liberty more obvious, and in the long run it will be restored. The book is well planned and full of interesting stuff. It needs an index badly, and it would have been the better for a greater documentation.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT.

By Bernard Faÿ.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

\$2.75

8 3/8 x 5 3/4; 264 pp.

New York

This book is bound to be compared to Dr. André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age," published a year or so ago. It is, in part at least, a better piece of work, especially in its historical section. M. Faÿ summarizes the political history of the United States with great shrewdness, and says a lot that is interesting about such figures as Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson. But though he had the collaboration of an American, Mr. Avery Claffin, his discussion of the America of today is by no means as penetrating as Dr. Siegfried's. What he has to say, indeed, is mainly obvious, and when he looks into the future he is very vague. At the end he indulges himself in speculation regarding the probable relations of the United States and Europe hereafter. It is difficult to make out what he intends to say. He seems to favor a sort of European federation, but he is plainly in doubt that it is feasible. His book, at worst, is well written, and shows a civilized attitude of mind. It is badly damaged by the lack of an index.

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

By Waldo Frank.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$3

8 3/8 x 5 3/4; 353 pp.

New York

Precisely what Mr. Frank is trying to say in this book it is almost impossible to make out. The writing in it is even more confused and obscure than in his previous works. He starts out with a discussion of the "causes and conditions" of America. He seems to think that Europe, from which America sprang and to which it still owes intellectual allegiance, has been in a state of "cultural decomposition," especially since the scientists began to have a say about its ideas. The arch culprits have been such men as Darwin, Gauss, Freud and Monkowski, of whose general outlook on life Mr. Frank says, "No shallower idea ever

Continued on page xii

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BRENTANO'S
Publishers in New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

wreaked havoc in the human mind. . . . Our fathers who accepted Jonah and the Whale were hard-headed fellows compared to their positivistic sons, who thought that our religious sense was somehow akin with the vestigial tail inherited from the ape." Well, America is imbued with all this poisonous philosophy, and it is raising havoc among us. Somehow it has instilled into us a love of Power and of Success and a worship of Efficiency and of Service, and has made all our arts "reflective, mechanical, apologetic . . . and wholly debauched." What we need is a set of new leaders who will preach to us that blessing of every true civilization, "a sense of the Whole." Our leaders in the past, William Jennings Bryan, Roosevelt and Wilson, were men of originality, but the good about them was wholly "poetic." As for Irving Babbitt, "something is in [him] which disqualifies him from leadership," and as for John Dewey, "the one intellectual master in our country," the trouble with him is that "he himself does not experience the organic unity of life as emergent from chaos." The one true leader we have, says Mr. Frank, is Alfred Stieglitz, "who has been a great force in the lives of Americans through the fact that *his life* is a sheer articulation of his values." What America needs most now is a full realization of "the concept of the Whole." Strangely enough, it also "needs groups. Groups to capture our chaos as consciousness captures the sense." In short, it ought to take to heart the immortal precepts in the great Indian classics, especially the Digha-Nikaya and the Majjhima-Nikaya of the Buddhist Pali Canon. All this sounds very much like rubbish.

POLITICS & CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

By *Raymond Moley.* Minton, Balch & Company
\$2.50 7 3/8 x 5 1/2; 241 pp. New York

It is an appalling picture of inefficiency and corruption that Dr. Moley presents in this book. One wonders, indeed, after reading it, not that so many crimes go unpunished in America, but that any criminals are punished at all. He has chapters on the prosecuting attorney, on the coroner and sheriff, on the grand jury and on petit juries, and closes with a comparative survey of criminal justice in England and Canada. The central figure in the American system is obviously the prosecuting attorney, usually a political appointee and very often an active and corrupt politician. The office, in most American communities, goes to ambitious young lawyers. It is the favorite stepping stone to higher things. Thus the incumbent is very prone, on the one hand, to grant favors to culprits with influence, and on the other hand, to prosecute the friendless, when he can get *kudos* by it, with relentless

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ferocity. Dr. Moley's book is well documented and has a good index. He is professor of public law at Columbia.

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT.

By *George Seldes.* Payson & Clarke
\$4 9 x 5 3/4; 465 pp. New York

From 1919 to 1928 Mr. Seldes was a member of the Chicago Tribune Foreign News Service, and in that capacity covered practically every important story on the Continent in that period. As the present book dealing with his experiences shows, he was a good foreign correspondent, and frequently scored beats. His book is of especial value because of the light it throws on the unreliable sources from which most foreign news reaches this country, and on the cold and even hostile manner in which the American embassies treat American newspaper men. The latter, says Mr. Seldes, frequently aid and abet foreign governments in their censorships, and when faced with the fact of an assault on an American correspondent, their attitude generally is, "He is an American, therefore most probably he is in the wrong." Mr. Seldes draws heavily from his own experiences to prove all his statements. Unfortunately, he is a bit hysterical and verbose in his writing. The book suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

BIOGRAPHY

LONELY AMERICANS.

By *Rollo W. Brown.* Coward-McCann
\$3.50 8 3/4 x 6; 319 pp. New York

The eight Americans whom Mr. Brown discusses here are Whistler, Bellows, Eliot, Emily Dickinson, Pumpelly, Charles Eliot Norton, Lincoln and MacDowell. He has nothing to say about any of them that is not already more or less common knowledge. There is, indeed, far more rhetoric in his pages than solid information. And the rhetoric every now and then leads him into absurd or incorrect statements. For example, he calls Eliot "a superman," and of Emily Dickinson he says that she renounced "the orthodox trappings of Puritanism."

ARTURO TOSCANINI.

By *Tobia Nicotra.* Alfred A. Knopf
\$3.50 8 5/8 x 5 1/2; 236 pp. New York

The general style of this work is that of an American campaign biography. The author swoons along from superlative to superlative. Nothing even remotely approaching intelligent criticism of Toscanini is offered. Nor are the circumstances of his life, as the

Continued on page xiv



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

author sets them forth, of any interest. He is obviously a competent conductor, but he is equally obviously a dull man. The translation by Irma Brandeis and H. D. Kahn is appropriately bad.

THE BROWNS. *A Victorian Idyll.*

By David Loth.

\$3.75

8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 289 pp.

Brentano's

New York

This is what is nowadays known as "an imaginative biography." It is full of imagination but contains very little genuine biography. The style throughout is of the kiss-me-quick-dear variety. Here are two samples. (a) Elizabeth has told Robert not "to be civil to me when you feel rude." Mr. Loth immediately makes the following comment: "The blend of woman's charm with man's freedom of expression was irresistible, as it always is. Not that Robert ever would be rude, perish the thought! But how sweet to know that he might be and still retain Miss Barrett's friendship. He decided to be frank." (b) This frankness developed very rapidly into love, but Mr. Loth, who apparently has got in touch with some eye witnesses, warns us that "by modern standards they starved their love cruelly. A handclasp was beyond all Robert's daring. A kiss was something mentioned in poetry but never attempted in real life. However, they derived a certain pleasure from the realization that their love could thrive on a diet of words. . . . They had never discussed the possibility of having an heir of their own. . . . [They] never even thought of it." There are six illustrations.

THE TURKISH ORDEAL.

By Halid Edib.

\$4.

9 x 6; 407 pp.

The Century Company

New York

This second volume of Mme. Edib's memoirs records her activities between the Turkish armistice in October, 1918, and the establishment of the national government in October, 1922. This stirring account of a nation's groping for freedom, with its worshipful attitude toward Mustafa Kemal, is not free of partisanship. There is irony in the fact that the English, whom the author once belabored, have now opened their doors to her. Since 1925, when the present dictatorship was established in Turkey, she and Dr. Adnan, her husband, have been living in England.

FIVE MEN OF FRANKFORT.

By Marcus Eli Ravage.

\$5

9 1/4 x 6 1/4; 341 pp.

The Dial Press

New York

The five men of the title are the five Rothschild brothers, Salomon, Amschel, Nathan, James and Karl. Mr. Ravage does not tell their stories separately, but

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in a connected form. As for his style, it is diluted Ludwig. The book is perhaps a little more readable than such things usually are. There are five illustrations.

CRITICISM

ENGLISH PROSE STYLE.

By Herbert Read.

\$2.50

8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 229 pp.

Henry Holt & Company

New York

This is a good book. Mr. Read discusses, first, the elements of composition, such as the sentence, the paragraph and general structure, and, second, the various types of writing. There is nothing of the college text-book writer in him. What he says is always sensible and well written in itself, and his specimen extracts from the English classics are excellently chosen. His parting advice is especially sound: that no matter how great his mastery of technique, a writer is of little merit unless he has something important to say, or, in Coleridge's words, unless he is moved by "a predominating passion."

LYRICAL POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By H. J. C. Grierson.

\$1.25

7 3/4 x 5 3/4; 159 pp.

Harcourt, Brace & Company

New York

This is No. 5 of the excellent series of Hogarth Lectures on Literature. It begins with Blake and ends with Yeats, and is a first-rate survey of what was the most brilliant period in the entire history of English poetry. The argument of the book is supported by numerous quotations, and on the whole its judgments are the commonly accepted ones. There is, however, one important exception. Mr. Grierson thinks that Shelley was a far greater poet than Keats, and in fact places him next to Blake. Keats, he contends, was "less soaring and ardent" than Shelley. A brief bibliography and an index would have made the book more useful to the student.

SPOKESMEN. *Modern Writers & American Life.*

By T. K. Whipple.

\$2.50

8 x 5 1/4; 277 pp.

D. Appleton & Company

New York

Professor Whipple, who is a member of the Department of English in the University of California, here brings his critical faculties to bear upon Henry Adams, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Theodore Dreiser, Robert Frost, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill. There are bibliographies at the ends of the chapters, a general bibliography, and an index.

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HERMAN MELVILLE

a
**Literary Guild
book**



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Mumford**

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Harcourt, Brace & Company, 383 Madison Avenue, New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv HISTORY

THE THIRD REPUBLIC.

By Raymond Recouly. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$4.50 9 3/4 x 5 3/4; 384 pp. New York

This history of France from 1870 to the present is apparently intended as a text-book for college freshmen. It is pretty dull and not always trustworthy in its facts, particularly in the second half. M. Recouly is sure that the Great War was brought about by "Germany's preconceived plan, as well as her bad faith," and that the winning of the war was "due to Foch and to Clemenceau." The translation from the French is by E. F. Buckley.

FALSEHOOD IN WAR-TIME.

By Arthur Ponsonby. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2 7 1/2 x 5; 192 pp. New York

PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE IN THE WORLD WAR.

By Harold D. Lasswell. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3.25 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 233 pp. New York

These two volumes offer a melancholy commentary upon human imbecility. Mr. Lasswell shows how the peoples of all the warring nations were bamboozled by their so-called leaders, and Mr. Ponsonby, who is a member of the British Parliament, sets forth at length some of the concrete lies that were told to them. Both books deserve to be put into every public library in America. They are shocking beyond expression, and at the same time hilariously amusing. The Lasswell volume has both an extensive bibliography and an index. The Ponsonby volume, unfortunately, has neither.

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR.

By Sidney B. Fay. The Macmillan Company
\$9 8 1/2 x 5 1/4; 2 vols.; 551 + 577 pp. New York

This heavily documented and immensely painstaking work is of the first importance. In it Dr. Fay studies at length, not the propaganda literature which swamped the world during the war and afterward, but the basic documents, and from them he tries to unearth the actual facts. His verdict, as might be expected, is one which refutes the main contentions of both sides. The theories which prevailed in the United States between 1914 and 1920 are shown to have been rubbish, but it is also demonstrated that those held by the people of the Central Powers were almost as unsound. Not one of the countries engaged in the war really willed it, but all had some share of the responsibility for it. Meanwhile, historical scholars still differ "very much as to the relative part

of this responsibility that falls on each country and on each individual political or military leader." The one thing clear is that Germany was not alone to blame. "The verdict of the Versailles Treaty . . . in view of the evidence now available, is historically unsound. It should therefore be revised. However, because of the popular feeling widespread in some of the Entente countries, it is doubtful whether a formal and legal revision is yet practicable. There must first come a further revision by historical scholars, and through them of public opinion." Dr. Fay (who is professor of modern European history in Smith College), prints no formal bibliographies, but his two volumes are heavily documented. There are many illustrations, and a good index.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES: 1860-1895.

By Norman J. Ware. D. Appleton & Company
\$3 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 409 pp. New York

Dr. Ware is associate professor of economics at Wesleyan University. His previous book, "The Industrial Worker: 1840-1860," is perhaps the most authoritative study in its field. The present volume is just as good. It is comprehensive, well documented and ably written. There is a good selected bibliography, and also an index.

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. VIII.

The Hellenistic Monarchies & the Rise of Rome.
Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock & M. P. Charlesworth.
The Macmillan Company
\$10.50 9 3/4 x 6; 994 pp. New York

This volume covers the decline of Greece and the rise of Rome. It opens with chapters on the general ideas of the period and the coming of the Celts, and then proceeds to discuss the various Hellenistic kingdoms, including those of Africa and Asia, and the early history of Italy. The authors, as in the previous volumes, are mainly Englishmen, but there are also two Frenchmen, one American (Dr. Tenney Frank, of the Johns Hopkins), and, for the first time, a German. The time covered is an obscure one and offers the historian serious difficulties. Not much that is authentic is known about the early days of Rome, and even less is known about the Greek kingdoms in Asia Minor. But whatever has been discovered or can be deduced is set forth at length, and with the usual heavy documentation. There are many maps and dynastic charts, and the bibliography and indices are admirable.

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18 East 48th St., New York

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

JOHN WILKES BOOTH: *Fact & Fiction of Lincoln's Assassination.*

By Francis Wilson.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
Boston

\$4.50 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 322 pp.

There is little that is new in this book, but it is a careful summary of the known facts. Mr. Wilson wastes a great deal of space refuting the nonsense in a book called "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," by one Finis L. Bates, a Tennessee lawyer. In that work Bates argues that Booth was not really killed on the Garrett farm in April, 1865, but escaped the pursuing soldiers, made his way to the West, and finally died by his own hand at Enid, Okla., on January 13, 1903. The story is preposterous, and, as Mr. Wilson shows, is wholly unsupported by plausible evidence.

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH CIVILIZATION.

By Esme Wingfield-Stratford

Harcourt, Brace & Company
New York

\$12 9 3/4 x 6 3/4; 2 vols.; 1332 pp.

This huge work, which begins with Piltown Mar and ends with the outbreak of the late war, has many merits. It is admirably planned, it shows a vast learning, it is enlightened in point of view, and it is very well written. Not many English historians since Macaulay, indeed, have written as well as Dr. Wingfield-Stratford. He has a vigorous and yet melodious style, and it shows constant variety and is informed by humor. His concern is not merely with the political history of the British Isles, but also with the daily business and thoughts of their people. His most searching and brilliant chapters deal with such things as the rise of the Factory System and the origins and effects of the Evangelical Movement. His portraits of salient characters in the long story are always vivid, and sometimes they show a great deal of novel and pungent observation. Perhaps wisely, he has refrained from documenting his narrative. He has even omitted any attempt at a bibliography, but at the end of his second volume there is a good index. The work is of extraordinary interest and value.

CHIVALRY. *A Series of Studies to Illustrate Its Historical Significance & Civilizing Influence.*

Edited by Edgar Prestage.

Alfred A. Knopf
New York

\$6 9 3/4 x 6; 231 pp.

The nine chapters of this book were, in their first form, lectures delivered at King's College, London, in 1925. Six of the lecturers were instructors at the University of London. The collection, as is usual in such cases, is very unequal in merit. The opening chapter by Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, on "Chivalry

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and Its Place in History," is far better than any of the others. It is well ordered, extraordinarily comprehensive, and very well written. The other chapters deal with chivalry in France, Germany, Spain and Portugal, with the origins of the institution, with its influence upon literature, and with its relations to the modern idea of the gentleman. There is a flawless preface by Sir Israel Gollancz on a medieval MS. dealing with the Black Prince. He also discusses the relations between chivalry and medieval English poetry. The volume has twenty-four full-page illustrations and a good index.

THE STORY OF THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD, 1827-1927.

By Edward Hungerford.

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9 1/4 x 6; 2 vols.; 372-365 pp. New York

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OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS. The Letters of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois.

Duffield & Company

\$3.50

9 x 6 1/4; 225 pp.

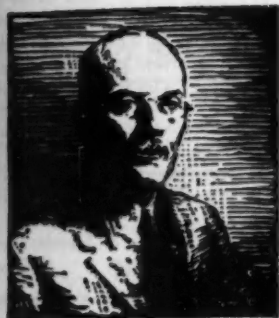
New York

The Marquis de Barbé-Marbois was secretary of the French legation to the Thirteen Colonies from 1779 to 1784. During that time he traveled extensively in New England and in the South, and was the friend of nearly all the Fathers, including Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. He was apparently a man of great ability and strength of character, since Napoleon held him in high esteem and created him a senator of the Empire. While here he wrote numerous letters about the country to his Parisian fiancée, and most of them are now presented in book form for the first time. He finally married a Philadelphia girl, but that is beside the

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point. His correspondence with his first fiancée is of important historical value; it presents an interesting picture of early American life. The translation is by Eugene Parker Chase, associate professor of government at Lafayette College, who is also the author of the introduction.

THE SCIENCES

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE.

By Fielding H. Garrison. The W. B. Saunders Company. \$12. 9 1/4 x 5 3/8; 996 pp. Philadelphia

This is the fourth edition of a book that promises to become one of the great monuments of American scholarship. It would be difficult to overestimate its merits. It is not only an almost exhaustive history of medicine, with colossal documentation; it is also a work of art, charmingly written and full of the engaging humanism of the author. The present edition is completely revised and reset, and is much larger than any of its predecessors. An excellent chapter on Pre-historic Medicine and another on Medicine in the World War and After have been added, and the author has revived his ingenious and often waggish Questions and Exercises, omitted from all editions since the first. The additions in the narrative proper are important and many. The text has been purged of errors and omissions, the progress of medicine since 1921 is set forth at length, and there are many new names in the index, e.g., Dick, Banting, Dandy and Blair Bell. Col. Garrison protests against the inordinate proliferation of medical literature in recent years, but he shows no sign of being daunted by it. His record comes down to the date of his preface, and nothing of the slightest importance seems to have been omitted. But the chief merit of the book is not its great comprehensiveness and accuracy; it is its uncommon literary value. It shows throughout the attitudes of mind of a highly civilized man, whose learning is by no means confined to his specialty. The thumb-nail portraits of salient men are admirably vivid, and when the author philosophizes it is always amusingly and to some purpose. The book is well printed and copiously illustrated, and has exhaustive bibliographies and indices. The lay reader, quite as much as the medical man, will find it fascinating reading. The author is a lieutenant-colonel in the Army Medical Corps, attached to the Surgeon General's office in Washington.

YOUR TEETH.

By Charles I. Stoloff. E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.50 7 1/2 x 5; 224 pp. New York

Dr. Stoloff, who is a dentist, here sets forth the principal facts about the teeth in the form of a cate-

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chism, with many explanatory drawings. He describes the temporary and permanent teeth in detail, and then proceeds to a consideration of the procedures of dentistry, including teeth straightening. At the end he offers advice about oral hygiene. He makes no mention of the dental syringe, which is probably more efficient for removing particles of food from between the teeth than the floss he recommends. He says little about tooth pastes, some of which are now advertised in an inflammatory manner. All of them, he says, are "but pleasant accessories to tooth-brushing"; the real work is done by the brush, whose proper use he illustrates. His book is clearly written and should be useful.

BLUE BLOOD IN ANIMALS and Other Essays in Biology.

By H. Munro Fox.

Brentano's

\$2.50

7 1/2 x 4 3/4; 205 pp.

New York

The author is professor of zoölogy at the University of Birmingham, England. His essays cover a wide range and are not very profound, but they at least have the merit of being well written. He discusses, among other things, the coloring matter of the blood, the determination of sex, the perception of color in the lower animals, and the phenomenon of blood-relationship. The book is not documented and lacks an index.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF SOCIETY.

By Carl Kelsy.

D. Appleton & Company

\$3.50

8 x 5; 526 pp.

New York

This is a revision, with considerable extension, of a work originally published in 1916. The author first considers the environment of man, then discusses the nature of his physical organism, and then proceeds to deal with the physical factors influencing his behavior. At the end there are chapters on the special problems presented by civilization and on the concept of human progress. The book is clearly written and covers a very wide ground. It shows extensive information and good judgment. After each chapter there are references to authorities and at the end there is an index. The author is professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania.

AT HOME AMONG THE ATOMS.

By James Kendall.

The Century Company

\$3

7 1/4 x 5 1/4; 318 pp.

New York

Dr. Kendall (until lately professor of chemistry and dean of the Graduate School at New York University and now professor of chemistry at Edinburgh) here attempts to explain the fundamental facts of chemistry for the layman. The book, says the author, "does not

Continued on page xxvi

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presuppose any familiarity at all with the formal side of chemistry—that side, indeed, is suppressed to a minimum throughout." The arrangement is good and the facts are set forth clearly, but the author damages his exposition rather than helps it by what he calls "homely analogies and alleged wise-cracks." There are a number of illustrations, some of which really illustrate and some of which do not. There are no bibliographies, but at the end are two indices.

THE RAIN-MAKERS.

By Mary Roberts Coolidge.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
Boston

\$4

8¾ x 5¾; 326 pp.

This is a popular but accurate and excellent account of the desert Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. The author describes their religion, their social organization, their arts and industries, and their habits of mind. The book is well ordered, there are many good illustrations, and at the end there is a useful bibliography. Few more engaging works upon the Hopis, Navajos, Apaches and Zuñis have ever been published. There are brief supplemental chapters on the Pimas, Pargos, Maricopahs, Havasupais, Walapais, Yumas, Mojaves and Mojave-Apaches.

ANTHOLOGIES

A COMPREHENSIVE ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY.

Compiled by Conrad Aiken.

The Modern Library

95 cents

6¾ x 4¾; 362 pp.

New York

This anthology leaves very much to be desired. Mr. Aiken says in his preface that his selections are based wholly on his own æsthetic judgments; in that case one is forced to say that his judgments are very strange indeed. He prints four poems by Anne Bradstreet and one by Thomas Godfrey, and does not as much as mention "Bacon's Epitaph by his Hired Man." The latter anonymous poem, written in Virginia about 1644, is not only more eloquent than anything Mrs. Bradstreet or Godfrey ever wrote; it is the only poem worthy of serious attention that was written in America before "Thanatopsis." Again, on what basis can Mr. Aiken justify the complete exclusion of Robinson Jeffers and Léonie Adams, and the large space he allots to Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, John Crow Ransom and Archibald MacLeish? Further, how explain the fact that Sandburg is represented by only one poem, and Louis Untermeyer by one? Does Mr. Aiken mean that the author of "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" and "Smoke and Steel" deserves no more attention as a poet than Mr. Untermeyer? And where is Edna St. Vincent Millay's "God's World," unquestionably one of the most

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powerful poems produced by any American in the last twenty-five years? Mr. Aiken is quite right when he says that "American poetry . . . is not yet a great or rich poetry." Triviality and immaturity are in the best of it. Nevertheless, it is far richer than the present anthology would lead one to believe.

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES.

Edited by Raymond Knister. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 340 pp. Toronto

There are seventeen stories in this collection, reprinted from magazines in the United States and Canada. The authors include Frederick William Wallace, Morley Callaghan, Merrill Denison, Norman Duncan, Walter McLaren Imrie, Will E. Ingersoll, Stephen Leacock, Leslie McFarlane, Thomas Murtha, Harvey O'Higgins, Sir Gilbert Parker, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Charles G. D. Roberts, Mazo de la Roche, Duncan Campbell Scott, Alan Sullivan and Edward William Thomson. The stories vary considerably in merit. Mr. Knister has written an introduction and there is an appendix containing lists of Canadian short-stories in books and magazines and of books of short-stories by Canadian authors.

LUTE & SCIMITAR.

Edited by Achmed Abdullah. Payson & Clark
\$2.50 10¾ x 7; 85 pp. New York

This anthology of poems and ballads from Central Asia is composed of pieces hitherto unavailable in English. Not a few of them, indeed, have never been written down in the original languages. Mr. Abdullah's translations—they are from the Afghan, the Persian, the Turkoman, the Tarantchi, the Bokharan, the Balochi and the Tartar—are always workmanlike, and his historical and philological notes are interesting and valuable. There is a preface by Hervey Allen, but it adds little to the book. The edition is limited to 500 copies. Printing and binding are very well done.

THE FUNNY BONE.

Designed by Cynthia Asquith. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2 7¾ x 5¾; 303 pp. New York

This collection of eighteen humorous short stories includes one each by P. G. Wodehouse, E. F. Benson, I. A. Williams, George A. Birmingham, Compton Mackenzie, E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross, Denis Mackail, Stacy Aumonier, J. Storer Clouston, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, Alfred Sidgwick, Elizabeth Bowen, L. P. Hartley, Hilda Hughes, Helen Simpson, Norman Venner, J. B. Morton, and the editor.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

**Aristocratic Russian
Émigrés in Paris**

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Continued from page xxviii

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY.
 Edited by Mark Van Doren. Albert & Charles Boni
 \$5 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 1318 pp. New York

Most of the poems in this large volume are translations. They come out of almost all the languages that have produced poetry, from Chinese to Swedish, and from Persian to German. Mr. Van Doren says in his preface that there would be more of them if more foreign poets had found adequate English translators. As it is, his list of translators is brilliant with famous names, and some of their translations are quite as beautiful as the originals. At the end of the book there is an English and American section, with specimens of the work of poets ranging from Chaucer to T. S. Eliot. There are good indices. The thin paper, unfortunately, is not as opaque as it might be.

AMERICAN GHOST STORIES.
 Selected by C. Armitage Harper.
 The Houghton Mifflin Company
 \$2.50 7 1/2 x 5; 287 pp. Boston

Stories by Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Fitz-James O'Brien, Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, Brander Matthews, Ambrose Bierce, Edith Wharton, John Kendrick Bangs, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, F. Marion Crawford, Ellis Parker Butler, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Theodore Dreiser.

THE FINE ARTS

GARI MELCHERS: Painter.
 William Edwin Ruly
 \$10 12 1/4 x 9 1/2; 112 pp. New York

Melchers was born in 1860 in Detroit, and now lives in Virginia. He is a portrait painter and mural decorator of international reputation, and has won prizes all over the Continent. The greater part of the present book is made up of over fifty excellent reproductions of his work. There is also a brief biographical and critical foreword by Henriette Lewis-Hind.

HAWAII.
 By Ambrose Patterson.
 The University of Washington Book Store
 65 cents 10 x 7; 12 pp. Seattle

Twelve woodcuts of scenes in Hawaii: "Hula," "In the Oriental Quarter," "Under the Moana Han Tree," "Lei Sellers," "Surf Riders," "Luau (Native Feast)," "Rice Fields," "Torch Fishers," "Haleman-mau (The Volcano)," "Pounding Poi," "Native Swimmers," and "Lantern Parade." Only one, "Lei Sellers," shows any distinction.

Continued in back advertising section, page lii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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The American MERCURY

April 1929

THE PROGRESSIVES OF THE SENATE

BY A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

WITH the exception of Norris of Nebraska, now dejected and despondent over the hopelessness of his long struggle, and Tom Walsh of Montana, an able man but always vain and sometimes sentimental, the so-called Progressives in the United States Senate are a sorry bunch of weaklings and time-servers. The Liberals of America are always getting fooled, but never have they been worse fooled than by this small, forlorn and measly gang of false leaders.

Brookhart, Blaine, Borah, Frazier, Howell, Johnson, Dill, La Follette, Shipstead, Nye, Wheeler, all come within the category. There is little intellectual or moral fibre in any of them. They pothole, trim and hedge. Borah, Brookhart, Frazier, Howell, Johnson and Nye supported the reactionary Hoover in the late campaign and stumped zealously for him. Young La Follette didn't have the courage to come out openly for Smith, but contented himself with the crafty declaration that he could not support the Republican platform and its candidate. Blaine, too, played a weasel's game, slinking around the issue by announcing that he had many friends who were going to vote for Al. Shipstead indulged in his customary two-timing, saying nothing and manipulating support from all sides; he finally lined up the great mill-owning Republicans of Minnesota,

the Democrats, and the radicals, and so got himself reelected. Norris alone of the crowd had the courage of his convictions. He came out flatly for Al.

Nothing ever so thoroughly showed up the weakness of these alleged Progressives as their course in the campaign. Of what value was their yammering against the Power Trust and their loud demands for its investigation by the Federal Trade Commission when a few months later they supported Hoover, who is violently opposed to their pet cure-all, public ownership, and now has the power to appoint perfectly "safe" commissioners? Of what worth was their denunciation of old Andy Mellon and their threatening darkly to fight his confirmation if Hoover renamed him, when they had already permitted him to get away with his three-billion dollar tax refund? Of what significance was their bawling about the Marines in Nicaragua when they had voted millions for the murderous Prohibition agents and never raised a hand against lynching?

No wonder the Old Guard rolls along so merrily these days and Hoover reigns supreme o'er land and sea! The Old Guard knows that when it comes down to cases the Progressives won't stand up. With the exception of Norris, they all play the political game as deviously as any Old Guarder. Theirs is a Progressivism of face-

saving devices. The party bosses trade and deal with them, and have no trouble in handling them. Do Jim Watson and George Moses want an assault made on Al Smith to divert attention from the conduct of Mellon, Hays and Butler in the oil scandals? If so, all they have to do is to rig up Nye for the job, in conjunction with the nauseating Robinson of Indiana. When the last Congress convened and the question of the organization of the Senate by the Republicans rested with the Progressives, Watson and Charley Curtis, then the floor leader, found it easy to arrange a deal whereby the socially ambitious Shipstead and the rest of the sad crew lined up for the reactionary slate—in return for the munificent assurance that they would be "allowed" to vote on the issues of farm relief, Nicaragua and water-power! Naturally, Jim and Charley were very willing to promise them these chances to vote. They knew that they could count on the reactionary Republicans and Democrats to vote them down, and that if this failed the good Cal would do the trick. And the Progressives knew it too.

The principle of attack, of aggressive leadership, of purposeful endeavor is completely lacking among them. The hammering championship of concrete Liberal projects by the elder La Follette is beyond their poor talents. Theirs is a defensive, passive policy, with overtones of the hypocrisy of Borah. Militancy is simply not in them. They sit back, wail a bit, shake their heads, demand investigations, introduce endless and inane resolutions, and then take it out by "voting right." Of course they always "vote right." So, occasionally, does the sly, mischievous Moses. It is even on record that Jim Watson, the noblest buccaneer of them all, has "voted right" in his day—whether by inadvertence or for some deep-laid purpose of his own only he can tell.

"Voting right" gave no vital aid to Couzens of Michigan in his long fight to show up the staggering scandal of the three billion tax refund. Real work and

real ability were needed to grapple with the astounding practices and operations of Mellon and his friends, and the Progressives shirked the one and lacked the other. When the challenge of the campaign came they all ran out—Norris excepted. Either they climbed on to the party wagon behind the Great Sham Borah, or they took refuge in surreptitious sniping, following Blaine and La Follette. Early in the campaign they started a boom for Norris. They began by explaining carefully that they really had no hope of nominating him, but proposed to build up a sufficiently strong support around him to force the selection of a candidate acceptable to them. Having thus frankly made known their objective, they promptly proceeded to desert it and their candidate. Soon Nye, Frazier, Borah, Howell, Brookhart and Blaine were supporting Hoover or one of the other reactionaries. When Hoover dragged off the nomination, all of them, with the exception of Norris and the devious Blaine and La Follette, dutifully fell in line with the Slempts, Works, Mellons, Hayses, Hillese, Horace Manns and Ruth Hanna McCormicks, and under the leadership of Borah raised their voices in hosannas.

Yet it cannot be denied: in the Senate they always "vote right."

II

Despite all the rhapsodical eulogies of his idolizers, the elder La Follette led none too pure a political life, but he was a fighting man and he pounded and hammered and battled his opponents in a lusty manner. There was in him the gusto and swagger of a great actor. He knew how to dramatize his duels with the vested gentry. His successor to his seat—by virtue of the fact that he bears his father's name and happened to be narrowly within the constitutional age limit when his father died—affects the hirsute adornment of a drug-store yahoo and practices the political disingenuousness of a Jim Watson. Once or twice a session he rises in his

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place and delivers a prepared dissertation decrying the mischievous conduct of some combine or governmental department while assistants pass out voluminous handouts to reporters. Occasionally he introduces a resolution to investigate something or other. But that is about all. His whole attitude is that of one who is playing safe. He never does anything until the lay of the land has been carefully scanned and he has got the support of his huge bevy of advisers.

His belligerency he reserves for the editorials that appear over his signature in *La Follette's Magazine*, a monthly organ established by his father and which he now conducts. Its circulation is confined mainly to Wisconsin, and it is in its obscure columns that he calls down the curse of Heaven upon the wicked trusts and the bad, bad government. The floor of the Senate hears little or nothing about it.

In 1926, after months of bitter struggle, the striking Passaic mill-workers came to him in an endeavor to obtain congressional action of some kind. He failed them. They then resorted to the Hoover-loving Borah, which of course netted them not a whit more. The story in labor circles at the time was that the A. F. of L. bosses had told Young Bob to lay off. Weisbord the Red was leading the Passaic strike and the fatted chieftains of organized labor wanted no assistance given to any cause he was associated with, no matter how just or urgent the need. Here was a chance to rise above principle, and Fighting Bob's son and successor rose. He was a member of the Senate commerce committee, which claimed jurisdiction in the matter. The ultra-reactionary Phipps of Colorado, then chairman of the committee, stalled off consideration of the strike for weeks, and when finally, after a pitiful petition from the strikers, it did take up the question it was behind closed doors. There followed the curt announcement that the strikers had been turned down. La Follette treated the reporters

who covered the story as if they were intruding into his personal affairs—and well they may have been.

His record of achievement in other matters has been quite as notable for lack of results. He was named a member of a special committee to investigate the United States Tariff Commission. The committee held hearings for many weeks and then adjourned. Months went by without a report. Finally, Joe Robinson, Al Smith's running mate and a member of the committee, issued a minority report, criticising the Commission, about the time the presidential race got under way. And that ended that.

For years there have been outcries against the administration of the Indian Bureau. The recent disclosures before the Senate Indian affairs committee proved only too conclusively the soundness of these accusations and the need for an airing of the bureau. John Collier, of the American Indian Defense Association, labored for several sessions to induce La Follette, Wheeler, Frazier, and the other Progressives to force an investigation. After long and heart-breaking effort, he finally got action and has been chiefly responsible for whatever success has accompanied the committee's labors. La Follette, on one plea and another, has begged off from front trench participation and taken a passive attitude toward the whole matter.

His friends excuse him on the ground of his indifferent health. But while that may account for his lack of legislative activity, it certainly does not explain his failure to take a straightforward stand, as Norris did, during the Smith-Hoover race, nor does it square with the fact that he has managed to find sufficient strength to make three State-wide campaigns in four years. Neither does it offer any explanation of his hedging on the Senate organization last session, nor explain why such luminaries as Moses, Watson, Curtis and the others of the Old Guard speak of him so affectionately as

Bobby. They didn't applaud and pat his father on the back. Maybe that was because the old boy didn't wear Valentino side-burns. When he tossed his mane they knew that he meant it.

Those on the inside in Washington are aware that Young Bob had to swallow, deeply against his and his family's wishes, the blatant Blaine, the other Wisconsin Senator. The La Follette family wanted to run their own choice, a family friend, against Lenroot. But Blaine, whatever his demagoguery, has courage, and he let them know that he was prepared to fight. And so, despite the fact that Phil, Bob's younger brother (who had been slated as the old Senator's successor, but, because he was not quite of the constitutional age at the time of his father's death, had to be side-tracked for Bob), had expressed publicly violent disapproval of some of Blaine's acts as Governor of Wisconsin, they had to put him on their ticket and go up and down the land proclaiming his merits.

And that was not all. Not only did Blaine make them support him when he ran against Lenroot, but he forced them to choose a man he wanted to head the La Follette State ticket last year and to write the kind of a platform he wanted. The elder La Follette was all set to jettison Blaine, who had flaunted him. Had Old Bob lived they would have had it out in the 1926 campaign, and without doubt Blaine would have got a licking. But Young Bob and the rest of the La Follette family, playing a cautious game, sacrificed the old family friend their father had chosen, and joined up with Blaine.

The old Senator was bold, dramatic and defiant. He was an indefatigable worker. There was a lustiness in his attack and a clarion note in his outcry. He was short of stature, but it was never noticed. His was the façade of a warrior: a leonine head, a fighting jaw and a piercing eye. He was action incarnate. When he tossed his warlock it was no pose. His son and successor carries on the La Follette tradition in name only.

III

Despite the La Follette endorsement—which was bitterly denounced by some of the leading Wisconsin Progressives—Blaine barely triumphed over Lenroot, who had taken part in every imaginable reactionary deed during the six years of his term. The thing that really put Blaine over was a full-page spread in the State papers the day before election calling upon the harassed electors to vote for him if they wanted nickel beer back. Lenroot tried to leap on the same bus the next day, but it was too late. Blaine had beaten him to it, and won by a narrow margin.

Of all the so-called Progressive group this Blaine is the most blatant. He is peerless in blatancy, as Borah is in duplicity. Nothing has ever showed up his political cheapness so clearly as his speeches during the debate on the preposterous Kellogg anti-war treaty at the last session. He was against the pact, which was fair enough. It was, in fact, to his credit, for all the other Progressives, herded by Borah, were for it. But Blaine was not against it because it was a fraud and a sham. He was willing enough to accept the hokum, provided he could add his particular brand to it. He is Bill-Thompsonish about King George and his government. To him the treaty was a slick British plot, and he proposed only to right that part of it. That the whole thing, from end to end, was no more than pious flub-dub—this fact never got to him at all. After a saber-rattling declamation against England (good home-State politics, with Wisconsin's large German population), he offered a stupid reservation that wouldn't have meant anything, even if it had been accepted.

Blaine is an opportunist. He is sly, adroit and readily accommodates himself to situations. There is a difference between him and Young La Follette, however: he has courage. In his last term as Governor he talked back to Old Bob. If he had any real ability and was less the demagogue

he might do things with his courage. But he is a village lawyer in capacity and outlook, and the dulllest and most tiresome speaker imaginable. He is a member of the Elks, the Red Men, and various other such puerile agglomerations. In appearance he is worthy of being the Exalted Grand Panjandrum of any of them. On a heavy gold chain across his paunch he sports a large Elk's molar, a gift from admiring lodge brothers. Whatever he professes on the rostrum, he always plays the game behind the scenes. He holds no more terrors for the party bosses than one of the Senate pages.

Nye is a country-weekly editor and looks the part. Jim Watson, Moses and Curtis have had no trouble in getting along with him. At the Kansas City convention, from the comfortable and safely sequestered quarters of the Athletic Club, he wrote pieces for Hearst and incited the irate and befuddled farmers to rebellion. He was violently against Hoover and urged the yokels to action. He was for the equalization fee and called upon them to demand its incorporation in the platform. Hoover was nominated and the farmers did not get their plank. Two months later, when Hoover stopped for the usual hometown visit in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Nye and Jim Watson were among the horde of politicians who called on him. Watson, too, had inveighed and cried out against Hoover. Now both were on the wagon.

Nye admitted to reporters that he really didn't think much of Hoover, but said he wasn't going to support Smith, who didn't know anything about the farm problem, and was wet besides. If Hoover would assure him that he had the farmers' interests at heart, Nye was ready to support him. Of course Hoover gave him that assurance. So the fighting young Progressive from North Dakota rushed back to the cynically waiting gentlemen of the press and issued a declaration acclaiming the goodness of Mr. Hoover's great heart, the brilliance of his mind, and the depth and sincerity of his patriotism.

It is thus not to be wondered at that the Old Guard has no trouble getting along with Nye, and was able to persuade him to make a scurrilous attack on Al Smith when the public lands committee, of which he was chairman, began unearthing things about Sinclair, Hays, Mellon and the rest of the heavy boys.

Much was made of his fight against the confirmation of the astounding Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior under Coolidge. The case was fought out behind the closed doors of the Senate, but his own Progressive colleagues are authority for the assertion that he made a weak and indifferent fight, and that at one time during the debate he actually admitted that he really didn't have any specific charges to make against West. It is because he is so graciously accommodating and so ready to listen to the voice of reason that he is chairman of the Senate public lands committee, although serving only his first term, and a member of the steering committee. He never kicks over the traces, and while he too "votes right," he is awfully nice about it. Like Young La Follette, he once affected low-dangling hair panels on his cheeks, but they have now disappeared, along with his yellow shoes and Podunk Center suit. Society hasn't claimed him as completely as it has the tooth-pulling Swede from Minnesota, Henrik Shipstead, but he is getting on.

Frazier comes within reach of Norris in personal integrity and sincerity, but he needs a big field to turn around in. He must be kept advised as to what it's all about, or he is apt to get muddled and go astray. He just can't figure it out himself. The sponsors of the Indian Bureau investigation which his committee is making have had a hair-raising time of it holding him in line. He means well, but a blast of hot air from a guileful opponent gets him all tangled up and he has to be watched. Frazier looks like a boss butcher and his reaction to the onerous business of governing a great nation is as laborious

as one might expect from a boss butcher. But he is far more honest than any others of the Progressive group, Norris excepted. He affects no pose, and Washington society holds no lure for him—possibly because he holds no temptation for it. He is an honest, simple man, which is a good deal more than can be said for most of his colleagues.

IV

Brookhart runs heavily to simplicity. Not infrequently it reaches the intensity of the scatter-brained. That doesn't mean that he hasn't keen wits. He has. The trouble is that they don't seem to help him a great deal, save to lead him to false conclusions. He clearly and intelligently saw the solution of the farm problem, and yet advocated and campaigned for Hoover's election on the ground that his victory would be a sure means to its solution. His gullibility makes him an easy mark for Borah, who when occasion demands uses him as a foil, mouthpiece or deflector, whatever the situation requires. Brookhart, simple man that he is, glories in the resultant public attention.

At the beginning of the last Congress the Progressives organized for the purpose of enacting farm relief legislation. They started off beautifully. Borah graciously joined them and for a few days it really looked as if they were going to do something. But only for a few days—just long enough, in fact, to have their pictures printed under the caption, "Insurgents Organize to Fight For Farm Relief," with Borah in the front row, his arm lovingly about Young La Follette.

This dumb-show out of the way, it developed that while they were all for farm relief, they weren't all for the same kind. Most of them were for the equalization fee. Borah was not. He insisted that the fee was unconstitutional. Anything he is opposed to he excommunicates with the anathema, unconstitutional. For him the Constitution is an exhaustless re-

source for confuting the unbelieving. In this instance he apparently wanted to deflate the movement, but without appearing to do so. So he used the guileless Brookhart. The two would hold conferences, following which Borah would casually suggest to the reporters that Brookhart had a statement to give out on the subject of farm relief which coincided considerably with his own views. The result of this manipulation was that in a week's time the rebel band had disintegrated into its former individual ineffectualness and mediocrity, and Borah went forward with his plans to become the Great White Father's chief spokesman in the Senate and the bawling oracle of the Prohibitionists.

Brookhart went up and down the land beating his breast for Hoover. He still talks "red" and "votes right," but insistent tales come out of the Northwest that he has made his peace with the Republican leaders of his State. Some credit is given to them by the violent indignation he expressed when the United Press made public the secret roll-call of the Senate on the confirmation of West. Brookhart was listed as voting against West, but it was said that he had given someone assurances that he would not oppose the nomination. He did, in fact, take no part in the fight against West.

Norris is all that he is said to be. Age and three decades of ceaseless struggle have left their marks on him. He is telling friends that he is through. This is to be his last term in the Senate, he says. He proposes not to stand for reelection. To him the fight is futile and unavailing. He is a fighter of great principle, courage and tenacity, and the weakness and mediocrity of his fellow Progressives is a bitter burden to him.

There is nothing about the man that is not inspiring, clean, and noble: his simplicity, his fierce love of justice and liberty, his inexhaustible and profound humanity and humility, his brilliant and ruthless reasoning, his poetic compassion,

his flaming indignation and fearlessness in action, and his utter lack of pose. The never-ending mystery is how a man as intelligent and as pristinely honest and uncompromising as Norris ever got elected to the Senate.

Walsh of Montana approaches closest to him in ability and intelligence, but is not above suspicion of giving heed to political expediency and certainly not above the charge of manipulating situations to suit his own purposes. His conduct during the oil investigation was often partisan and egotistical. His examination of Mellon, Hays, Stewart and Butler was weak and indifferent. It was queries written out and sent to Nye by the reporters covering the proceedings that really dug into the vitals of these gentry and produced a full account of their miserable conduct. Walsh is above question in personal honesty, but he is strongly controlled by an arrogant and tactless feeling of superiority. His contact with other Senators, and particularly Progressives, over a period of many years has doubtless given him every reason to despise them, but therein lies a difference between him and Norris. The latter will suffer and work with them. Walsh holds himself aloof and goes his own way.

Wheeler, Walsh's Montana colleague, is a slick politician, despite his far-flung and largely unmerited reputation as a heroic and persecuted investigator. Wheeler is as demagogic as any of them. In appearance he looks like a Board of Trade boomer, or a smart, well-fed corporation lawyer. He is an old hand at all the political tricks, and easily plays the game with the party regulars. It was told all over Montana last Summer during his campaign for reelection that he was being supported by the big copper interests of the State. How much foundation there was to the story I don't know, but he certainly had a walk-away fight of it as compared with campaigns in which the copper corporations openly fought him.

Wheeler devotes himself wholly to pot-

shooting. He never makes a speech on the Senate floor, confining his remarks to interruptions of other speakers. His greatest activity is in committee, where he readily plays a partisan game. He has no hesitancy in agreeing to secret committee hearings, although afterwards he will often drop hints of what went on. In a floor fight he is a total loss. He is a miserable speaker, and one of those who never goes to the trouble of preparing himself. Of all the Progressives—next to Norris, who does not seek them, and Borah, who zealously courts them—Wheeler has the best hook-up with the reporters. He is always available and will pass out the low-down. He will also coöperate in working up a story. Hence the boys of the gallery like him and he gets a good play when occasion offers.

V

For ponderous bombast the pompadoured dentist from Minnesota, Shipstead, is in a class by himself. He surpasses the entire Senate in this respect, and that is saying a lot, when such geniuses as Bingham of Connecticut and the sonorous Shortridge of California are taken into account. Elected as an out-and-out radical, the most notable achievement of his first term was to assist in putting through a pork-barrel job. This, in fact, remains the sum total of his contribution to the cause of liberty and progress in six years of service in the Senate. I pass over a series of meaningless resolutions, introduced for publicity purposes from time to time and never pushed.

Several years ago, when the Senate was wrought up over Kellogg's stupidities in Nicaragua, Shipstead, as is his wont on such occasions, offered a resolution. He demanded that there be an investigation of the fiscal operations of certain American bankers in the harried Central American country. The foreign relations committee called his bluff by making him chairman of a sub-committee to go into the matter. After due and ponderous preparations the sub-committee convened—with Shipstead

the only member present. Sundry Nicaraguans were subpoenaed and told their story, which was scandalous enough. But it was an old tale and the papers gave it little notice after the first day. Whereupon Shipstead, too, lost interest, and the proceedings dribbled out into nothing.

He was first elected in 1922 on the Farmer-Labor ticket, defeating the now happily retired genius of mismanagement in foreign affairs, Frank B. Kellogg. Kellogg, too, was originally a Progressive, but having fallen from that lofty estate he was replaced by the elongated and pontifical pseudo-radical from the dental profession. The latter, after six years of do-nothing, had satisfied not only the Progressives of Minnesota, but also the wealthy mill operators and the Democrats, who withdrew their own candidate to aid his reelection. Shipstead is entirely satisfactory to the fat boys. There were no such attacks on him in his last campaign as characterized the fight against him in 1922. The word went down the line that he was O.K. and the vote showed that it reached the right places. The Farmer-Laborites, all tangled up in a cat-and-dog scrap among themselves, couldn't afford to quit him and so climbed on to his well-oiled wagon. The Democrats endeavored to trade with him for support for Al Smith. They called off their candidate and backed Shipstead, but he never opened his mouth for Al. The latter lost the State by a wide margin, but Shipstead won hands down.

Thus he was returned to Washington to bask in the plaudits and social rewards of officialdom. The social-political literati and the svelte diplomatic set claimed him for their own. The trained-seal writers did their customary bit, exuding fervid pieces telling all about the brilliance and astuteness of the great man. As a result, he is now more ponderously a stuffed shirt than ever before. The social lobby had to expend no effort to woo him. He met all overtures more than half way.

As a speaker Shipstead is one of the

worst bores in the Senate. He never makes a speech of his own. His smooth little device is to intrude himself into another Senator's argument, particularly if that speaker happens to be a Norris, a Jim Reed, a Borah, or a Walsh, with the galleries filled and the reporters watching the story. Then he will rear his lumbering mass from his seat and in his ponderous manner propound a self-answering query. "It is a fact, isn't it, that so and so is such and such?" he will ask, sonorously and with weighty deliberation, almost always simply reiterating a point that the speaker has just made.

When, in 1926, the Republicans were maneuvering to organize the Senate and under certain circumstances Shipstead would have had the balance of power, he never came straight out and declared himself. Everyone knew, of course, that he would prove true to form and vote with the Old Guard in the end. This is exactly what he did, joining with the other so-called Progressives in a face-saving device for the purpose. Questioned by the reporters as to what he was going to do, he informed them in all seriousness that he would have to caucus with himself before deciding what course the Farmer-Labor party would take.

Today he is acclaimed in the tea-and-gossip salons of Washington as a find of the late Henry Cabot Lodge. It is seriously related that when Lodge spotted Shipstead upon his arrival in the Senate he demanded him immediately for his own and had him put on the foreign relations committee. The truth of the matter is, of course, that Shipstead was put on the committee because he couldn't possibly do any harm there, even if he wanted to. That was before Watson and the other realistic boys were quite sure that he was perfectly safe and innocuous.

Shipstead affects a great air of wisdom in international affairs. He used to relish calling on Cal and holding lengthy converse with him on world problems. The two had strong bonds of intellectual affor-

ity. Shipstead likes to relate how they disagreed, but found much in common nevertheless. Even Kellogg's closing months were brightened by the fellowship of this once hated rival. He and Shipstead frequently came together to mull over the great affairs of state. Kellogg's surviving friends say that this friendship was a great solace to him, worn out as he was by sad and insoluble problems.

Shipstead's paucity of achievement, his colossal bombast, his lack of aggressiveness, his ardent playing of the political and social game, are a complete summary of the worth and rôle of the entire Progressive group, with the exception of Norris. Some of them may not be so socially zealous in futility, but they all fit the same general mold. Shipstead is the embodiment of the "liberal" politician, from the cute little Scandinavian accent he affects to the weasel character of his declarations.

Of course, like the others he always "votes right"—for peace, against a big navy, for Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, a power investigation, against the seating of Vare and the confirmation of West. He also introduces with touching frequency many lovely, idealistic resolutions and bills. But to fight and work for them? Not a lick! Not once did he raise his voice in the cruiser fight, in the West contest, or in the water power debate. He let Norris carry the Muscle Shoals burden alone. But when a chance came to grab off a piece of local pork, he shone—and got re-elected. Shipstead wears No. 12 shoes and a No. 16 collar and weighs well over 190 pounds, but his carefully arranged coiffure is never disarranged by indignation, and his tread is always affectedly measured and deliberate. You have to get up close to him to catch his gentle words. He suggests, as a colleague once said of him, a gas-bag without the gas.

But the biggest sham of them all is the principle-peddler from Idaho, the Great God Borah. He has done more to enervate the Progressive cause than all of the others

of the group put together—and that is considerable when Blaine, Shipstead, Brookhart and Nye are kept in mind. Borah has seldom taken up a cause, regardless of its merits, without walking out on it. He started out last year to raise a conscience fund to purge and purify the Republican party, and wound up as the chief protagonist of Prohibition and the defender of Hoover. He announced with a great noise that he would make a fight to obtain recognition for Soviet Russia, but has never raised a serious hand to press the matter. He threatened an inquiry into the maze of crooked dealings growing out of the looting of confiscated German property during the war, and did nothing. He assailed the Coolidge administration on its Nicaraguan policy, and yet opposed an amendment to an appropriation bill withdrawing funds for the use of the Marines down there. The list of his welchings is as long as his years of service in the Senate. He cries liberty and defends Prohibition, through streams of blood if necessary, he once told the Senate. And always he takes his holy and heroic stand on the Constitution.

He is a superb example of what Liberalism has come to in America. In him is to be found the perfect fruition of the reformer politician, trampling upon the fundamentals of liberty while thundering for law and order. He has seldom fought zealously for a good cause, or bared his breast bravely in an attack upon a bad one. After more than twenty years in the Senate as a Progressive he has finally come into his own as the friend and confidant of Hoover. He who, in 1922, came to the Liberal leaders and offered to lead a movement against the Harding-Daugherty-Fall gang is now the spokesman for a President who was a member of Harding's Cabinet and has never uttered a word in condemnation of its corruption.

His whole public career is summed up in his two greatest achievements: ratification of the low-comedy anti-war pact and an increase in the tariff on Spanish onions.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

The third room on your left as you enter the south wing of the State Capitol. It is an afternoon in mid-Winter, and three gentlemen, MESSRS. HAYES, LOMAN, and FRIEND, are sitting at one end of the table. They constitute a quorum of the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives, and before them is a large pile of bills, resolutions, and memoranda.

MR. HAYES—Well, looking at them don't do no good.

MR. LOMAN—It sure don't.

MR. HAYES—Might as well get busy.

MR. LOMAN—A hell of a fine time them other guys on this committee picked to get the flu!

MR. HAYES—How you say we do? Take up them schoolhouses, or leave them wait till we got a couple other things out of the way first?

MR. LOMAN—Leave them schoolhouses till last. They was referred jointly anyhow, and it ain't no use of us wasting no sweat on them till Ways and Means has said what they're goin' to do.

MR. HAYES—All right, then. Authorizing constable of town of Gale's Island to act as truant officer. Authorizing commissioners of town of Shawville to close certain streets to motor traffic during hours when public schools are in session. Them things don't amount to nothing and here's about forty more just like them. Shoot them right through, hey? Report them favorable and be done with it?

MR. LOMAN—Hell, yes.

MR. HAYES—All set on them, then.

MR. LOMAN—Pitch them over to one side. That's a start anyways.

MR. HAYES—All right, then. Le's get on

this here Evolution Bill. Bill prohibiting the teaching of certain doctrines in educational institutions supported in whole or in part by public funds. What do you say on that?

MR. LOMAN—I say that bill ought to been passed about ten year ago.

MR. HAYES—That bill hits me pretty good too. Still, it's pretty important, so I guess we better consider it some.

MR. LOMAN—What's the use of considering? I don't need no considering to know how I'm going to vote.

MR. HAYES—How you feel about that, Mr. Friend?

MR. FRIEND—Hunh?

MR. HAYES—This here Evolution Bill. We're getting ready to report on it now and we kind of want to make sure we got the right idea about it.

MR. FRIEND—Hunh?

MR. HAYES—So if you got anything to say about it, now is the time to say it.

MR. FRIEND—They hadn't ought to kill no cows thouten they pay for them.

MR. LOMAN—Now what in the hell has the Committee on Education got to do with cows?

MR. HAYES—No, this ain't the Tubercular Cattle Bill. This is the Evolution Bill. Or Anti-Evolution Bill, some of them calls it.

MR. LOMAN—*Evolution!*

MR. FRIEND—I ain't deaf.

MR. HAYES—You read it?

MR. FRIEND—Maybe I read it.

MR. LOMAN—He ain't asked you *maybe* did you read it. He asked you did you *read* it. Come on. If you ain't deaf then act like you was awake.

Mr. FRIEND—What's reading got to do with it?

Mr. HAYES—Well, we're kind of busy this afternoon, Mr. Friend, and it would kind of save time if you had read the bill.

Mr. FRIEND—I reckon I can read it if I have to. Where's it at?

Mr. LOMAN—You mean to say you been a member of this Legislature a whole month and attended all the hearings this committee has held and ain't read that bill yet?

Mr. HAYES—Now, Loman, it don't do no good to get sore.

Mr. LOMAN—No, but what does the taxpayers pay a bum like that for?

Mr. FRIEND—All right. Where's it at?

Mr. HAYES—Well, Mr. Friend, it's pretty late in the day to start reading the bill now. I reckon the best way is for us to kind of explain to you what's in it. Then you can tell us how you feel about it.

Mr. FRIEND—I can read. But I ain't all the time bragging on it.

Mr. LOMAN—I bet you ain't.

Mr. HAYES—Well, lessee. Lessee now. Lessee how I can put it.

Mr. FRIEND—I never seen such a place in my life. They can't never do nothing thouten some man stands up and starts reading something. All the time showing off how good they can read. Up my way the people ain't got time for all this here reading.

Mr. LOMAN—They can read them pain killer ads though.

Mr. HAYES—Well, first off, Mr. Friend, you know what this here Evolution is, don't you?

Mr. FRIEND—Maybe.

Mr. LOMAN—You say maybe oncet more and maybe you stay where you're sitting and maybe you take a dive in that spittoon.

Mr. FRIEND—Yeah, I hear tell of it. I hear the preachers talk about it plenty of times.

Mr. HAYES—And you know what it is?

Mr. FRIEND—Mister, go ahead and do

your talking. Don't worry about me. I'll git the hang of it time you git done.

Mr. HAYES—The main idea, the way I get it, is that men is descended from monkeys.

Mr. FRIEND—Hunh?

Mr. LOMAN—Dam, it does break my heart to think of the people of this State paying out their money for this.

Mr. HAYES—That men is descended from monkeys.

Mr. FRIEND—De— . . . ?

Mr. LOMAN—Aw hell!

Mr. HAYES—Descended. You got a father, ain't you?

Mr. FRIEND—Doggone it, come on and say what you're gitting at. I'm tired of all this here funny talk. All the time using big words. All the time talking and nobody can't tell what it means. Sure I got a father. How you think I got here if I didn't have no father? What you ask me that for anyway?

Mr. LOMAN—Just to be onry.

Mr. HAYES—Keep out of this, will you Loman? It's hard enough without no help.

Mr. LOMAN—Why don't you go out there and talk to that tree?

Mr. HAYES—Because the tree ain't on the committee.

Mr. LOMAN—That's a dam shame.

Mr. HAYES—Mr. Friend, we ain't giving you no funny talk. We're explaining this here Evolution as good as we can, and we'd get along better if you would listen at what we're trying to tell you and quit all the time putting up a bum argument about how we're doing it.

Mr. FRIEND—I ain't ask you to explain me nothing. Go on and do your talking. I already told you I'll git the hang of it time you git done. I ain't never seen nothing yet I couldn't git the hang of.

Mr. LOMAN—If you was to get the hang of a manila rope, that would be a fine thing for the people of this State.

Mr. HAYES—All right, you got a father. And you got a grandfather, ain't you? Or maybe had one?

MR. FRIEND—All right. All right. Just keep on with your funny talk. All right, Mister, now I'll ask you something. If I didn't have no grandfather, how would I have a father? How would my father of got here, hunh? Tell me that!

MR. LOMAN—That's a tough one, all right.

MR. HAYES—Loman, just as a favor to me, will you stay out of this and quit balling it up? All right. You want to get in it, you take him a while. See what you can do.

MR. LOMAN—No, thanks. I pass.

MR. FRIEND—You can read so good, tell me that.

MR. HAYES—All right, Mr. Friend, you got a father and you got a grandfather. Now you're descended from your father and your grandfather, you got *that*? And your father and your grandfather, they're descended from *their* father and *their* grandfather, you got *that*? And so are you descended from their father and their grandfather, and so on and so on, you got *that*?

MR. FRIEND—I already told you I ain't deaf.

MR. HAYES—And them *Evolutionists* says men is descended from monkeys.

MR. FRIEND—You quit hollering at me.

MR. HAYES—Hollering at you! Goddam it, I'll crown you with a brick in a minute!

MR. LOMAN—Who's balling it up now?

MR. HAYES—Well anyway, I ain't balling it up on purpose.

MR. FRIEND—All the time hollering at me. I ain't going to take no more of it.

MR. HAYES—Mr. Friend, did you hear what I just now told you about how them *Evolutionists* says men is descended from monkeys?

MR. FRIEND—That's better, Mister. That's a whole lot better. You talk to me right, I'll talk to you right.

MR. LOMAN—You hear that, don't you, Hayes? Now you know where you get off.

MR. HAYES—Mr. Friend.

MR. FRIEND—Hunh?

MR. HAYES—Are we talking to suit you this way? Is this all right, the way I'm talking now?

MR. FRIEND—But that ain't how you was talking just now. You was hollering at me.

MR. HAYES—Never mind how I was talking just now. Am I talking to suit you now?

MR. FRIEND—And another thing, Mister. I'll thank you to quit cussing at me. I ain't no mule.

MR. HAYES—All right, then.

MR. FRIEND—I don't allow nobody to cuss at me. You just as well understand that right now.

MR. HAYES—Where was I at?

MR. LOMAN—Where you was at was about them monkeys, but was you going or coming I wouldn't like to say.

MR. HAYES—Oh yeah. Them monkeys. Now Mr. Friend, have you got it all straight about that? About how them *Evolutionists* says men is descended from monkeys?

MR. FRIEND—Who says so?

MR. HAYES—Them *Evolutionists*.

MR. FRIEND—Ev—...?

MR. LOMAN—I swear this is the worst crime I ever seen.

MR. HAYES—olutionists.

MR. FRIEND—All right, Mister, keep it up. Just keep it up. Some day the people is going to find out how things is run in this place. All the time showing off how good they can read. All the time showing off how many big words they know. All the time making speeches and using big words. I sit in that place over there every night for to help pass the laws, and then what? I can't never git the meaning of nothing. I can't never git the meaning on account of all them big words.

MR. HAYES—Well, it ain't no other word for these people we're talking about, Mr. Friend, so you just as well learn this one.

MR. LOMAN—That's it. Just take a week off and learn it.

MR. FRIEND—Why don't they talk so's somebody can understand them?

MR. HAYES—All right, Mr. Friend, we won't argue about it. We'll just forget that word and go on with what we're doing.

MR. LOMAN—What in the hell are we doing anyway?

MR. HAYES—We'll just say there's some people that says this here, and not bother about no name for them at all. Have you got it straight what they say now? That men is descended from monkeys?

MR. FRIEND—But I don't never git the right meaning of nothing.

MR. LOMAN—Well, that's tough, but don't let it worry you none. You got plenty of company. If them delegates ever found out what they was voting for stead of getting descended from monkeys they would get ascended up into Heaven. 'Cause God is the only one knows, and even He ain't so dam sure.

MR. FRIEND—Monkeys!

MR. HAYES—That's what we're talking about, Mr. Friend. Monkeys.

MR. LOMAN—Monkey-de-monk!

MR. FRIEND—Ain't these people in this place got nothing better to do, Mister, than think up a whole lot of devilment about monkeys? Don't they never do no work?

MR. HAYES—Never mind about whether they work or not, Mr. Friend. Have you got it straight about how men is descended from monkeys? Or supposed to be anyhow?

MR. FRIEND—All the time thinking up some new kind of devilment. All the time showing off how good they can read. All the time showing off how many big words they know. Mister, what we talking about monkeys for, anyhow? Why ain't we talking about something that is some good? Why ain't we talking about is Flint Neck going to git their new schoolhouse?

MR. HAYES—We've been all over that, Mr. Friend. The bills on them schoolhouses was referred jointly to the Committee on

Education and the Ways and Means Committee and we're postponing action on them until the Ways and Means takes up the money part, and then we'll consider the Flint Neck schoolhouse on its merits same as all the rest. What we're considering now is the Evolution Bill and I'll appreciate it if you'll get your mind on that so we'll maybe have something to show for our time.

MR. FRIEND—Let me tell you something, Mister. I got elected for to git Flint Neck their new schoolhouse and I ain't got no time to set around talking about monkeys.

MR. HAYES—Loman, what in the hell am I going to do about this?

MR. LOMAN—I don't know. I never seen nothing like it in my life.

MR. FRIEND—Them people needs that schoolhouse, Mister. They got hard times, and if some of them don't git some money working on the new schoolhouse I don't see how they're going to eat.

MR. HAYES—Because look here, Loman, if we don't get three to vote on it I ain't so sure we can report the bill out at all. Anyway not without a whole lot of jockeying around on the floor.

MR. LOMAN—That's the hell of it.

MR. HAYES—But how I'm going to keep this up I don't know. I ain't even got past the monkeys yet.

MR. LOMAN—If he ain't even got it straight about the monkeys he's going to have a hell of a time with the Bible.

MR. FRIEND—Hunh?

MR. HAYES—Nothing at all, Mr. Friend. We was just talking about how we could explain it to you a little better.

MR. FRIEND—You was mumbling about that Bible.

MR. LOMAN—*That* Bible! It ain't only one Bible.

MR. FRIEND—It weren't my Bible! My Bible was in the house all the time!

MR. HAYES—Oh my God!

MR. FRIEND—And it weren't my still! I already told them it weren't my still! It was on my place but I never knowed

nothing about it! It was way down by the creek!

MR. LOMAN—Anh-hanh. Anh-hanh.

MR. FRIEND—Lemme alone! Quit putting on me about that Bible!

MR. LOMAN—Anh-hanh. So you're the guy the Flint Neck Ku Klux was talking about last month, hey? Using a Bible to prop up the pipe with, where it run down from the still to the coil? Anh-hanh. Well, a fine delegate to the Legislature you turned out to be!

MR. FRIEND—Lemme alone! It weren't my Bible!

MR. HAYES—Loman, I swear to God I don't know which is the dumbest, you or this guy or the monkeys. Now look what you done. How the hell am I ever going to get this thing through his nut if you go on like this scaring the hell out of him about his still? What do we care if he was running a still?

MR. LOMAN—No, but what gets me is a bum like that that gets elected to the Legislature and then they find a still on his place. And propped up with a Bible.

MR. HAYES—I don't care if it was propped up with a couple of Bibles and a hymn-book. I'm trying to get something done here and if you'll just kindly keep your mouth the hell out of it maybe we'll get done by corn-planting time.

MR. LOMAN—All right.

MR. HAYES—You got a spare handkerchief? Thanks. I ain't sweat so much since I used to pitch hay.

MR. FRIEND—Lemme alone! I'm going out of this place! I'm going home!

MR. LOMAN—Set down! Set down and quit that blubbering and listen at what Mr. Hayes is telling you or I'll take a poke at you. You hear me?

MR. HAYES—Now Mr. Friend, I already told you about how them people says men is *descended from monkeys!*

MR. LOMAN—*Monkeys—you get it?*

MR. HAYES—And that there monkey stuff is *all crossed up with the Bible!*

MR. LOMAN—*Bible—what you prop up your still with!*

MR. HAYES—The Adam and Eve part, 'cause men couldn't be descended from *monkeys and Adam and Eve both!*

MR. LOMAN—*Couldn't be descended from both—you get it?*

MR. HAYES—So this here bill says they can't teach that stuff no more and then we throw out all the monkey books and buy new books in their place and *that's all there is to it!*

MR. LOMAN—That's all. Just buy new books and *that's all there is to it!*

MR. HAYES—So that's the bill and now *what do you say on it?*

MR. FRIEND—Lemme alone! I don't know nothing about no bill!

MR. HAYES—Mr. Friend, listen. It don't make no difference which way you vote, yes or no. 'Cause even if you're in favor of this here monkey stuff it'll be two to one the other way and all we want you to do is say yes or no for the record. Now will you please say *one way or the other, yes or no?*

MR. FRIEND—Lemme alone!

MR. LOMAN—Well, Hayes, there you are!

MR. HAYES—Loman, I'm going to report this guy to the Speaker. I don't know if anything can be done about it, but I'm going to find out. I'm going to report him at the night session. You're right. This here is a right down swindle on the taxpayers. Just think of it! A great moral measure like this here Evolution Bill being held up by a bum like that!

MR. LOMAN—They ought to send him back to Flint Neck. That's where he wants to go and they ought to let him.

MR. FRIEND—I'm agin it.

MR. HAYES } What was that?

MR. LOMAN }

MR. FRIEND—I'm agin this here bill. Paying out a whole lot of money for new books and—

MR. LOMAN—Whoops!

MR. HAYES—By gosh we're done! He's voted, and he's agin it, and we're done!

MR. FRIEND—All the time paying out money for books. . . . Reading. . . . Big words. . . . Monkeys. . . .

SAPPING DAY

BY JIM TULLY

WE HAD drifted, as casual as the dawn, into a scrawny town in a Western State. It was fringed with mountains, the tops of which were covered with snow and outlined in grandeur against the sky. Bright Eyes Thomas was with me.

So long had we been out of touch with civilization that we knew not the day of the week or the month. And neither did we care.

The town had for years been the headquarters of a famous railroad detective. His name was a hissing among yeggs and hoboos.

Different members of the fraternity had threatened his life many times. We arrived three days after it had been taken at last. At an age when most boys are in school, the story of the man's death made a strong impression on us.

For over twenty years he had given no quarter to roving members of the underworld.

Months before, while on another coast to coast trip, I was seated at the horse-shoe lunch counter of the railroad restaurant in his headquarters town. A hobo, full of liquor and loquacity, was seated near me. He was performing the kind act of buying me food.

A man with a huge sombrero, a Masonic watch charm, a diamond ring on his little finger, and a frown on his dark face, seated himself next to my benefactor. My heart pumped fast. I knew from many descriptions that it was Arizona Slim, the hated detective. But my friend, being in that state which admitted even detectives into his company, expanded toward him.

"Join us in some grub, 'bo. Take some Java too; it's colder'n hell wit' the lid off outside. You may as well eat on me."

I nudged my companion.

"I'll buy my own grub," came the rasping answer. "Do you know who you're talkin' to?"

"No," replied the friend of humanity, "and I don't give a damn. I'm Syracuse Jake."

"Git up and walk," was the sudden command.

The heavy woman at the counter now interceded.

"Let them eat, Slim. They're not hurtin' anything, God knows."

I glanced at the detective, at the food, and at the woman.

As if to even the score, she was known in whatever parts of the world American hoboos traveled as a square shooter. She never refused them food, and often gave them money. Many of them repaid her from far places.

Arizona Slim motioned to the door, and pulled a revolver from his pocket.

He looked sternly at the woman.

"I'm a-runnin' this show. They can't hang around here for the Limited. Let 'em work and pay their way."

"But let 'em eat, anyhow," from the woman.

"The less they eat, the sooner they'll work."

"Well, you can't keep 'em from takin' food with 'em," turning to us. "Here boys, I'll wrap you up some doughnuts."

"No, you won't," jerked Arizona Slim. "Let's walk!" He touched our sides with the revolver.

A gust of wind blew snow in our faces as the door opened.

"Well, Slim, your day'll come," the woman's voice followed us.

The Limited was due in about an hour.

For some distance we walked ahead of the detective.

"Keep on a-walkin'. Don't stop, and don't turn around, for if you do I'll put a bullet in your domes."

We walked onward through the whirling snow. My loquacious friend expostulated on the ingratitude of mankind.

"I wanted to feed him, and look what he done."

I stopped him with "Let's forget that; we want the blind baggage of the Limited."

My friend immediately reached a decision. He pulled a dented Ingersoll watch from his pocket.

"He'll beat it back in the warm. Dicks hate the cold like they hate us."

We walked swiftly to an open space along the track.

"The Limited'll come in a little while now." He began to gather wood with, "Help me, kid."

In a short time we had a fire burning.

"Slim'll come out to see what's the matter, and we'll sneak back by a round-about way an' grab the Limited."

When the Limited left the station we were aboard. As it dashed by the fire we saw Arizona Slim gazing earnestly about.

His death was attributed to many men.

Years before, a yegg had shot at him from ambush, and missed.

The quick-witted detective fell to the earth and lay still. When the yegg walked toward his prostrate body, the detective shot him dead. The exploit covered Arizona Slim with glory.

Once again, under a blistering sun, he heard a shot, and fell to the ground. He lay for two hours, silent as chaos.

No one approached him.

At last he rose.

Two bullets ripped his life away.

II

Knowing that innocent vagrants were often punished for crimes they did not commit, we left the town immediately, and walked nearly forty miles to a water-tank at which it was said that now and then a freight train stopped.

And there we lingered, two days and two nights, worn out but unable to rest, with swollen feet and sand-whipt eyes, with cracked lips and dried throats.

The detective's death had incensed the citizens along a thousand miles of railroad.

In the country of the enemy, and no other railroad within several hundred miles, with sand and sage desolation all about us, young in years but old in the ways of the road, we kept to the steel right-of-way.

We learned in the next few days that every Mexican laborer would share the last bite of his tortilla with a road kid.

We knew very little Spanish, but we were long schooled in the gestures of pain, so we made ourselves understood.

We came to the box-car home of a Mexican section foreman. Red and pink geraniums rioted in the center of a yellow grass-covered yard.

Just married, the man's eldest daughter had gone to live in Amarillo. The father was overjoyed. She had married beyond her station—a railroad engineer.

Another daughter, our own age, remained at home. Father and child helped us to the remnants of the wedding feast.

There was a vast quantity of tequila, a highly potent Mexican liquor, made from a species of cactus.

We remained at the house until late that evening.

A cadaverous wanderer strolled into the yard. He was tall and gaunt. His cheeks were hollow. His eyes opened and shut as rapidly as the ticking of a watch.

Angelina, the girl, arose as he asked hoarsely, "How's chances for some grub, folks? I hain't eat since mornin'. I'm willin' to pay."

The Mexican, without a word, stood up and motioned him into the house. The large table with its red oil-cloth still contained enough for several men.

Once he was seated, the stranger's long arms reached for food in all directions. The Mexican handed him a large drink of tequila. He swallowed it as though it were water. His glass was filled again.

We sat about the table as he ate. No one spoke. His appetite half satisfied, he finally looked at Bright Eyes and myself.

"Which way, 'boes?"

"West," I answered.

"There's a freight outta here at midnight—easy ridin', they say. I'm layin' for that." He extended his glass.

"So are we," said Bright Eyes.

There was upon him a pallor of prison that the elements had not yet obliterated.

He caught my gaze.

"What you lookin' at, kid?"

"Nothing," I evaded.

The liquor made his eyes shine. A fit of coughing seized him. It became so violent that the kindly Mexican and his daughter looked at each other in alarm.

I rose with Bright Eyes.

"We'd better be leavin', 'bo," I said, motioning to our benefactor. "He's got to go to work in the morning."

The vagabond tried to stand erect. The fury of the liquor roared in his head. Clutching the edge of the table, he finally succeeded.

We thanked the Mexicans and walked slowly down the track with our new comrade.

He gasped several times, and held his right hand to his chest. He walked with bent legs. The upper part of his torso was thrown forward. His feet scraped the ground. His eyes blinked constantly. His face was twisted with agony, as though he walked barefooted on hot steel.

Ghostlike and ghostly, he was the color of a man upon whom was the dust of the grave.

He suddenly grabbed at his temples, and exclaimed, "Holy God, my head!"

He began to sink. We helped him along the uneven road-bed.

"It'll soon be my turn, kid," he groaned between gasps. "Half a lung left." He threw his head back. His blinking eyes looked at the star-dotted sky. "The other cons, they said, 'You may's well git him—you'll croak before they git you anyhow.'" He breathed heavily, his hands upon our shoulders.

"He got me sent up for five years—breakin' an' enterin'. He said it was me, an' the judge took his word—an' I never did it—never had the nerve to steal—always a workin' stiff. But I said, 'Slim, if I ever git out, it's you or me.' I'd o' been waitin' there yet till he got up."

We listened without surprise or comment. Our creed, early inculcated, was to tell on no man.

We helped him into an empty box-car of the midnight freight.

Exhausted, he stretched his emaciated body on the splintery floor. He was soon asleep.

Early the next morning, the train was surrounded and searched. We were arrested by a group of citizens and placed in the calaboose.

The sun was not visible. Rain threatened.

III

A dozen vagabonds were already in the jail.

"I'll bet they're goin' to sap up on us, 'cause somebody plugged Arizoner Slim," one vagrant said upon our entrance.

Hundreds of men paraded about the small town. They had come from miles around.

We soon learned that we were to be made the victims of a rustic celebration, known in the district as Sapping Day.

Stripped to the waist, we were released from jail that afternoon and made to run the gauntlet.

We had been given no food. "A lean horse runs fast," said a middle-aged rustic.

We were marched to the end of a lane.

Our cadaverous friend coughed often as we marched.

Lined up on each side of the lane, hundreds of men awaited us. They were well supplied with clubs, stones, and long rattan whips.

At a signal we started to run.

On both sides of us were the leering and tobacco-stained faces of rustics, old, middle-aged and young. The lashing of long whips could be heard on naked skin. The hoboes grunted and staggered on. We, the despised and rejected, ran as if it were part of the day's work.

We had not gone far when two old vagabonds fell exhausted to the ground.

A group of rustics gathered about them.

Mud was thrown in their aged faces. They tried to ward off the brutality by holding their arms over their eyes. They were kicked in the sides. Hard hands slapped viciously against their hollow cheeks.

"We'll teach you, damn you, to stay 'way from honest men," a rustic in a rubber collar shouted. As if to better shield themselves from the fury, the two old codgers turned on their stomachs and buried their faces in the mud.

A farmer spat tobacco juice in their ears. They took it in silence.

A vagrant made an attempt to carry one of them with him. He was slammed across the arms with clubs until forced to drop his burden.

Clubs and stones crashed against our feet. Ahead was freedom. How far we knew not. The distance seemed miles: as if we were forced to run through the whole State of Kansas.

With faces set and pain roaring in our heads, we ran on. Weak victims of derision and disaster, we were still strong in endurance of pain.

A flat stone ricocheted from the bleeding shoulders of one runner and struck another. The rustics yelled with delight.

"I'll bet you can't bounce one off their heads," one of them in mud-stained overalls yelled.

"I'll bet I kin," was the answer. The second man ran along throwing rocks.

A rope was stretched across the gauntlet. Some jumped it, others rolled under, and others dashed against it. The impact of running bodies upon the hemp sprawled the hay tossers on the ground.

They rose in anger and blasphemy.

A rock crashed into the cadaverous vagrant's eye. It closed, blue and swollen, as suddenly as if a curtain had been pulled over it. A whip hissed around his middle. Another long lash tied about his neck and pulled him to the ground.

Bright Eyes jerked the whip from about the sick man's neck amid a hail of stones and clubs. He lifted him up. The vagrant, now blind in one eye, started to run out of the gauntlet. A fist crashed into his other eye.

"Damn your yap hearts!" he screamed.

He stumbled and fell to his knees. Moaning, his hands tore at his aching and swollen eyes.

A lion's heart beat in his vagabond body. Blind as justice, he managed to stagger, with feet apart, erect. "Come on, you rube bastards! I'll eat your God damn hearts for turnips!" he yelled.

They closed in about him and rattled clubs and stones against his wasted body. Manure-stained hands pounded at him. The blood formed around many abrasions. His lips were swollen and large as the livers of hogs. His long hair, covered with yellow mud, stuck to his head as if it had been dipped in glue.

Battered, unbroken, unsinkable, a half-dead victim in the net of circumstance, he was still strong enough to defy a horde of yokels.

"My God, they'll kill him!" an old tramp screamed. He started to help. The handle of a scythe cracked across his ankle. His leg doubled like a jack knife under him.

Four of us shouldered our way to the courageous and cadaverous lunger. A blind mass of bleeding and puffed pulp, his fists lashed unknowingly at us.

I jerked his head downward and yelled in his ear, "We're your pals—we'll get you out of this—come on!" A fist caught me in the back of the neck and crashed my head against the lunger's.

Bright Eyes grabbed his one arm, I another. Two other vagabonds cleared the way as much as possible.

Once in the open, we made a pocket in which he could run. His ears were raw and puffed. His nose was flat and bloody against his face. A gullied scar ran across his forehead.

Tequila affects the heart for days after a debauch like no other liquid. But still he ran.

At last, coatless, hatless, with bleeding, raw, and aching bodies, we stumbled and staggered out of reach of our persecutors. The cadaverous rover was far in the lead.

The rain began to pour in torrents.

Exhausted, we reached an enclosure made of rotten railroad ties. The roof was composed of box-car doors, crudely spiked together. Warped by the sun, and decayed by time, it was now a sieve through which the rain poured.

IV

We huddled near the sides of this enclosure.

The wind-driven rain whistled over the withered weeds and grass. The sky was the color of wet slate, a dismal black-grey. Water dripped everywhere. It turned red and fell from our naked shoulders. A forlorn and bedraggled gathering of vagabonds, we smiled even more forlornly at a ruffian who attempted to start a fire.

He struck wet matches against wet wood. He then patted his naked breast to keep the blood flowing. Others followed his example.

The rain rattled more heavily on the sieve-like roof. It gathered in the footprints of animals in the mud. Dead leaves were plastered to the ground.

The air turned much colder.

The rain turned to hail.

It fell clear and hard as crystals; the wind whistled more sharply.

An ancient cottonwood crashed near the enclosure, as though cut to the ground with silver bullets.

A rift of blue shone momentarily in the dismal grey welter.

Dejected and half naked rascals all, we looked upward as though it were a road in paradise.

"That means it'll rain a month—blue through hail—that's what," a shivering hobo volunteered.

"I wonder if them two old bums that fainted are layin' out in the rain yit," said another.

"No," sneered a third. "The yaps brought 'em umbrellars. They always do that. Why, there ain't nothin' kinder hearted than a yap, 'less it's two yaps."

"Blue through hail," again put in the shivering vagabond. "It done that way the time o' the Big Flood. The Lord, He stood in His gum boots an' says to Moses, 'Bring Noaheer in outta the wet—he'll git the anermals damp.'"

"Gosh, you're funny," a voice croaked.

"I may not be funny, but I kin tell when it's goin' to rain a month."

The cadaverous man weakly attempted to push a wet hand through wet, mud-plastered hair. He gasped, "I'd like to know who the hell sent me out to see the world in the rain." He coughed violently.

"Back to Arizona fer you, 'bo," the bedraggled weather prognosticator said. "God's a'callin' another one of His tired hoboes home." Another chortled, "You ain't goin' to see nothing fer a long time, 'bo. Don't you worry none 'bout that."

The hail clattered fiercely on the roof.

"If I ever git to where the sun shines, I'll never leave," the cadaverous derelict grunted between fits of coughing. "I won't die shiverin' like a drowned rat, anyhow."

"Well, if you'll jist be patient boys, I'll drive to the clothin' store in my limmyzine an' bring you all nice new fur coats and silk nighties. I know you boys

are cold." An old beggar's mouth twisted in a toothless, sardonic grin.

"Who do you think you're kiddin'?" a voice asked irritably.

"Nobody—but the next time somebody wants to kill Arizona Slim, I wish to Gawd they'd do it while I'm takin' my vacation at Monte Carlo."

The cadaverous man turned closed eyes toward the speaker and coughed again. He held clawlike hands to his heaving, naked chest. Lacerated by life, and torn with suffering, his face was now a mass of wrinkles and wounds.

"I think I'll lay down," he half coughed, "I can stand it no more."

The water sloshed between his shoulders as he stretched out on the wet ground. For a moment he lay with mouth wide open. Then he tried to sit up. There followed a sound as though water gurgled in his throat. He clutched his thin neck as if to keep the last breath from escaping. His bony hands went downward. His body stiffened. His heels struck the ground twice. Then he lay still.

V

Pity strangled the lowest rascal into silence. Not a man moved for a moment. With puffed lips, black and blue eyes, and bloody bodies, they stood with reverence profound.

A monstrous proof of the innate brutality of man, his so-called brother, the dead lunger resembled an ogre, distorted, horrible, nauseating.

The hurt of life surged in my heart. I gripped the arm of Bright Eyes.

The hail pelted. A faraway engine shrieked.

"What a hell of a way to die!" said Bright Eyes with heavy heart.

His words broke the tension.

"What's the difference? You kin see his soul goin' over there now." A withered derelict pointed to a wisp of low cloud through which the hail fell. All looked at the cloud.

"He was goin' to croak where the sun shines—that's how much he *knew*," sneered the weather prognosticator. "He croaked where his beloved Saviour wanted him to croak—that's what."

"Maybe he'll meet Arizoner Slim an' git a coat to face Jesus in. He can't git in Heaven lookin' that way," decided the derelict who had pointed at the cloud.

"Jesus'll take him in any old way—He was jist a hobo like us," said a dour fellow who had not spoken before.

"Well, Jesus never run into no Sappin' Day," was the cloud pointer's rejoinder.

"The hell He didn't," the dour vagrant retorted quickly. "He died among thieves like him layin' here."

He looked at the dead man's shoes. "His kicks are better'n mine."

He removed them swiftly.

A worn dollar bill fell from between the leather and lining of the left shoe. Five hands reached for the money. The weather prognosticator clutched it.

The other rascals stood about, nervous as sea gulls over food that had vanished.

"Come on—divvy up," demanded several.

"What do you want me to do—tear it in little pieces?" He pocketed the money defiantly.

The hail ceased. The wind subsided. The sun filtered through clouds that scurried.

"We gotta lot o' coats to bum; we better beat it," someone suggested.

A mendicant looked ruefully at the dead wastrel.

"We hadden oughta leave him here." The words were said dolefully.

"What do you mean—leave him here? Do you wanta build a monurment over him? He's dead, *ain't he*?"

A river to the east could be heard surging with swollen water.

Far above us, the buzzards sailed in gyrations of beauty.

Without further parley, we left the enclosure and walked under the shining sun.

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MRS. KEMPER

BY RUTH SUCKOW

"ISN'T she a bedraggled-looking piece?" That was what Belle Farmer, fat and coarsely vigorous, sitting in the local beauté shoppe and having her bobbed gray hair marcelled, said when Mrs. Kemper went past. It was what other people thought but were not brutal enough to say. To state such things was, perhaps, the chief usefulness of Belle Farmer in the community.

It did really describe Mrs. Kemper exactly! But she lived in a good house, a white-painted frame house just outside town, with mowed lawn and flowers and a bird-bath. In the living-room, she had rose silk draperies and tapestry-covered furniture, just as in town. The Kempers had enough so that Mr. Kemper could hire his farming done. They were not counted among the country people. Mr. Kemper was a director in one of the banks, and they were good members of the Congregational church. They had sent their two boys to college.

And besides these material advantages, Mrs. Kemper was an Easterner, her speech had a refined softening of the r's that sounded like culture, and she had taught in the high-school before she married Mr. Kemper. As a matter of course, she had been taken into the principal study club. She was always counted among "the ladies" in this little town. Her personality was protected against primitive comment from anyone but a Belle Farmer or a stranger.

She seemed to accept the full protection of her circumstances. In the club she occasionally put or seconded a motion of her own accord. She was one of the first to welcome new church attendants, and she

brought the arrival of strangers in town to the attention of the minister and his wife. She patronized Essie Whittie, a half-wit and the town's one object of charity, like the other ladies. She did all these things with a certain poise, as if she had told herself that her position gave her the right and the obligation.

And yet she did them with a nervous obliqueness, too. When she made a call, even upon the minister's wife over whom—because she and Mr. Kemper were such well-paying members—she felt a bit of rightful although respectful authority, she rocked too much, one foot always pushing at the floor, and her sallow hands fumbling at the chair arms. When she rose to put a motion in the club, she never got quite away from her chair, never took her hand from the back, and in her voice there was a determination to assert her rightful place prevailing resentfully over a fearful timidity. At first, talking to strangers, although her voice was refined and controlled, she did not look at them; and when she did, with a quick sort of inadvertency or that same determination, both turned away ashamed.

With Essie Whittie, her relations were the most painful of all. A pretense had to be maintained of Mrs. Kemper as patroness and Essie the humble and grateful beneficiary. And yet it was as if Mrs. Kemper was a fraud in that rôle, and both of them knew it. Nervousness fluttered the refinement of her voice, although she sat with great dignity. Other ladies were at their blandest and most assured with Essie. But Mrs. Kemper feared that primitive quality. It took off her protection with a crude con-

temptuousness and left her a bedraggled-looking piece.

When she entertained the club, the ladies said how nice it was out here in the country. She smiled, with that painful assumption of poise that always diffused an atmosphere of shame about her. Yes, they thought it was nice, she said nervously. She and Mr. Kemper had thought of moving to town, but they really preferred this. She tried to accept praise for the improvements, the furniture and the curtains, with a conviction she could never make quite real. When they praised the refreshments and envied her the country cream, they were all made uneasy by the sense of that pained sickishness underlying her manner. It was as if these things did not really belong to Mrs. Kemper and she could not quite claim credit for them. The guests felt as if they had made a mistake somewhere.

Only when they admired her phlox, her manner brightened. Her other flowers were only so-so—"did pretty well." But she had a genuine knack at raising phlox, and for the warmly fragrant, tufted masses of white and rose and magenta bloom, her smile did for the moment take a pleased credit. "Mrs. Kemper has nice phlox," the ladies occasionally said to each other, and with a relieved gratification, as if they were glad to be able to say that much, at least.

After the ladies were gone, the living-room was warm and disordered and the kitchen full of the best thin dishes, with genteel debris of cake crumbs and melted pink ice cream. An afterglow of hospitality spread through the house in the long low slants of country sunlight that fell now through the west windows. Mrs. Kemper paused in the living-room, momentarily warmed and enlivened, deceived by the polite thanks of the good-byes and the gratification of entertaining into feeling herself one of the ladies. Mrs. Butters, who helped out for all the principal families, was washing dishes in the sunny kitchen. "Well, I think your angel cake turned out real good, Mrs. Kemper," she said. Mrs.

Kemper tried to talk with Mrs. Butters about the refreshments and the house, but always with that furtive uncertainty, the same that she felt with Essie Whittie . . . as if Mrs. Butters were going to see through her somehow or other.

"Well, I guess here comes somebody wants a little of these refreshments too!" Mrs. Butters said heartily when Mr. Kemper came to the kitchen door. "You better set down, Mr. Kemper, before it's all et up. I don't know, though," she added, "whether you deserve any of these good things for not getting back while any of the ladies was here."

Mr. Kemper seemed to be surprised by Mrs. Butters' good-natured attack, but to enjoy it. Mrs. Kemper became more uncertain and subdued when he entered, and she lost the dignity of her hostess attitude. They could cook him a supper, she said, fry him some eggs—

"My goodness, a man that couldn't be satisfied with good things like this!" Mrs. Butters cried. She knew how the other families did on club days.

And yet there was something in just having Mrs. Butters, in making the arrangements and paying her and sending her home with angel cake, as the other ladies did. After she had left, the talk died out in the kitchen.

"Are you having enough, Arthur?"

"Hm? Oh yes, plenty."

II

She went into the living-room, stood a moment at the screened door, and then went out on to the lawn where she idled and wandered. She looked across the pleasant slope of their land, green as far as she could see, and bright under the evening light—the elm trees tall and leafy, and on the other side the plain and useful dignity of the big barns—looked with a timid wistfulness;—hurt and resentful, too, as if she wished she dared really claim it all.

She was never sure of herself on her own ground. She was never certain that she had

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been given the right to take this homelike pleasantness into her heart. She averted her eyes with that veiled and sickened fear, and turned back to the neat refuge of her garden. She touched with her fingers the rough stone warmth of the bird bath, walked over the fresh grass, and stood beside the phlox. She touched these almost with authority, brushing off a cobweb and disentangling two flower masses—they were hers, they did well for her. She bent and smelled the warm fragrance, . . . and then she stood, her face lifted and averted, her figure still against the sky of early evening—it was all so quiet, so peaceful and yet living, the green fields and green pastures stretching away, and two moths here in the garden hovering over the sweetness of the phlox. If she only dared enter into the heart of the place!

She went back into the living-room. Mr. Kemper was sitting there. He was trying to get something to suit him on the radio. There was a wavering about her figure in the doorway; she overcame it and entered the room. He looked up; then, between cracklings of the static, asked her:

"Well, did it go off all right?"

In her careful, refined speech, with a tinge of shy gratitude, she told him that it did. But he did not go on to talk to her, or to let her talk. He turned off the radio, went through the kitchen and out of the house. She dared never feel quite sure that he did not leave a room because she came into it—although his manner was friendly enough, if bleak, and he had never hinted at such a thing. She did things to the room—arranged the ornaments on the table, examined a rent in a cushion cover—claiming it in that way, and unaware of the timidity of her manner; unaware most of the time of the reason for her halting approach to everything and everybody, for that sickishness that underlay and spoiled all her attempts at sociability and dignity.

It was quiet at home with the boys both gone. Mrs. Kemper dreaded the silent evenings with her husband. Perhaps he dreaded them, too.

She went into the downstairs bedroom where the ladies had left their hats. But she avoided the reflection of herself in the wide mirror in the evening light. She would not actually take into her consciousness the thin figure in the nicely made Summer dress of good material—not actually accept as herself the sunken chest and protruding stomach, the thin and sallow neck and sallow face and faded hair, to realize that she had been allowed to sink into this dim disguise.

Yet Mrs. Kemper was not so meek as she looked. The ladies in the club had found that out once or twice. She had her sense of dignity. She felt the claims of her refinement and competence and intelligence that could never quite take their due. She was resentful now, standing beside the bedroom window with its sheer curtains and looking out at a bed of tiger lilies, resentful that a never resolved fear kept her from owning this that was hers.

She wandered through the house. It was too late to see to read, too early to turn on the lights. Her footsteps through the empty house had a restless loneliness.

It was darker upstairs. The doors of the boys' rooms were closed. Charles was married and in business for himself. Wilbur was through school and working in Chicago—engaged, his parents thought, although Wilbur hadn't said anything; they weren't sure. Mrs. Kemper went on into her own room. She loved her sons, but never closely. She was undemonstrative with them. Something had always kept her a little apart from them, as if she dared not quite claim them, too. And they were fond of her, but she was in the background.

In her bedroom the light was dim. It gave a strangeness to the familiar furniture . . . so that after coming into the room she seemed to forget just what she had come to do, and stood there. . . .

Sunk into the silence, into the dim light, it seemed as if her self-consciousness was lost and all the old half-forgotten—yet never forgotten—things had their chance to rise and possess her. Her throat and her

breast ached with them. She had to remember the lovely figure of her husband's sweetheart, the girl he had been in love with, and whom she could never be quite sure that he had forgotten—she had to see it as it was in the photograph, the breast so rounded and small in the tightness of the taffeta basque, and the round throat, round chin, dark eyes under the fringe of dark hair.

She had to remember all that old history. Some of it was only hearsay to her—the illness and the death, the very personality of Arthur's sweetheart . . . but with irresistible painstaking, she must go over again all the details of it. She herself had come from the East and was teaching in the high-school; and she had been living with her aunt next door to Arthur Kemper; and Arthur had started going with her, and then one night he had asked her to marry him. She had to live again through the tentative delight, the halt, and the long sickening uncertainty.

He had asked her to marry him. When she thought of it, that night after he had asked her, a happiness seemed to grow and grow in her until it was just about to bloom, . . . but it could not, chilled by the fear that he did not love her, did not really want her, had only taken her out of weariness because the other girl was dead. The staying and crushing of the bloom hurt her, so that even now she moved her head a little in pain.

But anger invaded her again. He had married her. He had taken her. They had two sons. She was his wife. She was Mrs. Kemper. Why need she feel this way?—Again she must go over, with that same painstaking minuteness, the evidences that still kept her fear uncertainty. After the wedding, when they were alone together for a moment, he had put his arm around her and said, "Well, I guess it's us two now, Caroline." And when she was so sick, after Wilbur was born, she remembered that one glimpse of him standing uncertain and awkward in his concern, and then driving off twenty miles through the

cold for another doctor. And when she had been sick again, just a few years ago, and the doctor here didn't seem to be helping her, he had said himself, "Well, I guess I'll have to take you up to Rochester." And he had kissed her sometimes, even in these last years, of his own accord—when Charles was married (the night after that), and when they got news that her father was dead. And then once Mr. Wellington had said, "I tell you, we fellows that married good wives are lucky," and Mr. Kemper had agreed: "That's so, all right." And he was good to her, gave her all she needed, had wanted himself to refurnish the house, and seemed to be satisfied here. . . . She went over every one of these things to get the full savor out of them. They convinced—almost—of course he cared for her. But there was something needed to complete them. He had never once said, "I love you."

Again, over the timid sweetness of these memories, there flooded the whole of her fear and her resentment. She could never ask. She feared to end the fear, lest she be dispossessed finally and altogether. Even in this dusk, she must keep her eyes averted from the faded, drooping image in the mirror—the pale eyes sought for reassurance but could not ask it, the thin breasts beseeched it and sagged in humility, the hands trembled and could not reach, . . . and without that word, the eyes had never dared to brighten, or the breasts to bloom, the hands had wavered and clenched uncertainly and never dared to touch. She dared not claim her sons because she could never be sure that love had conceived them. She dared not take her place among the women who had received the certain consecration of that crown. When she looked at the Parkins girl, and Mollie Regus, outlaws now both of them, an awful envy seared her; for although she bore the title, they had been taken in desire. She dared not look a low and primitive creature like Essie Whittie in the eye.

What was she doing in this room? It was a strange place. She could not claim its

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terrible intimacy that only increased her solitude. Lonely and restless once more, avoiding the sight of the mirror, of the bed with its smooth counterpane, she went downstairs and out on to the lawn again.

There she had the pleasant sight of the house and the fields and the barn. The feelings of the bedroom were only imaginings. She thought: Why, I have a nice home, two sons, a good husband—all she had ever dreamed of having. . . . She tried to make that statement end the uncertainty. She tried to take the pleasantness of the farmyard in the Summer evening light into her heart and let her heart rest in its peace.

But then she began wandering again. She had forgotten for a moment what she was thinking . . . she paused near the phlox, and touched the bloom. But even that she did not take into her hands. Yes, she had a good home, two sons, a good husband, . . . but she could never take possession of them. All her own treasures were sunk within herself, within this drooping pallor, and could never be loosened—brightness, laughter, tenderness, bloom, . . . she had been a shy girl, prim, and not very pretty, sensitive under the primness, . . . yet she felt that all this was sunk within her, and that she could not possess even herself without the key that had never been laid in her hand.

She wrung her hands with a little secret gesture. Then she moved to the house through her uncertainty.

III

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Kemper drove into town. Mrs. Kemper went into Dodd's Dry Goods to do some shopping. She went timidly through the doorway, in a dim dread; then with dignity enforced over her reluctance, she went up to the counter and asked to see some goods. She had a right, she was Mrs. Kemper, everyone knew that she had means—and who was this clerk but Gertie Evans, a spinster, brittle and bleached? She would insist on the kind of goods she wanted. Other ladies came in. They spoke to her about the church. She was pleased with her purchase. . . . But going out of the store, she turned her eyes away from having to meet her dim and drooping reflection in the window glass, and hurried, shoulders bent, feet moving nervously—the aversion was only a habit, she had forgotten why she felt it, as usually she did forget. The sunshine was pleasant out there on the street and their car was waiting.

People spoke to her. She was Mrs. Kemper. But Mrs. Hallie Davis, looking down from her *beauté* shoppe, frowned impatiently, resenting that nervous manner and sunken figure—remembering what Belle Farmer had said, and wondering why *she* need look like such a bedraggled piece: a woman who had a nice home, and a good husband, someone to look after her, and not a real trouble in the world.

EDITORIAL

TO BE a fraud is safer and happier in Washington today than it has been since March 4, 1911. For James A. Reed, after eighteen years in the Senate, has hung up his sword and gone home to Missouri. His achievements, I suspect, are mainly writ in water. The cozeners and quacksalvers, thumbing their noses at his back, emerge from their dark retreats and prepare for an open season for gulls; there are deep, patriotic belches of relief in the very cloakrooms of the Senate itself. But let us not ask for too much. So were Grover Cleveland's achievements writ in water, and so, mainly, were Thomas Jefferson's. It is surely not unusual, under democracy, for a first-rate man to fail.

The stature of such a man as Reed is not to be counted by his successes. The important thing is that he fights. Were there greater gladiators in the Senate in the Golden Age? I presume to doubt it. There were, perhaps, more lordly ones, more dramatic ones, more statuesque and Roman ones, but certainly there was never a more effective one. The forensic talents of the man are really almost unparalleled. He is, for our time, the supreme artist in assault, as his erstwhile colleague Borah is the supreme artist in evasion and escape. His skill is founded upon a profound and penetrating intelligence, and informed by what amounts to a great æsthetic passion. There are subtleties in the art he practises, as in any other, and he is the master of all of them. The stone-ax is not his weapon, but the rapier, and he knows how to make it go through stone and steel.

On the evening of March 3, 1921, wandering about Washington, I happened into the Senate press-gallery. The immortal Harding, with the death sign of the Jesuits already upon him, was to be inaugurated

twenty-ninth President of the United States the next day. Wilson was going out; so were many Senators; the Senate chamber was crowded. At nine o'clock or thereabout Reed caught the Vice-President's eye and stepped into the aisle. It was plain at a glance that he was in good form. His shoulders were thrown back; his eyes flashed; his fine head was carried superbly; his voice, when he began, was bell-like in its tone. There ensued one of the most terrific speeches it has ever been my fortune to hear. It was short, but it was genuinely stupendous. I hung on it like a yokel fascinated by a Methodist bishop. At the end of it there was a silence as eloquent as the trumps of doom.

The subject was the Wilson "idealism," that shabby sham, by Calvinism out of McGuffey's Fourth Reader. The speech, in form, was a funeral oration upon that "idealism," now going out to make way for the even viler brand of Harding and the Elks. The roar of noble music was in it, and the shattering blast of machine-guns. It was a philippic of austere and classical cut. There was no easy gloating and no maudlin mourning. Reed exposed no wounds, complained of no atrocities, showed no feeling. The thing was simply a masterpiece of corrosive logic. In half an hour the Wilson flummery was turned inside out, exposed in all its flatulent fraudulence, and kicked out of the house. Was this, too, writ in water? I am fond enough to think not. The speech got no notice in the newspapers next day, for Harding, as I have said, was to be inaugurated, and their space was all given over to his bridal flutterings. But the doctrine in it was sound doctrine, and in the long run (so, at least, one may hope) it will prevail.

Was all this the mere flogging of a dead

lion? Obviously, it was not. Reed himself had brought that lion down, and the carcass was his to use as he pleased. He had surely shown no fear of it in the days when it could still roar and grind its teeth. He was, in those days, in the very forefront of the fray, and the fact deserves to be remembered. The decay of Wilson as a universal fee-faw-fum has been helped, of late, by the incautious babbling of his flatterers, but the beginning of the process is to be laid to Reed, and not only its beginning but also a great part of what came thereafter. He was the first to make a head-long assault, openly, relentlessly, and with all arms. He was saying back in 1920 what the historians will probably be saying a century hence, and he was saying it in far more brilliant and scorching words than they will ever muster. Leadership fell into his hands from the moment the great battle in the Senate began; Lodge and the rest, for all their howling, were simply followers. No wonder Wilson died hating him! There are other charlatans, still living, who hate him even more.

II

The reward of such a man is bound to be a sort of ill fame. Frauds hate him, and dullards find him disquieting. In the midst of a democracy based upon false pretenses his instinct for the harsh and horrible fact is essentially anti-social. They will be remembering him in Washington as a killer, and shuddering over the memory, long after they have forgotten what mountebanks he fought and laid low. It is the habit of the town—its prevailing attitude of mind. Nowhere else, not even in New York, is the pervasive humbuggery of American life so plainly visible, or so complacently accepted. When a quack is chased up an alley the whole fabric of capital life is menaced.

I suspect that the fact offers an explanation of Reed's long neglect by the Washington correspondents, those laborious but somewhat ingenuous men. They were years

discovering him, though all the while he was before their noses, and they had to be helped out in the end by the Liberal weeklies they distrust and dislike. Officially, by Wilson's bull, he was damned, and so he was damned for them. They could see him only as a blasphemer who flouted Omnipotence—the Omnipotence that they had to stand in awe of, lest their access to it cease to have worth, and their honor pass from them. A Washington correspondent, save when the Devil enters into possession of him, is always a King's man. The whole town is a court, and even the press-gallery is no more than one of its ante-chambers. Thus a regicide gets no countenance at either end of Pennsylvania avenue. And thus Reed had to wait a long while before the gentlemen of the press, and their customers after them, became cognizant that it took more than mere naughty brawling to track down, attack and unhorse the greatest Christian hero since St. Louis, or at all events since Dwight L. Moody.

It seems to me that, even after their awakening, they steadily underrated his abilities, and were blind to some of his most distinguished achievements. There were times, of course, when he staggered and fetched them by sheer forensic brilliance. One such time was when he horned into a Senate investigation that was none of his business and rescued the quaking Hearst from a gang of professional patriots who were butchering him to make a job-seekers' holiday. Another was when, by a series of strokes unmatched for boldness in Senate history, he forced an investigation of the elections in Pennsylvania and Illinois. These great virtuoso pieces made even the press-gallery buzz, and after each, for a space, the correspondents were almost as appreciative of Reed as they were of Coolidge and Andy Mellon. But not for long. In the main, they found him enigmatical and hence dubious. He didn't fit into the patterns that they were used to. His forays often puzzled them; they could see no political sense in many of his manoeuvres. They wrote down his presidential candi-

dacy as hopeless long before it was so in fact, and they showed a frank relief when it came to nothing at Houston.

Here, perhaps, I do them an injustice. Maybe they were right. There is, indeed, something inherently improbable and even preposterous about any such man ever becoming President of the United States. The office and its august honors are reserved for the Cagliostro he has spent his life putting to the torture. He would laugh himself to death in the White House. Worse, he would come to despise himself. It is not a place for realists. The wonder is that he survived so long in the Senate. The miracle is surely not to be ascribed to any extraordinary acumen in his fellow Missourians: they show the normal American weakness for charlatans, and have sent a Prohibitionist to Washington to succeed him. The thing must be laid to something in the man himself—some peculiar quirk and combination of his singular abilities. He, too, has his wiles.

III

Inevitably, his passing is bringing forth banal homilies upon the immorality of tearing down without building up. He was, it appears, a purely destructive force, and left no mark upon the uplifting, forward-looking, sin-scutching legislation of his time. Thanks to Rotary and the allied conspiracies against sense, this imbecility has now become a cardinal article of the American code, and the full peer of its brother that it is better to hope for the best than to find out the truth. Reed's career offers refreshing proof that there are still Americans, even in public life, who are too intelligent to succumb to either. No idiot statute to save us all bears his name. He goes out as the complete and perfect anti-Volstead. If his record is one of decrying and uprooting, then nothing that he decried was

worthy the respect of any rational man, and nothing that he uprooted was fit to stand. One thing, at least, he fought for and not against, and that was the Bill of Rights. And another: common sense. And yet another: common decency.

It is a great pity that there are not more like him. The country could use a thousand, and even so, each of the thousand would find a thousand mountebanks in front of him. The process of government among us becomes a process of pillage and extortion. The executive power is in the hands of a gang of bureaucrats without responsibility, led by charlatans without conscience. The courts, succumbing to such agencies as the Anti-Saloon League, reduce the constitutional guarantees to vanity and nullity. The legislative machine is operated by nonentities, with frauds and fanatics flogging them. In all that vast and obscene mob there are few men of any solid ability, and fewer still of any intellectual integrity. Reed was one. He had both.

He will be missed in the Senate, but I don't think he will be greatly regretted. His departure makes life easier for the Jim Watsons and Professor Fesses, the Indiana Robinsons and bellowing Tom Heflins, the adding-machine Smoots and sobbing Borahs—for all the rabble of demagogues and soothsayers. Hoover without him will be far more comfortable than Hoover with him, and so will all the rogues who gather 'round the throne. Nor is there any sign of public mourning. The American people have got so used to quacks in high office that they have come to feel uneasy in the presence of honest men. They will be annoyed, I suspect, by very few of that kidney hereafter. Reed struck back into an earlier and more spacious time. He was an anachronistic and disquieting reminder of the days when a Senator of the United States stood on his own legs and was his own man.

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THE DISCIPLINE OF SEX

BY EDWARD SAPIR

WE ARE in the habit of complimenting ourselves on the healthy attitude which is coming to prevail in America toward questions of sex. There is some justification for this, for it is obvious that an attitude that looks upon sex as intrinsically evil, and that seeks to rescue it from condemnation by confining it into conventionally fixed and approved channels, is a repressive and unhealthy one. But I am not willing to grant, for all that, that the present excited and puzzled attitude, shifting back and forth in a single individual's mind all the way from orthodox acceptance of the restraints of Puritanism to a reasoned religion of promiscuity, is a healthy attitude. The very notion of health implies the presence of a certain balance and of a fundamental surety of the significant outlines of behavior. The most that one can say for the sex mind of radical America is that it is in a state of transition and that a certain willingness to experiment dangerously is in the long run a safer thing than a premature striking of the balance. This may be a just interpretation of the few; of the many, who bless you for a formula for noble weakness, it is but psychology gulled.

A realistic view of actual sex opinion and sex behavior leads to the feeling that on every hand life is being measurably cheapened by an emotional uncertainty in matters of sex, matters that no healthy society can long brook uncertainty of. An individual can create true personal values only on the basis of those accepted by his society, but when nothing is accepted, he has no room for the growth of any

values that are more than empty formulæ. The "enrichment of personality" by way of multiple "experiences" proves to be little more than a weary accumulation of poverties. These shibboleths are given the lie by the uneasy eyes of the bored adventurers who drawl them out. Human culture, it seems, is so constituted that the individual dare never face his own organismal responses skeptically. These fundamental responses must somehow be taken care of, by implication, in the patterns of social conduct, and the individual who is constantly being called upon to create such patterns anew never gets beyond the point of struggling with nature. His "freedom" is but the homelessness of the outlaw.

The present sex unrest has been nibbling at more or less reliable information reported by anthropologists from primitive communities. Any primitive community that indulges, or is said to indulge, in unrestricted sex behavior is considered an interesting community to hear from. Such a community is at once equated with "primitive man" in general and has the great merit of bringing us back to that primary and glorious man that wishful romanticists have always been dreaming about.

It does not seem to occur to the readers of excited books about pleasure-loving Samoans and Trobriand Islanders that perhaps these communities are not as primitive as they seem, that there are perhaps other primitive groups that have developed an ideology of sex that is not so very different from that of our happily extinct Victorian ancestors, and that in any event

there may be social determinants in such societies that make the question of value in sex conduct of lesser urgency than among ourselves. It is true that many primitive societies allow of erotic and marital arrangements that shock the sensibilities of our conservatives. But what should be denied is that sex conduct is truly unregulated even in these societies. A closer examination shows that the community has certain very definite ideas as to what is allowable and what is not allowable.

As the conception of the permitted and the illicit, however, in such groups is rarely calculated to interest us unless we happen to be objective students of primitive culture, it is not so obvious why we should think of the licence, or approximate licence, that we read into their sex behavior as of any special concern to us. If we cannot sympathetically understand their sex taboos, why do we pretend to understand their freedom from our sex taboos? Obviously they are in no better case than we ourselves. Historical factors have set certain specific bounds to the expression of the sex impulse in these societies, as they have set more or less specific bounds in our own, and a primitive reformer who attempted to break down every possible barrier to the free play of sex would receive small comfort from his fellow-men.

But it is simply not true that sex freedom is the norm for primitive societies. It is, as a matter of fact, very much the exception, and the presence of sex taboos, of institutionalized deferments of sexual gratification, and of all manner of sex ideals, so far from justifying us in wringing our hands at the perversity of mankind, might more rationally be expected to lead to a psychological inquiry into the reason why human beings have so persistently gone out of their way to put obstacles in the way of the immediate satisfaction of the sex impulse. A certain type of historian is ready with his answer. He tells us that these restrictions have merely come in as a

by-product of the conception that women are a form of property. This is one of those theories that are too plausible to be true. The institutionalizing of marriage in terms of property can be amply illustrated in both primitive and sophisticated societies—this no one doubts—, but we are far from having the right to take it for granted that ideas of ownership are the root of all sex restrictions. We know too little as yet about the psychological causes of sexual modesty and secrecy, of the universal dread of sex squandering, of the irresistible drive to hedging sex about in one way or another, but we may be certain that these causes are not of a trivial nature and that they are not to be abrogated by a smart and trivial analysis of sex by intellectuals who have more curiosity than intuition.

For reasons which can only be dimly guessed at, man seems everywhere and always to have felt that sex was a quintessential gratification that it was not well to secure at too easy a price, that it held within it sources of power, of value, that could not be rudely snatched. In short, mankind has always known that sex needed to be conserved in large part and made over into more than sex. Freud's theory of sublimation has always been man's intuition, and sex has always restlessly striven to become love.

II

Nothing seems more difficult than to convince the all-wise modern that the emotion of love, quite aside from the momentary fulfillment of desire, is one of the oldest and most persistent of human feelings. It is far from being the secondary or adventitiously superimposed thing that it is so often said to be. On the contrary, much that is generally interpreted as primitive, because unromantic, may well be interpreted as a superstructure imposed upon the sex life by considerations of a relatively sophisticated nature—economic, social, religious, or political.

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It may be well at this point to relate a brief story which I collected a number of years ago from the Sarcee Indians of Alberta, Canada. The story goes back to the early days, before the Indians were seriously bothered by the white man's morality or his licence. It will seem all wrong to some, for it is nothing but an old-fashioned love story from anywhere and anytime.

Here, once upon a time, they were camped in a circle. They were putting up the Sun Dance.¹ This one young man was making love to her; he and the girl had love for each other. Every time that she came in she would sit down close to where the people were singing and her young man would peep in between the lodge-poles which were leaning against each other. And so it was that his face paint would always be left on the poles.

After a while it was said that they were about to go on the warpath, so this young man went to his sweetheart and said to her, "Do not get lonesome for me. We shall see each other again." And then the girl gave him a little of her hair which she had cut off and she tied it up and they kissed each other and parted. Now they went off to war and the girl's heart dropped.²

When the Sun Dance was over, the people broke up camp; they were to come together again at this place at a stated time. They moved off in different directions. Now, as to these people who had gone off on the warpath, they were sighted by the enemy, who sat down in ambush for them. When they got in sight of the enemy, they were attacked and all of them were killed.

After a long time the people came together again at the place that had been mentioned, and when they were all assembled the news was brought that those who had gone off to war had all been killed—so it was said. This girl heard about it. And then she went to the Sun Dance lodge and came here to the place where her sweetheart had been in the habit of peeping in. She saw his face paint on the pole against which he used to lean. And then she returned to her people's lodge and, having arrived there, she took a rope. And then she went back to the Sun Dance lodge and climbed the pole which stood in the center of it. She tied the rope to the pole and looped the other end of it about her neck. And then she sang the song which her sweetheart had been in the habit of singing.

After a while a certain one discovered the girl and what she was doing, how she was singing while seated up there on the pole. He spoke of it. They rushed out to her, but before they could reach her she had jumped off and strangled her-

self with the rope. Though they cut the rope off at once, she was already dead. That is how the girl strangled herself.

This story proves nothing, but it gives pause for thought. It contains all the elements of romantic love and it subjects that romantic love to the final test of all values, which is the test of tragedy. It is not an isolated instance, by any means, though I should not like to be misunderstood as claiming it to be an average or even a typical incident of primitive life or of any other form of life. It is one of those comparatively rare but basically typical examples of the form that a natural value will take in almost any culture if it is supported by an underlying passion which is pure and intense. To speak of frenzy or madness is beside the point, for frenzy is the climactic test of any value.

What is the meaning of this strange passion of love, which crops up at all times and in all places and which the modern rationalist finds it so difficult to allow except as a superficial amplification of the sex drive under the influence of certain conventional ideas and habits? It is as difficult to state clearly what the emotion consists of as it is easy, if one is willing to be but honest for a moment, to comprehend it. The sex nucleus is perfectly obvious and no love that is not built up around this nucleus has psychological reality. But what transforms sex into love is a strange and compulsive identification of the loved one with every kind of attachment that takes the ego out of itself. The intensity of sex becomes an unconscious symbol for every other kind of psychic intensity, and the intensity of love is measured by the intensities of all non-egoistic identifications that have been transferred to it. It is useless to argue that this is madness. In a sense it is, and we have yet to learn of a value or an ideal that is not potential madness.

Why is it, then, that a sentiment which is as much at home in our despised Victorian yesterday as in the obscure life of a remote Indian tribe needs to be discussed

¹The Sun Dance is the most important communal ceremonial of the tribes of the Plains, and the most sacred object in the ritual is the center pole of the Sun Dance lodge.

²The native equivalent for "she was broken-hearted."

with so much apology today? There is a complex of factors which explains the present temper and we need only examine them to make us realize how transitory is likely to be that temper.

First of all, the old Puritan morality, which looked upon the sex act as inherently sinful, is still too painfully near to us, and the revolt which was bound to set in sooner or later has concentrated all of its energies on the annihilation of this notion of sin. Naturally enough, it has had little patience with the arduous task of retaining that in the inherited ideology of sex which was psychologically sound or, at any rate, capable of preservation as a value without violence to nature. What has happened is that the odious epithet of sin has been removed from sex, but sex itself has not been left a morally indifferent concept. The usual process of over-correction has invested sex with a factitious value as a romantic and glorious thing in itself. The virus of sin has passed into love, and the imaginative radiance of love, squeezed into the cramped quarters formerly occupied by sin, has transfigured lust and made it into a new and phosphorescent holiness. Love, a complicated and inevitable sentiment, is for the moment sickening for lack of sustenance.

But the anti-Puritan revolt is much more than a revolt against sex repression alone. It is a generalized revolt against everything that is hard, narrow, and intolerant in the old American life, and which sees in sex repression its most potent symbol of attack. Many young men and women of today who declare themselves sexually free are really revolting against quite other than sex restrictions. They glory in the reputed "sin" because they see it as a challenge to the very notion of repression.

The revolt complex is powerfully strengthened by an insidious influence exerted by modern science. It has been one of the cheerless, yet perfectly natural, consequences of the scientific view of life that nothing in human conduct is supposed to have reality or meaning except in the

ultimate physiological terms that alone describe life or are said to describe life to its scientific analyst. If life is nothing but physiology, how can love be other than sex, with such immaterial reinterpretations as no hard-headed modern need take seriously?

Even more important, at least in America, is the great psychological need of the modern woman to extend and make firm her symbols of economic independence. Every attitude and every act that challenges the old doctrine of psychic sex difference is welcomed, no matter where it leads. The most obvious differences of motivation between the sexes are passionately ignored and a whole new mythology has been evolved which deceives only the clever.

The virulence of this reinterpretation of the significance of sex differences is tending to die down, but we are still suffering from the psychological aftermath of the feminist revolt. Who has not met the essentially frigid woman who uses her sex freedom as a weapon with which to feed her ego? And this all too common sacrifice of love and the possibility of love on the altar of an ambition which is essentially insatiable, because it is so much of a compulsion, is met by the complementary need of "fair-minded" men to accept the free woman at her word. Hence the cult of pseudo-nobility, what Wyndham Lewis so aptly calls the new sex-snobbery, which makes an intellectual fetish of freedom and abolishes jealousy by a fiat of the will.

III

The psychological falsity of these attitudes and liberations is manifest enough and leads to a new set of most insidious repressions which owe their origin to the subordination of the natural impulse to reason. It is questionable if these new and hardly recognized repressions, these elaborate maskings of the unconscious by the plausible terminologies of "freedom," of "cumulative richness of experience," of

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"self-realization," do not lead to an even more profound unhappiness than the more normal subordination of impulse to social convention that we hear so much about.

The truth of the matter is that in the life of the emotions one can make too few as well as too many demands, and the life of love is naturally no exception to the rule. Men and women who expect too little of each other, who are too nobly eager to grant each other privileges and self-existences that the unconscious does not really want, invite a whole crop of pathological developments. The chronic insistence on the notions of freedom and self-expression is itself contrary to the natural current of the sex life, which flows away from the ego and seeks a realization for the ego which is in a sense destructive of its own claims. Sex as self-realization unconsciously destroys its own object by making of it no more than a tool to a selfish end. There can be no doubt that much modern sex freedom is little more than narcissism, self-love. Applied narcissism, in our particular society, is necessarily promiscuity.

A further consequence of an uncritical doctrine of sex freedom is the lack of true psychological intimacy between lovers and between husband and wife. Abstract freedom is poor soil for the growth of love. It leads to an unacknowledged suspicion and watchfulness and a never-satisfied longing, which in the end kill off the finer and the more sublimated forms of passion. The modern man seeks to save the situation by analyzing sex attachment into the fulfillment of sex desire plus such intimacy as constant companionship can give.

This is, of course, totally false psychologically. It is merely a feeble synthesis of dissociated elements arrived at by an inadequate analysis. The easy physical accessibility of the sexes to each other at an early age, the growth of a spurious "pal" spirit between them, with sex itself thrown in as a bribe or as a reward—all this, so far from bringing the sexes together in a finer intimacy, has exactly the opposite effect—of leaving them essentially strangers to each

other, for they early learn just enough to put a more intuitive seeking and longing stupidly to sleep. Is it a wonder that the sexes unconsciously hate each other today with an altogether new and baffling virulence?

In extreme cases—one dreads to acknowledge how frequent these extreme cases are becoming—the constantly dampened, because never really encouraged, passion between the sexes leads to compensation in the form of homosexuality, which, if we are reliably informed, is definitely on the increase in America. This surely is a strange point of arrival for a gospel of delivery from repression, but it is a perfectly explicable one. Love having been squeezed out of sex, it revenges itself by assuming unnatural forms. The cult of the "naturalness" of homosexuality fools no one but those who need a rationalization of their personal sex problems.

In estimating the significance of the social and psychological currents which are running in the sphere of sex today, it is important to do justice to both cultural and personal factors. It is dangerous to ignore either. Our culture of today is not the creation of the moment, but the necessary continuation of the culture of yesterday, with all its values. These values need revision, but they cannot be overthrown by any scientific formula. The intellectuals who declare them dead are very much more at their mercy than they care to know. It is not claimed that all individuals can or should make identical adjustments, but in an atmosphere in which no norms of conduct are recognized and no values are maintained, no man or woman can make a satisfactory individual adjustment.

It is peculiarly dangerous in dealing with the sex problem to let petty verbal analogies do the work of an honest analysis. The problem of jealousy is an excellent illustration of this. Owing to the highly individualistic and possessive philosophy of so much of our life, the image of possessiveness has been plausibly but insidiously transferred to the marital relation, finally

to the relation of love itself. Sex jealousy is therefore said to imply possessiveness. As one emancipated young woman once expressed it to me, it would be an insult to her and her husband to expect fidelity of either of them. Yet what is more obvious than this—that jealousy can no more be weeded out of the human heart than the shadows cast by the objects of this world can be obliterated by a mechanism that gives them an eternal luminosity? Every joy has its sorrow, every value has its frustration, and the lover who is too noble to be jealous has always been justly suspected by mankind of being no lover at all. It is not the province of men and women to declare out of their intellectual pride what emotions they care to sanction as legitimate or admirable. They can only try to be true to their feelings and to accept the consequences of the fulfillment or denial of these feelings in the terms which nature sees fit to impose.

The supposed equivalence of sex jealousy to the emotion of resentment at the infringement of one's personal property rights is entirely false. Sex jealousy, in its purest form, is essentially a form of grief, while the combative feeling aroused by theft or other invasion of one's sovereignty is of course nothing but anger. Grief and anger may be intermingled, but only a shallow psychologist will identify them. Perhaps the linguistic evidence is worth something on this point. It is remarkable in how few languages the concept of sex jealousy is confused with the notion of envy. Our use of the English word *jealous* in two psychologically distinct senses has undoubtedly been responsible for a good deal of loose thinking and faulty analysis. It is an insult to the true lover to interpret his fidelity and expectation of fidelity as possessiveness and to translate the maddening grief of jealousy into the paltry terminology of resentment at the infringement of property rights. These crowning psychological absurdities were reserved for the enlightened mentality of today.

IV

We are beginning to understand how much we are swayed in the unconscious by obscure but potent symbolisms. There is a certain logic or configurative necessity about these symbolisms which it is very hard to put into words, but which the intuitively-minded feel very keenly. Sex conduct offers singularly potent examples of the importance of such symbolisms and of their arrangement in a series of cumulative values. I refer to the general symbolism of human intimacy.

Every normal individual is unconsciously drawn toward or repelled by another individual, even if the overt contact is but brief and superficial. These feelings of intimacy and withdrawal have their symbolisms in gesture and expression, which differ from individual to individual but tend none the less to take typical forms under the influence of social forces. Of necessity, the most potent symbols of intimacy are those that lead to the touching and handling of bodies. To put the matter crudely, we are not in the habit of embracing people to whom we are indifferent and of standing frigidly aloof from those that we are psychologically intimate with, unless, of course, there is a conflict that paralyzes expression.

Now, of all known forms of intimacy among human beings the sex relation is naturally the most far-reaching. It necessarily takes its place in the unconscious series of symbolisms of intimacy as the most valued and the final symbol of all. I do not claim that all human beings are equally sensitive to symbolisms of this sort, but there is enough of a psychological common ground in most of us to make it impossible for the normal person to transgress the unformulated laws of symbolic expression beyond a certain point.

It is exceedingly likely, it seems to me, that the obscure, though of course unacknowledged, feeling of shame felt by prostitutes and by those who indulge in promiscuity is by no means entirely due to

the fact that they transgress the social code, laying themselves open to a conventional censure. It is likely that this shame is also in large part the resultant of an elusive feeling that a natural scale of values is being transgressed because the expressions which are their symbols are, by implication, arranged in a psychologically impossible sequence. In a deeply symbolic sense, then, the prostitute is "illogical," and her only psychological escape is to refuse to identify herself with her body. And it is no mere accident that so many of the protagonists of sex freedom despise their own bodies.

In sober fact the erotic landscape in contemporary America is by no means as depressing as these observations may lead one to believe. I have wanted to point out the psychological fallacies in the contemporary cult of sex freedom and the ultimate implications of those fallacies rather than to give an accurate description of contemporary sex life. Sex irregularities, while numerous, are not necessarily as indicative as they seem to be of the deeper-lying set of our erotic philosophy. Unless I sadly misread the *mores* of America, there are many reassuring signs that the reign of so-called Puritan morality is not likely to come to a sudden end even among the sophisticated and that, while the negative elements of that morality are sure to be cast aside by the intelligent and their rigor mitigated by all, its essential core will survive.

Europe may laugh and shrug its shoulders but America can be shockingly stubborn on what she feels to be the fundamentals of life. It would be nothing short of a cultural disaster if America as a whole surrendered to continental European feeling and practice. With religion in none too healthy a state and with the æsthetic life rudimentary and imitative, America needs an irrational faith in the value of love and of fidelity in love as perhaps no other part of the occidental world needs it today.

The moral atmosphere in America is

only superficially similar to that of continental Europe. One of the surest signs of the essential difference in outlook is the rapidly increasing divorce rate. Bewailed by domestic moralists and deplored by our European visitors, the ease of obtaining divorce in America is actually an indication of our restless psychological health. Were the institution of marriage and the family actually divorced in sentiment from the sphere of sex indulgence, there would be no reason why a tolerance of marital infidelity should not come to be accepted in America as it has long been in France. But any one who imagines that America can with a clear conscience settle down to the reasonable and gracious distribution of individual pleasures and familial ceremonies that seems to suit the French genius knows very little about the American temper.

The very youthful intellectuals who are clamorous in their determination to "go the limit" are unable in practice to "play the game," for they cannot learn the rules. Do what one will, sex relations in America have a way of calling up romantic images and implications of fidelity that make this country seem a mysterious, an incredible, realm to the emancipated foreigner. Incompatibility of husband and wife of necessity leads more speedily to divorce than in sophisticated Europe. I am leaving Russia out of the picture, for we know too little about the psychological realities of contemporary Russia to speak of it with profit.

Closely connected with this stubborn unwillingness of the typical American to save marriage and the integrity of the family at the cost of erotic honesty is his peculiar unwillingness or inability to make a fine art of sex indulgence. The "kick" of sex freedom in America lies precisely in its being "sin," not an honest way of life. Americans make poor Don Juans. Nor does the graceful and accomplished *betaira* of French life seem to flourish on our stubborn soil. Many young women have tried the part but even the most successful of

our amateurs in the erotic arts seem compelled by the very nature of the culture in which they have been reared to pay a heavy price. Our intellectual mistresses of sin play a sadly pedantic part, their ardors are in the head rather than in the heart zone.

To put it bluntly, the "free" woman of sophisticated America, whether poetess or saleslady, has a hard job escaping from the uncomfortable feeling that she is really a safe, and therefore a dishonest, prostitute. The charge seems unreasonable to the mind, but the spirit cannot wholly throw off the imputation. The battle shows in the hard, slightly unfocused, glitter of the eye and in the hollow laugh. And one can watch the gradual deterioration of personality that seems to set in in many of our young women with the premature adoption of the new sophisticated sex standards.

Psychiatrists have often burned their fingers in this matter and perhaps there is nothing they need to keep more steadily in mind than that in proffering advice in matters of sex they are addressing themselves not merely to intelligence and to desire but to certain obscure and unacknowledged values that cannot be flouted with impunity. If they are of foreign birth and culture, it would be well for them to take a little more seriously some of the "resistances" they encounter and to ponder, on occasion, the possibility that in exploding a personal "complex" they may incidentally be shattering an "ideal." That American men and women coarsen on a fare that seems to agree with the sophisticates of the Old World is both a warning and a reason for optimism. It points the way to a reaction of feeling that Europe will not understand.

V

Americans tend, in the most disconcerting way, to be both realistic and conservative in the matter of sex. That psychological health demands sex satisfaction at a much earlier period than the general postponement of marriage makes possible is coming to be generally recognized. It is clear, however, that a true tolerance for illicit relationships of a promiscuous sort is not likely to become prevalent. Such suggested institutions as the companionate marriage lead one rather to suspect that America is feeling its way toward a loosening of the institutional rigors and responsibilities of marriage by the growth of new types of sex relationship.

It is difficult to say just what is likely to emerge from the present period of unrest and experimentation, but one thing seems certain. America will not be a docile pupil of Europe, and the sophisticates of this country who are taken in by the apparently easy solutions of their European brethren, whom they so vainly admire, are likely to find themselves in a strangely unsympathetic clime. That new institutions of an erotic and marital nature are slowly maturing is obvious. It is my belief that it is no less obvious that these institutions, whatever their forms may be, will not mean a surrender to licence but will have for their object, however obscurely and indirectly, the saving of love and the perpetuation of romantic intimacy and of the ideal of fidelity by those who are capable of this intimacy. And it is more likely than not that the average American, for a long time to come, will have the delusion, if it is nothing else, that he is capable of just this experience.

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LEARNING HOW TO BE BLACK

BY ALBON L. HOLSEY

EVERY Negro child born in America must eventually and inevitably awake to that consciousness of color which white America has decreed for it. Whether it be born in New England with its traditions of Abolition, or in Georgia where the lyncher's rope has replaced the overseer's lash, the curse of caste overtakes it with the same relentless and cruel certainty.

The artifices of Negro parents to stay the day of color consciousness for their children show a heroism whose futility makes for real dramas in American life—dramas which run the scale from comedy to tragedy. The intellectual and economic status of these parents determines to some degree the poignancy of the awakening, but in every case it is inevitable, and it oversteps every barrier of protection which parental fondness may erect against it.

The progress of the normal American white child is definitely charted. It is born, weaned, reaches puberty, and finally develops into manhood or womanhood. The Negro child makes the same steps, but with the addition that somewhere between weaning and puberty it discovers that it is a Negro and shoulders its burden of inferiority. Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois was born in New England and Dr. R. R. Moton was born in the upper South. The one had that advantage of location and environment which in the hands of a fate less cruel, or more fickle, might have spared him the early penalty of color; while the other had neither choice nor escape. Yet each had his awakening at about the same age. Dr. DuBois in "The Souls of Black Folk" says:

It is in the early days of rollicking boyhood that the revelation first bursts upon one, all in a day, as it were. I remember well when the shadow swept across me. I was a little thing, away up in the hills of New England. . . . In a wee wooden schoolhouse, something put it into the boys' and girls' heads to buy gorgeous visiting cards—ten cents a package—and exchange. The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card. . . . Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different from the others.

In "Finding A Way Out," the autobiography of Dr. Moton, he tells his story thus:

My father went to live with a family of Mortons who were by marriage connected with the Vaughan family. Mr. J. X. Morton, who afterward became a professor at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, had a son, Ernest. Our friendship grew; indeed, [Ernest] left parents and everything else to be with my colored chum Lee and with me, and we, in the same spirit, neglected everything that we could with impunity, in order that the three of us could be together. We fished and hunted together, and engaged in many boyish sports and pranks. Nothing in his possession was too good for us, and nothing in ours was too good for him. As we grew older my father did not wholly approve of this intimacy, and used often to say that we were "too thick to thrive." In the course of time there did come a parting. Ernest went off to school and my chum Lee and I were left on his father's farm. The weeks immediately following his leaving for the Virginia Polytechnic were dull and dreary for us at home. . . . I was anxiously awaiting the Christmas holidays when our friend Ernest would return and we would again have some good times together. . . . At last the day came. Lee and I were at the house when they brought him in the carriage from Rice's Depot. His father and one of his sisters had gone to meet him. He had with him also his room-mate, I think, who had come to spend the holidays with him. They both wore gray uniforms with brass buttons. Lee and I, as soon as Ernest alighted from the carriage, rushed up to shake hands. He not only did not shake hands with us, but his manner was as cold as the north wind that we were breathing. . . . I went into the kitchen with Aunt Viny, the cook. I was feeling bad; so was Lee. Sometimes I wonder if I ever thought quite as seriously on life as I did that night.

The process of my own caste-awakening was like that of the boys and girls a generation ahead of me. Around the fireside in our home I have heard my parents and their visiting friends describe the rock battles, fist fights, and other encounters between the white and colored children of our town. These events occurred in the late sixties and early seventies, when the bitter memories of the Civil War were fresh and hate flamed between the children of the two races. The jeers and taunting songs which precipitated the clashes bore the impress of these war memories. I recall the words of one song which my parents told me that, as children, they sang on approaching a group of white children. They were:

Abe Lincun was a gent'man,
Jeff Davis was a fool,
Abe Lincun rode a milk white horse,
Jeff Davis rode a mule.

The white children retorted with "They hung John Brown's body to a sour apple tree" and the fight was on.

Born and reared in a small town in Georgia, my awakening came early. My environment and the fact that my father worked for white folks left me little time to enjoy the unhampered freedom of being just a boy. My father was janitor at the local white business men's club and once every month the club gave a banquet. On these occasions my father waited on table, and I remember being awakened at night to eat beaten biscuits, chicken salad, and ice cream which he brought home about midnight on such nights. For a long stretch of time—it may have been months or years—chicken salad and ice cream were to me exclusively white folks' victuals.

Quite naturally, I played with the boys in my neighborhood, white and colored, and while it gradually dawned upon me that there was a difference between po' white boys and 'ristercratic white boys, I somehow felt an unexplained pride in playing with all of them. The reasons for my sense of difference, of course, were not yet clear to me. For instance, I had not yet

observed the fact that the white children always came to play with *us*. They came into our front and back yard and even into our house with perfect freedom, but if we played in their yards at all it was in the back yard, and we never entered their homes beyond the kitchen. On one occasion, however, I remember being permitted to peep into the living-room and downstairs hallway of one of the 'ristercratic homes. What the occasion was, I do not now recall, but the feeling of awe which swept over me as I walked on the thickly woven carpet and gazed in astonishment at the heavy crystal chandeliers and other affluent furnishings is a memory of grandeur whose impression remains until this day.

II

There were weddings among the colored people in those early days which I remember. They were usually held at the home of the bride and on some occasions white people who knew the family came. The whites always arrived late and as they entered the house, the colored people stood back as they took the best seats which had been reserved for them. The same deferential ceremony took place as the royal guests departed, immediately after the bride and groom had been declared man and wife.

The same procedure was followed when some respected old Negro died and the funeral was held at one of our churches. Occasionally the white people for whom the deceased had worked attended the funeral service. On those occasions they arrived after the colored mourners and friends were seated and were ushered up front to the best seats, which were always reserved for them. This custom governed the attendance of whites at all Negro functions.

My father waited on table on one occasion when the daughter of one of the 'ristercrats married, and I went along. Of course, I stayed in the kitchen and on the back porch, but when the wedding party

marched down the broad staircase, I remember my father standing on a chair on the porch and holding me high in his arms in order that I might get a glimpse of the procession.

On Sundays, according to parental edict, I had to go to Sunday-school. The white jacket with the lace collar which was made to wear with my Sunday suit was always immaculately white and uncomfortably stiff with starch. I can never forget that stiffness. Sometimes, when my mother gave the last yank at my hat to get it in the proper position on my head, she would admonish me to be a good boy because "you look as nice as any white boy in town." No peacock in all his glory ever strutted with more self-satisfaction than I did on those Sunday mornings as I left our home with that compliment in my ears.

My Sunday suit and the compliments from my mother made me dizzy with pride, but according to the prevailing behavior ritual this pride was destined to be rudely smitten. A crowd of our neighborhood boys, white and colored, were playing one day in the street near the home of one of the white boys whose parents were of the middle class. This particular boy accidentally cut his foot on a piece of broken glass and immediately all of us stopped playing to follow him home. We colored boys went as far as the gate and stood looking on and talking among ourselves in subdued tones. The injured boy was crying and his mother, hearing the noise out front, came to the door to inquire what the trouble was. When she looked out and saw the colored boys, she said in a voice loud enough for us to hear: "That's what you get for playing with them niggers. I told you to quit playing with 'em, didn't I?"

By that time our bleeding little friend was in the house and we could not hear his defense, but we never played with him again. That word nigger and the contempt with which that white woman uttered it gave the term a new and dreadful meaning. Confused and resentful, I went straight to my mother and asked her to explain it, and

also to tell me why the white boy's mother did not wish him to play with us. She tried to explain, and as she did she wept.

One reason why the colored boys in our neighborhood liked for the white boys to come and play with us was because they protected us from the policemen. We lived in mortal fear of these officers, for they were arch-tormentors and persecutors of Negroes. If one of them saw a crowd of us colored boys playing, he would break up the play and chase us because we were "making too much noise." I ran from policemen so often when I was a boy that even now, though I am past forty, if one walks upon me unexpectedly my first impulse is to take to my heels.

A river ran through our town and across it there was a covered wooden bridge. At each end of the bridge there was a rudely-constructed bench with no back—just a plank nailed to its supports and rubbed smooth and shiny by constant use. About dusk one afternoon, another boy and I crossed this bridge, and as we reached the other side we saw a policeman stretched out upon one of the benches. In a perfectly innocent manner, I said to my companion: "Look at that policeman. Suppose he should go to sleep and fall into the river." The next moment the policeman was on his feet and coming towards me with a vicious, menacing look on his face.

"What's that you said about me, nigger?" he demanded.

Frightened though I was, I managed to repeat my words.

"You are a liar," he replied. "You said you wished I would go to sleep and fall in the river."

No amount of protestation on my part or on the part of my little chum would change the policeman's attitude and he took my name and said he would make a case against me. The next day my father, after giving me a sound thrashing, saw one of the white men for whom he worked and got him to "straighten it out." But that experience with the policeman, while hu-

miliating, was not as disastrous as that of another boy whom I knew, who was somewhat older.

The baseball team of our school was playing a game with a team composed of boys from another school in our town. It was hotly contested and finally ended in a free-for-all fight. There was some cursing and one or two bloody noses. In the midst of the scuffling some one shouted "Police!" and immediately there was running in every direction. Balls, bats, mits were forgotten in the rush to get away. One of my chums had brought his crippled baby brother to the game in a little wagon, (this crippled boy is now a successful lawyer in New York City) and I lingered with him to help him get his brother away. So it happened that we, along with half a dozen other boys, were caught by the two policemen when they rushed up.

There was one boy named Ulysses who was fearless and quick-witted. When the policemen were taking our names and the names of the boys who were fighting, the officer writing the names turned to the other policeman and asked in an undertone: "How do you spell Ulysses?"

Ulysses overheard the query and spoke up. "I know how to spell it. Let me write it for you."

The next moment the enraged officer had turned and struck the boy with his clenched fist, knocking him to the ground.

In the court the next morning Ulysses was fined twenty-five dollars for "using disrespectful and insulting remarks to an officer while in the discharge of his duty."

That "crime" was so serious it could not be "straightened out" by the white man for whom his father worked. His parents could not raise the fine, so Ulysses went to the chain-gang and I never saw him again.

At fifteen, I was fully conscious of the racial difference, and while I was sullen and resentful in my soul, I was beaten and knew it. I knew then that I could never aspire to be President of the United States, nor Governor of my State, nor mayor of

my city; I knew that the front doors of white homes in my town were not for me to enter, except as a servant; I knew that I could only sit in the peanut gallery at our theatre and could only ride on the back seat of the electric car and in the Jim Crow car on the train. I had bumped into the color line and knew that so far as white people were concerned, I was just another nigger.

III

While the soul of the black boy is being thus scourged with the curse of caste, the white boy is getting a false evaluation of his color—or lack of it—which tends to implant the seed of unexplained hate, and take all reality out of human brotherhood.

I must have been ten or eleven years of age when one day, on an errand to the grocery store, I passed the home of a young white man, who was playing with his first born, a boy, on his front porch. As I passed, he looked up, and seeing me, held the baby on his lap in a standing position and pointing toward me said:

"Look—nigger. Say 'nigger'."

As far as he could see me and as long as I could hear him this father was repeating to that baby the word nigger.

I knew the family by name and by sight, and covering a long period I saw this same boy grow into young manhood. One day when he was perhaps seventeen years old, I saw him with a crowd of other boys tussling and playing pranks on the street. In the play, this boy jumped to one side to avoid a playful fist of one of his friends. In so doing he accidentally bumped against a passerby. The passerby was an elderly colored man.

Without looking around the white boy said, "Oh, excuse me, please." Then, he turned and saw that the person he struck was a Negro. Immediately he added, "Oh, it's a nigger. You go to Hell!"

But in the midst of all these depressing experiences there were incidents to which my memory clings because they helped me

to strive for a better life than the one assigned me by my Nordic superiors.

The late Bishop H. M. Turner, outspoken and fearless leader of the A. M. E. Church, presided at a church conference on a Sunday afternoon when I was still in my teens. The pastor of our church, in which the meeting was held, announced as the next hymn, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Bishop Turner was on his feet in an instant, and holding his hand high above his head, halted the organist.

"That's the trouble with you colored folks now. You just want to be white. Quit singing that song and quit trying to be white. The time has come when we must be proud that we are black and proud of our race."

For nearly an hour he spoke on and on like that, with an appeal that stirred his audience to a high pitch. I shall always cherish the memory of that meeting.

Another incident which left its imprint in those early years occurred during a visit of Dr. DuBois to our town. He was then a professor in Atlanta University and had been invited to deliver an address during a teachers' convention. He was assigned to our home, and at the conclusion of his visit I went with him to the station to assist him with his baggage. The ticket window at the railroad station in a Southern town is about the last place where a colored person may expect even civil consideration; courteous attention is almost entirely unknown. On this morning Dr. DuBois inquired for a special reduced rate to New York, which, he said, had been offered by the railroad. Without even looking up, the ticket-agent curtly replied that he knew nothing about it.

"Look it up," shot back Dr. DuBois with a tone firm and yet dignified. The ticket-agent then turned and for the first time looked at the doctor. He flushed and flashed, but he looked it up, found that Dr. DuBois' statement was correct, and sold him the ticket.

Upon my return home I related every detail of the experience to my parents and

wound up by saying "and he acted just like a white man." That was the first time I had ever heard a colored man give a white man a direct order and survive it.

Finally, I again revert to my experience with the policeman as contrasted with the circumstances which befell Ulysses. My father had white friends who were able to "straighten things out" with the law, but Ulysses was without such friends, and so he went to the chain-gang. Herein lie both the tragedy and the problem of the Negro.

In the South, the black traveler who desires Pullman reservations seldom applies directly to the ticket-agent. He finds a local colored man who in turn can get some white friend of his to "straighten it out" so he may secure the ticket. The Negro motorist who has an accident follows the same plan, particularly if the other car involved was driven by a white person.

Scattered throughout the South is a small group of white people who are willing to "straighten out things" in their communities for the colored people. Some years ago Dr. Will Alexander of Atlanta, Dr. Moton, and a few other white and colored leaders called this group together and organized the Commission on Interracial Coöperation. A ten-year record of the accomplishments of the Commission shows among other things a downward trend in lynching, better schools, and here and there a changing attitude in the courts towards Negro prisoners.

Meanwhile, the most influential colored man in the typical Southern community is that one who can get white people to "straighten out" things for him or for his people. A white man of influence has prestige of his own, but a Negro's influence is measured in terms of his white contacts. So we find Negroes still faced with the necessity of cultivating white folks in order to get by. This eternal struggle to survive collects its deadly toll of the manhood of the race, for only too often it involves tattling, scheming, selfishness, slanderous whispers, and the blood-bought betrayal of other Negroes.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

UNITED PRESS dispatch from San Francisco:

Some smokers can't get a cough out of a car-load of cigarettes, but Mrs. Clare S. Eddards is trying to get a divorce out of a package. According to her complaint on file here against David C. Eddards, her husband, he became so enraged when he saw her smoking a cigarette that he threw her to the floor, sat on her chest and forced her to eat a package of cigarettes one by one.

THE REV. DR. JOHN SNAPE, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, of Los Angeles, as reported by the celebrated *Times* thereof:

Golfing is affection. The true golfer will love the game—love it as Ty Cobb loves baseball, as Dempsey loves fighting, as Theodore Roosevelt loved politics, as John Wanamaker loved business, as William Colgate loved soap, as Henry Ford loves "Lizzie," as Edison loves invention, as Burbank loved roses, as Charles W. Eliot loved culture, as Lincoln loved America and as Christ loved men. I need not tell you that love is the basic essential of religion and that the man that lacks it is lost in the rough, outside the fairways of God.

THE worship of God in Oakland, as described by the *Tribune* of the same lovely town:

An Oakland pastor tomorrow will borrow from a bakery to illustrate his text. He will speak from the midst of bakery loaves, and at the close of his sermon little bakerettes in white aprons and caps will distribute bread to the congregation.

The Rev. Arthur L. Pratt, of St. Stephens' Methodist Church will speak from the text: "I am the bread of life." Even the music will emphasize the bakery atmosphere. The hymns selected for the service include: "Break Thou the Bread of Life" and "Bringing in the Sheaves."

One hundred loaves of bread contributed by a local bakery will furnish the pulpit decorations. Two pillars of bread, one on either side of the pulpit, will be surmounted by a sign made of loaves of bread, reading: "Bread of Life."

At the close of the service Dorothy Ricketts, Bobbetta Ramsay, June Moore and Ernestine Williams, dressed as bakers, with white caps and aprons, will distribute the loaves to the congregation.

WORKINGS of the Holy Spirit in this great State, as reported by a lady reader of the celebrated *Nautilus*:

A few months ago I became much interested in New Thought, since which time I have read with a keen interest the articles contributed to the experience department of *Nautilus*. During all the years of my life I have looked to God for help in the far-off deep blue sky when I should have searched my own soul where He dwells within me.

I have a very dear friend, who said to me one day: "To me, you are everything in perfection, you are the spirit of youth; but your silvery hair of which you have an abundance does not belong to you. I only think of your hair glint and auburn as when you were in youth."

Everywhere I went, my friends would mention my white head of hair till I became averse to hearing it mentioned. I wasn't old, only middle aged, and the grayness did not belong to me, I was sure.

I kept the thought of brown hair and youth in all my wakeful hours. When I would stand in front of the mirror with brush and comb, I would see my hair auburn. In a few weeks I could see a decided change. Color and new life came into it, and today, five months hence, it is back almost to its natural color.

I believe firmly our thoughts control our bodies and that we can be what we want to be. —C. M. M., Calif.

WANT ADVERTISEMENT in the San Diego *Union*:

TEN serious young men to learn fraternal lodge directing, interest in science and philosophy a recommendation. Write P. O. Box 763, S. D.

FLORIDA

THE evolutionists are given their death-blow by the learned *Exponent* of Orlando:

Human birth requires medical or surgical attendance. The cord between the mother and child must be cut and bound to save the life of both. After the proper handling and treatment, in a few days, the cord comes off at the surface of the child's abdomen, leaving a cicatrix called the navel. This is the Creator's mark of distinction between the human and the animal. None of the animals have it,—not even the man-like apes. When the so-called missing-link between man and the beast is found, an improbability in keeping with other

scientific deductions, we can tell to which kingdom it belongs readily by the absence or the presence of this sign. The foreknowledge of the Creator answered the father of evolution, Darwin, here in advance, and "the man who turned the scientific world up-side down" stands confounded as a mental dwarf in the face of demonstrated truth—that man did not and could not have animal or monkey ancestry!

ILLINOIS

MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN FRANK KREML, of Evanston, favors the Associated Press with a new one:

A team of horses hitched to an ice wagon got scared last night and ran away. I was chasing them right through the business section, but they ran like Reigh Count and Man o' War. Finally they got to Sherman avenue and the traffic light turned red against them. You can believe it or not, but those nags stopped dead still.

THE HON. EARL FIELD, addressing the Beardstown Rotarians, as reported by the *Daily Illinoian Star*, of the same town:

Rotary is God-like.

INDIANA

ONE of the blessings of the Noble Experiment in the great town of Hammond, as revealed by the *Chicago Herald-Examiner*:

"Let's be neighborly," Mrs. John Stur, of Hammond, suggested.

"O. K.," said John.

So they invited their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Novlick, over for a sociable evening and a sociable drink.

Mr. and Mrs. Novlick had the drink and called the police.

Yesterday the guests testified against their host, and Mr. Stur was fined \$100 by Judge Joseph Todd for violating the State Prohibition law and was given six months suspended sentence at the penal farm.

LOUISIANA

PROGRESS of the Noble Experiment among the Creoles, as set forth by the *New Orleans Item*:

Two new State taxes became effective throughout Louisiana on Thursday—the four-cent gasoline tax and the 30-cent malt tax.

Any groceryman in New Orleans who possessed on his shelves or who sold a single can of malt syrup without the required 10-cent stamp for each pound of weight or fraction thereof, committed a misdemeanor under the new law, H. J. Redditt, assistant supervisor of public accounts declared.

And by the same token, any householder in

New Orleans or elsewhere in Louisiana who has in his possession a can of unstamped malt is guilty of violating the law and liable to arrest and prosecution, Mr. Redditt said.

Stamps for the malt tax are being sold at the office of the supervisor of public accounts in the New Court Building, Royal and Conti streets. Already several thousand dollars worth of the stamps have been sold and an extra crew of clerks is being maintained to expedite this sale.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE Higher Learning in Springfield, as reported by the celebrated *Republican*:

University extension classes will be resumed in this city tonight. The class in automobile repairing in the course given by Edward H. Goodrich for women will meet at 7.30 at the Technical High-school.

The following week, a new course in automobile repairing will begin. This course will be open to new students as well as to the women who have attended the first series of eight lessons. Miss Ruth Evans will give the final lesson in the present course in physical education for women at 7.30 at the Central High-school. A new course will follow without interruption, beginning next Wednesday.

Tomorrow night the courses in aeronautics and silent reading will be resumed. William Thornton Simpson will meet his class in fundamentals of dramatic technique at 4.30. Prof. Robert Emmons Rogers will give the seventh lecture in his course in "The Twentieth Century Novel" Friday night at 8.15. Saturday morning, Prof. Hubert W. Yount will meet his class in sociology.

MICHIGAN

STIRRING hymn appearing on the first page of the *Jaqua Way*, published by the Jaqua Company, of Grand Rapids, "builders of sales literature complete":

A MAN'S THANKSGIVING

God of business men, I thank Thee for the fellowship of red-blooded men with songs in their hearts and handclaps that are sincere;
I thank Thee for the clatter of typewriters in my ears, and for stenographers who are good to look upon;
I thank Thee for upper berths and small-town hotels that make one appreciate the joys of home;
I thank Thee for porters to carry my grips, for taxi cabs, for fast trains and safety razors;
I thank Thee for telephones and telegrams that link me with home and office, no matter where I am;
I thank Thee for competition and its spur to greater achievement;
I thank Thee for the joy of battle in the business arena, the thrill of victory and the courage to take defeat like a good sport;
I thank Thee for hours of despair, loneliness and

heartache that have tried my manhood and not found me wanting;
 I thank Thee for hard, relentless toil and the inspiration of creating something worth while;
 I thank Thee for my customers and for the power to serve them faithfully and well;
 I thank Thee for a wife who knows all about me and still loves and helps me;
 I thank Thee for children, friendships, books, fishing, the game of golf, my pipe, and the open fire on a chilly evening.

AMEN.

DEEP-FELT protest of a free American citizen of Detroit, writing in the *News*:

Having studied Shakespeare for five years, I have often wondered if his work would be as highly spoken of if it had been written by modern writers. Rightly comparing it to some of the modern plays which have been censured and banned from the stage, I am afraid not.

Yet men of brilliant understanding will endorse Shakespeare. And as for his "Macbeth," it cries crime from cover to cover. The modern crime story is tame compared to it. I wonder if the producer of this play would give it to the public exactly as it was originally written? For along with the crime in "Macbeth" there is an immoral strain. But this seems to be characteristic of Shakespeare. And it is for this reason that I am writing this letter.

There are many young Americans who write clean and different plays, struggling to get a start. Yet if they go to some of the prominent men or producers who endorse Shakespeare to consider their work, these men tell them that they have no time to bother with such things.

Maybe some reader can tell me why this is.

LOUIS C. GRAHAM.

3896 St. Jean avenue.

MINNESOTA

SCIENTIFIC handbill circulated in Minneapolis:

92 Glenwood Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.,
To the people of Minneapolis:

I must register a protest against the doped and adulterated food stuffs which are sold here. I have studied the causes of diseases for more than thirty (30) years and I know that there is no need of having an ache or pain of any kind, excepting mental and those caused by accident, etc. I have had the early symptoms of nearly every thing going, and I have found that they were caused by what I ate, drank or swallowed every time. Sulphate of copper causes diphtheria, iodine causes typhoid fever, etc., etc. I say there is no such a thing as a contagious or catching disease. I do not believe that there is any such a thing as an incurable disease, except in the last stage. If a person is about dead then it is too late. I know that all diseases are avoidable. Today the city water is doped with some stuffs which cause hay fever and much of the bread with a preservative

which strikes at the kidneys or small of back.

If the citizens want to donate the use of hall or church I will tell them the truth about diseases: How to avoid or cure them, and I challenge the world to prove that my statements are not true. Or take me at my word and I will prove that nearly all cases of diseases are curable.

Yours truly,

MARTIN S. FELLAND.

MISSISSIPPI

OBITER DICTUM of the Hon. Howard Williams, speaking before the Griffith Memorial Baptist Church of Jackson, as reported by the celebrated *News* thereof:

God makes no typographical errors.

MISSOURI

THE editor of the Carrollton *Republican-Record* does some blabbing:

Jefferson City, that burg on the south bank of the Missouri river, with the State Capitol on top of the hill and the State Penitentiary at the bottom, has been experiencing one of its periodical clean-ups. The Lord knows and everybody who has been there recently knows it needs it bad enough. On a recent visit to Jefferson City we took a Methodist preacher with us to see a thriving saloon within the shadow of the Supreme Court building. And we noticed that it numbered among its patrons State, county and city officials, including the local police.

NEBRASKA

News item in the Rushville *Standard*:

C. O. Hagel has had his moustache shaved off. The decaption was made because so much congealed water gathered on his whiskers while he was driving his auto to and fro from Rushville to Pine Ridge that Chas. found it difficult to extemporate.

THE *Otoe County Tribune*, of Nebraska City, hands out a puff to a progressive mortician:

Since the first of the month the Porter Undertaking Parlors have handled three deaths. People in and around Otoe county are finding that Dan Porter is one of the finest young business men to ever put out his card in Nebraska City. Dan's pleasing ways and his impartiality to both rich and poor is winning him more friends day by day. Dan is a real friend in time of need and we are sure that Dan's business is going to increase right along with the number of people with whom he comes in contact, for when you meet Dan you can't help but like him and wish him all kinds of success.

NEW YORK

THE HON. CHARLES M. SCHWAB, LL.D.:

Idealism rather than dollar-chasing is the motivating force behind big business in the United States.

HUMAN progress at Niagara Falls, as reported by the Associated Press:

Canadian police announced today that they had discovered a specially constructed set of pulleys with which rum-runners have been transporting liquor into the United States over a 120,000 volt power line across the Niagara river.

News item from the eminent New York *American*:

Stanley Glowka, charged with operating a restaurant at 107½ St. Mark's place without a license, admitted the fact, but offered a novel defense. He said:

"But, Your Honor, I don't run a restaurant. I run a speakeasy and I don't need a license for that."

Magistrate Dodge fined him \$5. Glowka paid.

THE HON. A. P. WAXMAN, director of publicity, advertising and exploitation for Warner Brothers' Pictures, writing in the eminent *American Hebrew*:

Let me point out, with all respect, that Jesus Christ used a press agent to exploit His campaign.

OKLAHOMA

THE Legislature of this great State makes its contribution toward the Noble Experiment:

Officials and members of the House of Representatives under the influence of liquor must stay out of the House chamber. A resolution by Frank Carmichael of Beckham county was put to that effect and it carried by almost unanimous vote in Monday's session. It puts a member under the influence of liquor in contempt of the House.

PENNSYLVANIA

DITHYRAMBS on the wrapping paper of a scientifically conducted laundry of the enchanted town of York:

Ladies, why bend thy willing body,
And rub thy fingers tender?
Jam all your washin' in a sack,
And to the Laundry send 'er.
When thou hast passed to yonder shore;
And with the angels singing;
Your man will have another gal,
A-washin' and a-wringin';
So then, save thy better self,

And save him all the trouble.
He might not get another gal
Who'd be your exact double.
So pack your laundry,—troubles and all,
And have the Peoples Laundry call.

PEOPLES LAUNDRY

AND
LIKE-NU PRESSING CO.

Cleaning, Dyeing & Repairing

Phone 5744

170 West Market St. York, Pennsylvania
We Call For and Deliver

WHAT it means to be a free American in this great State, as reported by the American Civil Liberties Union:

Constitutionality of the Pennsylvania Sedition Act, rigidly enforced since it was passed in 1919, has just been upheld by the decision of the State Supreme Court affirming the conviction of three members of the Workers Party, prosecuted under the act for distributing Communist literature. . . . No further appeal is possible as the United States Supreme Court has affirmed the constitutionality of all such State sedition laws. The defense sought to get the facts of the case before the court, believing that the defendants would not come under the provisions of the law. The literature they had distributed is allowed to go freely through the mails and is passed unchallenged in practically all other States. Each man has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined \$500.

THE art of prose joins hands with science to lift Pittsburgh to a higher level:

Knowing the needs and necessity of exterminating insects and vermin in this country, we have formed a company known as "METROPOLITAN INSECT EXTERMINATING Co.," located at 314 Law Bulletin Building, 208-212 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, and have employed Mr. J. Albert Odell as manager, whom you all know has done wonders in this line, has been identified in this line for thirty-five years here in Pittsburgh, with the exception of the last ten years and we prevailed on him to give this his undivided time. The reputation he established, while actively engaged in this business, speaks for itself. In addition to insects, he has made a study of how to get rid of rats and mice, and has accomplished this, has experimented with traps, electricity and other devices, but to no avail, by studying their habits, likes and dislikes, has accomplished the impossibility. When left undisturbed in their chosen abode, they increase with almost unbelievable rapidity, and uses unceasingly its highly developed instincts at the ever-increasing expense of the housekeeper, farmer or business establishment harboring it. Once they have entrenched themselves, determined effort is necessary to eradicate them. The task is not a hopeless one, however, and effective measures persistently used will benefit not only the one-time supporter of the pests, but also the com-

munity at large. Up to the present, the effects of mankind to free himself from the ravages of has been practically futile. Thousands of men have spent time and vast sums of money in efforts at extermination, without success. The imperative need of an efficient method to master this peril led me to an extensive study of the nature and habits of them, with the result that I have developed a food that makes short work of rodents on premises. Damage by rats to produce and property in the United States amounts to about \$200,000,000 annually. Trying to farm, produce starts when the seed is first planted and continues through the growing season and harvest in the wholesale and retail markets and often in the house of the consumer. Such losses in the aggregate, so affect the ultimate price of foodstuffs that everyone shares them whether he maintains rats on his premises or not. Modern ideas of thrift are opposed to such waste, and the demand for relief is becoming insistent. What is most needed is a constant campaign of education to increase public intolerance of rats, carried on by extensive and sanitation officials and all others interested individual efforts which throughout the centuries have been ineffective in eliminating rats, must give way to organized endeavor. Centuries ago, this gray rodent had its origin in China, and for a time, his activities as a scavenger were a benefit to mankind, but rapid multiplication and destructiveness combined, with his deadly capacity as a carrier of disease, makes him the greatest scourge of our times.

If you will phone Court 2076, or mail the enclosed card, we will have our representative call and advise you how and what to do to keep your place free of vermin, rats, roaches, bed bugs, fleas, ants and all other obnoxious insects, as well as put your place in a sanitary condition that will prolong life and make life worth living, to say nothing of the destruction and annoyance of these pests.

We, professionally, know our business and prescribe for the ailments the same as your family physician would for sickness.

Have men who apply our different remedies, charging nothing for their services.

Will contract to keep your place clean and in good sanitary condition at so much a year and one of our men will call at least once a month and make a thorough examination of your premises.

Our preparations are put up in different sized packages with instructions how to use them for those who wish to do their own work.

Can furnish the best of references on application.

Hoping you will take advantage of our liberal offer by mailing us the enclosed card, or by phoning us, we are,

Truly yours,

METROPOLITAN INSECT EXTERMINATING CO.

TENNESSEE

The Christian women of Nashville consecrate their noses to the Noble Experiment:

Mrs. E. P. Blair, president of the Davidson County W. C. T. U., announced at a meeting of State W. C. T. U. officials celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Prohibition Amendment that members of her chapter have pledged themselves to report as liquor law violators all persons they encounter whose breath bears the taint of alcohol. Included are those met on the street, on a street car or in a private home, she said.

GENERAL

WHAT American philologists think about, as revealed by the programme of the forty-fifth meeting of the Modern Language Association of America:

20. "Epanaphora and Epanorthosis in 'Leaves of Grass.'" By Professor AUTREY NEAL WILEY of the Texas State College for Women.

[Heretofore the frequency of *epanaphora* and *epanorthosis* in the 'Leaves' and their relation to Whitman's lyricism have not been noted. Initial repetition (*epanaphora*), involving units of even eight words, and extending to a thirty-four line sequence, characterizes 4,000 out of 10,500 lines. Repetition within lines (*epanorthosis*) occurs in 4,397 lines out of 10,500, governing sometimes 50% of the words in a passage.]

21. "Portuguese Intervocalic N." By Professor EDWIN B. WILLIAMS, of the University of Pennsylvania.

[By taking an array of old and modern Portuguese words and their Latin *etyma* displaying intervocalic *n* in all the permutations of the vowels, first, with the first vowel tonic, second, with the second vowel tonic, third, neither tonic but both post-tonic, and fourth, with neither tonic but both pretonic, it has been possible to formulate fairly definite rules for the development of *n* in this position. Various anomalies present additional interesting problems.]

22. "The Non-Indicative Function of the -RA Verb-form in the Golden Age in Spain." By Professor LEAVITT O. WRIGHT, of the University of Oregon.

[A study of 580,000 lines of typical Spanish prose and poetry from 1044 to 1928 shows that the -RA verb-form kept, with decreasing frequency, an indicative value until about 1450, when it virtually ceased so to function for almost four centuries, the subjunctive usage proving over one thousand times commoner in the 200,000 lines from 1585 to 1685.]

The round-table discussion [was] followed by a paper: "Is the Use of *Wesen* in the Periphrastic Actional Passive in the Germanic Languages due to Latin Influence?" A. J. Friedrich Zieglschmidt, Northwestern University.

RENAISSANCE IN HOLLYWOOD

BY R. E. SHERWOOD

As ONE who has written about the movies, and talked about them, at great length, and actually gone to see them, regularly, for many years, I am now enjoying myself heartily at the prospect of sensitive souls rushing forth to defend the ebbing silent drama against the swelling talkies; for these same souls, a year ago, noticed the screen only as one would notice a road-side sign-board, which shut off part of the landscape and added nothing of beauty to the rest. They who once spoke of the movie as the back-house of the drama are now protesting loudly because the Vitaphone, the Movietone and the Photophone are degrading a noble art!

Formerly, they either ignored the activities on the screen entirely, or else they observed them, as from a great height, with a faintly nauseous contempt. Now, if one may judge from their impassioned outcries, they seem to regard the cinema as a virginal muse who has been assaulted on Parnassus by an unprincipled satyr from the laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

Here is a specimen of their complaints against the talkies; it is picked from a letter to the movie editor of a New York newspaper and printed by him in his department:

To try to resonate a film is to protest that the film is not a complete and self-fulfilled art medium, and nobody of sense would say that about the cinema today. . . . In any perfect art medium there are brief strokes which achieve the utmost in imaginative suggestiveness, and piling on extraneous sense-ticklers is then only to distract and annoy, in short to vitiate the fine effect.

I don't know just how that word resonate crept in, but I suppose it is intended to mean, in this new application, to add

sound. Its user evidently feels that those who practise resonance are in a class with the novelty manufacturers who insert ornamental clocks into the abdomen of the Venus of Milo. He believes that the lily does not need a new coat of gilt—that well enough might well be let alone.

Since when did the movies, in the minds of such people, become inviolate? Since when did the industry presided over by Adolph Zukor, William Fox, Sam Goldwyn, Carl Laemmle, Joe Schenck and the brothers Warner come to be known as a "complete and self-fulfilled art medium"? I gather that all this has happened since the Vitaphone first caused Conrad Nagel to lisp.

It is not my purpose to defend the talkies, as they have appeared up to the present time; such a defense would be beyond the limits of my capabilities, or of Clarence Darrow's, for that matter. No one is in a position to deny that the machines themselves are still this side of perfection—they groan, squawk, and shriek—or that they have been used thus far with lamentable ineptitude. Most of the talkies that I have seen have combined the worst features of a bad movie and a bad play, and if anyone can conceive anything more awful than that, may he refrain from telling me about it.

Nevertheless, and in the face of all the obvious arguments that may be offered to refute me, I contend that the talkies have come as a veritable blessing, that they are exercising a profoundly salutary influence upon the movie industry and that the revolution which they caused will come to be known, in time, as a memorable Renaissance.

veloped several great directors, many fine actors, two or three first rate financiers, and a number of meritorious scenic artists, technicians and even press agents, they have not, in the thirty years of their existence, developed more than one writer who is worthy of mention; that lone exception is the gifted Miss Anita Loos, and she quit this chambermaid's employment as soon as she could afford to do so. The writer will now be boosted into a position of importance that is equal, at least, to that of the director. He will assume the same privilege of responsibility that is enjoyed (or regretted, as the case may be) by the playwright. He will have a great deal to say about the preparation and production of a picture, and his remarks won't all be variations of the affirmative one.

As to the executives, they are either going out entirely or are being humbled to positions more nearly commensurate with their talents, because the movie industry is no longer its old, easy-going self. It is now rapidly coming under the domination of those august corporations which control the patents on the Vitaphone, Movietone and Photophone; namely, the General Electric, Western Electric, American Tel. and Tel., and the Radio Corporation of America. Whatever else may be said of these bodies, they unquestionably possess the virtue of competence. If they hire a man to design a new electric toaster, or to distribute condensers, they do so because they believe him to be the best toaster designer or condenser distributor obtainable, not because he happens to be someone's nephew from the old home town in Latvia.

That is why we hear statements from the usually astute Joe Schenck to the effect that the "talkies are no more than a passing phase" and that the public is too smart to be permanently deluded by sound. Mr. Schenck is merely venting his rage at the invasion of his own territory by interests that are shrewder and more powerful than he is; having planned to get control of the movies himself, he is embittered by the thought that his disrupted industry is about

to become a minor item in the vast scheme of Big Business. Efficiency and economy are entering the movies with the new régime, and waste and extravagance are going out. The very preëminence of Hollywood as a world production center is seriously threatened, and the Golden Calf that Hollywood has worshipped these many years is now being replaced by the gods of Wall Street and Schenectady, N. Y.

One would be inclined to shed tears of sympathy for the old order were this what it might appear to be: another triumph of the machine age, another victory of stuffy babbitttry over charming, devil-may-care bohemianism. But it happens to be nothing of the sort. It is no more than the expected victory of a superior form of industrialism over an inferior one.

II

Thus, we have before us the immensely agreeable spectacle provided by a group of morons who, accustomed to fabulous affluence, are now confronted with unemployment, and who are giving out interviews to representatives of the fan magazines, condemning the talkies as hopelessly inartistic. They have seen the end of that which has been, if I understand correctly the meaning of a somewhat esoteric term, a racket.

Who will take their places? Will every dumb-bell who loses his or her job in Hollywood be replaced at once by a mental giant? That, of course, is extremely improbable. There aren't that many mental giants in all creation.

Most of the new directors, actors and writers have been recruited from the Broadway theatre—experience in dealing with the spoken word being now of paramount, universal and first national importance. The movie merchants are in a state of panicky indecision as a result of the unexpected dawn of the Noise Era on the screen, and they are shrieking for help from those who have composed dialogue and recited it out loud. Members of the Dramatists' Guild and of the Actors' Equity Association, sad-

dened by the present epidemic of starvation on Broadway, are now rushing gleefully to Hollywood, engaging in chop-licking exercises as they go. One notices the titles of recent or forthcoming super-features—"Interference," "Coquette," "Show Boat," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Broadway," "The Barker" and "The Front Page"—and realizes that the big celluloid merchants have been buying up all the recent theatrical smash-hits, whether they have any legitimate place on the screen or not.

Some of the newcomers in Hollywood are being encouraged to write original stories for the talkies; but most of them are being put to the wearisome work of adaptation. How the movie people love that word "adapt!" Anything that has been adapted must be good! As an instance of the present tendency: the keen-visioned executives of that mammoth corporation, Paramount-Famous-Lasky, hired George Abbott, in the hope that he would bring to the talkies some of the considerable talent that he has displayed as writer and director of rough and rowdy plays of the "Broadway" type; but instead of assigning him to a story that had been written by himself, or by Ring Lardner or some other native, they set him to work directing a venerable bit of French hokum called "The Bishop's Candlesticks," which was derived originally from an episode in "Les Misérables" and which has seen service as a vaudeville dramalet ever since! And that ruthlessly wise poetess, Dorothy Parker, was lured to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Hollywood for the purpose of writing dialogue for "Madame X!" If they could get him, they would doubtless turn Eugene O'Neill loose on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

All these raids on Broadway are inspired by the belief, prevalent in and out of the movie business, that a talking picture is necessarily no more than a photographic and phonographic recording of a stage play. That, too, is nonsense. The movie is still as independent of the play as it is of the fugue. It has established for itself an

identity of its own, through the medium of such pictures as "The Last Laugh," the Chaplin comedies and even the news reels, and the fact of added talk (instead of printed subtitles) fails to alter this identity in any essential respect. I saw a talkie the other day in which one of the characters, opening a letter that had been handed to him, read every word of it to the audience, though there was no occasion for him to do so. On the stage, he would have to read it aloud; otherwise, the audience would have no way of knowing its contents. On the screen, a close-up of the letter could easily be inserted into the film, and the literate members of the audience could explain it to their companions. But the director of this picture had forgotten about the obvious advantages which the movies enjoy; he was thinking of the "technique of the speaking stage," as he dimly remembered it, and he consequently obeyed the ancient laws of the theatre and observed its limitations. No one had told him that the ancient laws of the theatre are no longer enforced, not even in the theatre.

However, these early bonehead plays won't continue at the present rate forever. The movie moguls have found themselves in a horribly embarrassing position, and are not entirely responsible for their immediate actions. That which a man will do when caught with his pants down is not to be accepted as evidence of what he will do when those garments have been restored to their rightful position and duly buttoned.

The movie people—whether they be the Goldwyns and Laemmles of the old order, or the Sarnoffs and Owen D. Youngs of the new—will learn a great deal in the years to come. Some of it will be new knowledge, but the bulk of it will be a re-learning of old lessons. It will be discovered (and soon) that if the former white hopes of Hollywood don't understand how to write, direct or deliver spoken dialogue, neither do the bright boys of Broadway understand the art of expression in terms of pictures that move.

The latter are obsessed with the idea that a talking picture must be all talk—an idea which they have brought with them from the theatre. On the stage, of course, it is essential that the dialogue be kept going, continuously, it being always difficult and usually impossible for a playwright, actor or director to invent business which will hold the audience's interest for more than a few seconds. On the screen, business has been developed to such an extent that it is far more eloquent, far more telling, than the printed or spoken word could ever be.

"The Last Laugh," which told a story without the aid of a single subtitle, was the ideal picture of the past, and it is conceivable that someone will produce an ideal talking picture of the future in which not one word will be spoken. It will be concerned entirely with the activities of characters at moments when, having nothing to say, they say nothing.

Human beings, in reality, aren't always talking. A man may undergo all sorts of adventures, actual or imaginary, when he is alone—on the street, in a dark forest, on a railroad train. Two men, or a man and a woman, may be together for hours and never say a word to each other, while between them may be all the "conflict" that is supposed to be the very essence of drama. Consider "The Last Laugh": how many spoken words could there be in that, if it were to be made as a talkie? The major part of that extraordinary film was devoted to views of Emil Jannings when he was alone, just as much of "The Gold Rush" was devoted to views of Charlie Chaplin wandering across the Alaskan wastes, accompanied only by a bear.

I have heard frequently the statement that the talkies will kill the glorious art of pantomime as it has flourished in the old-fashioned noiseless photoplay. The word pantomime is here applied to a form of dramatic composition, one quarter or more of which is in the form of heavily explanatory subtitles. But it is my understanding that a scene wherein two characters address each other, with moving lips, and

which is punctuated with printed signs telling us exactly what the characters are said to be saying, is not pantomime at all. It is, in my estimation, not much of anything.

The talkies will eliminate the subtitles and (what is better still) the dim-wits who concoct them. When a character in a picture has to talk, his actual words will be recorded, not printed; nor will it be possible to revise those words to such an extent that, in the final film, he is represented as expressing a thought which was not in his mind at the time when the scene was acted before the camera. There will be but scant opportunity for that form of posthumous face-lifting known as re-titling. The spoken words recorded on a strip of film may be cut and edited, as one would blue pencil a manuscript, but they cannot be radically revised.

I know of one picture that was re-titled some six times between its production and its release—the final set of captions being prepared by the General Sales Manager in collaboration with his comely stenographer. An actress who played in this picture had one big emotional scene of which she was inordinately proud; she felt, and with reason, that she had given her all in this episode. The director had told her to denounce the villain vehemently—"This guy has sent your old father to jail, so bawl him out with everything you've got"—and she had done so. She saw the finished picture, as it was shown at one of Mr. Graumann's mosques after the G. S. M. had released it, and discovered that she was represented as saying, in the big scene, simply, "I love you."

Despite the past unpopularity of the printed subtitle, it is now being championed, and by its former detractors, on the ground that however bad it may have been, the loud, tinny talk is worse. The one, final objection to the Vitaphone, Movietone and Photophone is summed up in the words, "They're *mechanical*!" This being undeniably true, what, in the name of all that is profitable, is the moving pic-

ture itself? It is now, presumably, an Art—although the camera which records the Art is a machine, as is the projector through which the Art is given to its devotees, and the film on which the Art is printed is a gelatinous substance, coated with an emulsion prepared in chemical laboratories in Rochester, N. Y.

Custom and usage have done a lot for the movie, which has arisen from a nickel novelty to a "complete and self-fulfilled art medium" because people have demonstrated their ability to accept and believe anything in which they are sufficiently interested. The mechanical whirr of the projection machine is ignored; the distant shadows of reality are acquiescently accepted as reality itself. The audience sees walruses fighting for their lives in "Nanook of the North"—cracker orphans fighting for their lives in "Stark Love"—leopards fighting for their lives in "Chang,"—and is moved and stirred and terrified by them, just as it is moved, stirred and terrified by the sight of Jack Gilbert, clad in a dough-boy suit, charging bolt upright into the teeth of a German machine-gun nest.

If custom and usage have enabled us to accept one mechanical process with so much implicit faith, I don't see why we should be forbidden, for artistic reasons, to accept another. The invention of the talkie apparatus, which tends to make the camera more nearly complete as a reproductive organ, has always seemed to me to be an inevitable development in the progress of the moving picture, just as color photography and stereopticon photography are inevitable developments of the future. If an art medium is to be ground out through a machine, then there is no earthly reason why that machine should not be as proficient as the Hoovers can make it.

In them can be entrusted the confidence of the great fun-loving public. If the problems that they confront were artistic ones, there might be some question of their ability to solve them; but these are purely mechanical problems, and they are now engaging the attention of the most re-

sourceful engineers in the employ of the General Electric, the R. C. A. and the other formidable corporations.

We may well have faith in engineers. They can accomplish anything. They produced a machine that rolled across the country last fall and gathered some twenty-one million votes. They can be counted on to remove the squawks, the shrieks and the lisps from the talking movies.

III

And then what? When the lisp has been cured, and when Mr. Zukor and his brethren are producing talkies that are as meritorious, in their way, as "The Last Laugh," "The Big Parade," "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Gold Rush" were in theirs, what will become of the tottering theatre? Well-nigh ruined already by competition offered by the film parlors, the dance halls, lonely suburban roads (suitable for evening parking), the radio and countless other alibi-providing menaces, how will the theatre survive against this new invention, which assails the eyes, ears, nose and throat at one and the same time?

Already, the movie industry has gained, from the talkies, an advantage which enables it to fight the theatre on its own grounds. It now possesses, for the first time in its history, the power to discriminate between one type of audience and another.

In the old days, every picture that was sent forth from Hollywood was rated a failure unless it was designed to appeal to everyone, everywhere. The movie makers had to please countless millions of people, in all parts of the world, if they wanted to keep out of the red ink. They had to tickle the sex-hungry flappers in Chicago, and at the same time appease the censors in Kansas; they had to respect the sensibilities of Mexican patriots, British patriots, German patriots and Abyssinian patriots; they had to avoid unhappy endings and intimations of expectant motherhood.

The theatrical business, on the other

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hand, could be organized on a series of different levels, as the magazine business, the automobile business and every other business is organized. The casual visitor to New York could be reasonably sure of finding one type of play at the Guild Theatre, another at the New Amsterdam, another at the Empire and another at the Minskys' palace of elegant burlesque in Second avenue. The Theatre Guild could prosper by producing plays for its large group of supporters, and the Minskys could expect a reasonable profit from theirs.

The same situation is now possible of realization in the movies. The Messrs. Warner, who were the first hardy pioneers to use the Vitaphone, have proved that they could make talking pictures at an extraordinarily cheap rate (about one-tenth the cost of the usual silent film), and that they could make substantial sums of money even though their products might not be shown in the smaller towns, where the theatres have not as yet been equipped with the talkie apparatus, or in foreign countries, where the language is unknown. They produced the Al Jolson picture, "The Singing Fool," at less than the cost of an ordinary musical revue, and from the presentation of that picture in only one theatre in one city they have already retrieved their original investment. The Warners don't have to worry whether or not the

square-heads in Kokomo or the peons in Chihuahua consider "The Singing Fool" good entertainment. They, and all the other film producers, are at last in a position to thumb their noses at the rabble.

This means that pictures can and will be made solely for those smaller but more appreciative groups whom the movie moguls have previously ignored. And for every member of such groups who finds that the screen is beginning to be worthy of his attention, there will be one less customer for the despondent theatrical managers to mulct.

The future of the theatre depends on one consideration: its ability to give its audience something which they can't obtain, more cheaply and more conveniently, in the neighboring cinema palaces. If the Warner brothers can put on a better show than the Shubert brothers can, then the loyal supporters of art will forget that the Shuberts are representatives of that illustrious institution which has harbored the genius of a Shakespeare, a Garrick, a Sheridan, a Booth and a Mae West, and will go to the upstart Warners for their entertainment.

In which event, the Shuberts will do well to abandon their passing shows and welcome into their theatres the Warners' product; which is exactly what, with characteristic sagacity, they are now doing.

TRIAL BY JURY, OR BY JUDGE?

BY STERLING E. EDMUNDS

WHAT is known as the Caraway bill, designed to prohibit to Federal judges the exercise of the power to comment on the evidence and on the credibility of witnesses in criminal cases, has again been introduced in Congress by its author, Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway of Arkansas. And again the bill is denounced by the *American Bar Association Journal* in these words:

This old Common Law power which the Federal court preserves in its entirety is a jewel which some States have thrown away. That is no reason why Congress should attempt to throw it away. Nor need we hastily assume, for that matter, that Congress can do it. That is a question which would arise in case the mistaken effort now under way at Washington should result in the passage of the change proposed.

Those who have studied carefully the administration of justice in our country are generally agreed that one of the reasons why it halts and crime is insolent is the fact that in so many States this old Common Law power of the judges has been taken away. One of the main articles in any well-considered plan for making the administration of justice as efficient as possible must be the restoration of this power to the courts,—if the courts are not prepared to maintain and exercise it on the ground of inherent right.

The Caraway bill made its first appearance in Congress about five years ago, at which time the *American Bar Association Journal* made known its opposition. It may not have been an unrelated fact that, at about the same time "associations for criminal justice" were formed in many States, all of them advocating various changes in criminal procedure in the interest of a "simplified and swifter justice," among which changes was that to empower State judges "to comment on the evidence" after the practice in the Federal courts.

In Missouri such an organization urged upon the 1927 Legislature a number of proposals, among them one ardently advocated by the late Chancellor Herbert E. Hadley to repeal the act of January 12, 1831, forbidding Missouri judges "to sum up or comment on the evidence." The adoption of such a change, which the *American Bar Association Journal* advocates, would reverse what many far-seeing lawyers consider one of the most benign principles embodied in the laws of most of the States and tenaciously clung to for many years. The words of the Missouri statute are:

The court shall not, on the trial of the issue in any criminal case, sum up or comment upon the evidence, or charge the jury as to matter of fact, unless requested to do so by the prosecuting attorney and the defendant or his counsel; but the court may instruct the jury in writing on any point of law arising in the case.

In his argument in behalf of abandoning this principle Chancellor Hadley said:

The most important change that we suggest in our criminal procedure is that to the trial judge be given the powers that he had at Common Law. Under our present system he is made a mere moderator at the trial, with power only to preserve order in the court-room, to rule in a formal way on objections to testimony, and to instruct the jury in writing as to the law. At Common Law the judge was the directing and controlling influence at the trial. He still occupies this position in England and Canada and in our Federal courts. He has the right to examine a witness if he thinks such examination is necessary to elicit the truth. He has the right to advise the jury upon the facts, to express an opinion thereon and as to the credibility of witnesses, and to advise them, as he has under our system, as to the law. . . .

The fact should be emphasized that to give to the trial judges in our State courts such authority would restore the system of jury trial as it was established and developed by our English ancestors and as it continued in this country for a longer number of years than has the perversion of the original system which now obtains in some

forty States. We emphasize this point for the further reason that there is now pending in the National Congress a bill to take away from the judges of the Federal courts the right to advise the jury in reference to the evidence and the credibility of witnesses. . . .

The restoration of this right to the trial court has been opposed upon the argument that the possession of such a power on the part of Federal judges has at times been abused. There is no question but what this is true, but any power given to any public official may be abused.

II

All this is very well, but we are admonished by the constant assaults on the Federal Bill of Rights, as constantly supported in recent years by the Federal judiciary, that no protecting principle of our system of self-government in the States should be lightly surrendered in the supposed interest of swifter justice. Instead of accelerating and coördinating the processes making for summary and arbitrary governmental action it behooves us to retard them wherever possible, if we are to escape despotism.

Among the checks instituted in our dual system of government to defeat arbitrary power none is so vital to the liberty of the citizen as trial by jury, as it has been developed at the hands of the State Legislatures. That this system is not perfection, that under it stern and swift justice is not always meted out, are conceded; but it is strikingly significant, in contrast with the history of the Federal courts, that we have never had cause to complain of judicial tyranny in any of the State courts during the long years in which "comments on the evidence" have been forbidden to their judges. And none will deny that this has been the fulfilment of a primary object.

It has been said that by the English Common Law the judge was "the directing and controlling influence" in criminal trials. History reveals that this was only too tragically true. The independence of the jury as sole judge of matters of fact was from a very early time not recognized by the Common Law.

Here it must be remembered that while the Common Law is admittedly the system

thus far protecting to the largest degree the Anglo-Saxon principles of civil liberty (in that it evolves from below, and is not a system imposed from above, as is the Roman Civil Law), yet it has ever been engaged in a struggle with governmental power; that its every advance in the protection of free peoples has been achieved only by arduous effort and sacrifice; and that at various stages of its development it has reflected, not civil liberty, but the triumph of governmental power over civil liberty.

Thus the institution of trial by jury has had a very halting growth in the Common Law. It, too, developed in contest with power—judicial power—and, being constantly opposed and checked, it presents at various periods only a caricature of its ultimate beneficence. Nor has this contest ended; nor will it end until man has ceased to find satisfaction in the possession of power over his fellow man.

In the reign of Edward III, we are told, the judge was so far controlling in the trial court, and the jurors were presumed to be so perverse, that they were locked up without fire or food to hasten their agreement in accordance with the "comments on the evidence"; and if they took unduly long, they might be placed in a cart, carried to the border of the county and upset in a ditch. It is not supposed that any one wishes to see this Common Law power restored to the judges.

For a great many years, until it attracted the notice of Parliament in 1667, it was the practice of English judges, at Common Law, to fine and imprison jurors who were courageous enough to ignore their "comments on the evidence" and acquit the intended victims. And, in spite of a resolution of the House of Commons declaring this practice illegal, the court, in the trial of Penn and Mead three years later, imposed a fine of forty marks upon each member of the jury who had voted for acquittal against the instructions.

While this appears to be the last English case in which jurors who ignored "the

controlling influence" of the court were fined, Hallam tells us that "the judges, and other ministers of justice, for the sake of their own authority or that of the Crown, devised various means of subjecting juries to their own direction, by intimidation, by unfair returns of the panel, or by narrowing the boundaries of their lawful function."

It was not until Bushell's case in 1670 that Chief Justice Vaughan grudgingly conceded that a jury might render a verdict contrary to the direction of the court without being guilty of any legal misdemeanor. Until that time the intended function of trial by jury as a bulwark standing impartially between governmental power and a desired victim had not been realized.

III

The right of trial by an impartial and unintimidated jury has reached its present stage of effectiveness in our State Courts largely as an incident to the struggle of the press for freedom. Thus Lord Camden, by whose tireless efforts the English press was freed, said in the House of Lords, in 1792:

I ask your Lordships to say who shall have the care of the liberty of the press. The judges or the people of England? The judges are independent men. Be it so. But are they totally beyond the possibility of corruption from the Crown? Is it impossible to show them favor in any way whatever? The truth is they possibly may be corrupted—juries never can! What would be the effect of giving judges the whole control of the press? Nothing would appear that could be disagreeable to government. As well might an act of Parliament pass that nothing should be printed or published but panegyrics on ministers.

It is an alarming fact that under the Federal government we are approaching a return to the very condition that Lord Camden inveighed against, through the unconstitutional assumption by the Postmaster-General of the powers of a censor, supplemented by our new law of seditious libel, the Espionage Act. In 1919 the Postmaster-General arrogantly informed a Federal court that his exclusion of publications from the mails was "not subject to be

reviewed, reversed, set aside or controlled by a court of law!" And the Federal courts appear acquiescent.

In the trial of a case under our new seditious libel law in 1918 Federal Judge Van Valkenburgh assumed to say to a jury:

It has been stated here freely by counsel upon both sides, and by the court, that such right of criticism [of government] within proper limitations, exists. You should draw the distinction, however, between criticism which is made friendly to the government, friendly to the war, friendly to the policies of the government, and intended to forward and perhaps expedite, and such as are made with the intent of hampering it and paralyzing the arm of the government in carrying it out.

The First Amendment to the Constitution, forbidding Congress to pass any law abridging the freedom of speech and of the press, is an unqualified inhibition upon all such laws; yet in the hands of the Federal judiciary it has become but a right to publish "panegyrics upon ministers" in time of war. Its peace time application may not be far distant; and when our Federal judges have the full care of the liberty of the press will it be impossible for an Attorney-General to show them favor when he is zealously interested in particular prosecutions? In his volume on "Judicial Reform," John D. Works says:

Practically, Federal judges are selected by the Attorney-General of the United States. All applications for appointment are referred to, investigated by, and reported upon by him, and, where there are a number of applicants, he recommends to the President the one selected by him, and usually his recommendation is approved and the applicant of his choice appointed. The Attorney-General is also the attorney of the government in all its litigation before the judges he has selected. Not only this, but he assumes and actually exercises the right to investigate and supervise the course and conduct of these same judges, and has in some instances—whether generally or not is not known—made secret investigations of Federal judges through secret agents and without the knowledge of such judges.

We have recently had the spectacle of an Assistant Attorney-General appearing before Federal grand juries in various parts of the country to exhort them to greater zeal in returning indictments under a particularly unpopular law zealously espoused by the government. Are all Federal judges,

who look to the Attorney-General for advancement, above sensibility to this ardor emanating from Washington? Is it not possible that some of it will find its way into the "comments on the evidence" in such cases? It is perfectly well known that such has been the case.

Judicial power, like all other power, accepts no limitations as final; checks must be constantly reimposed if this natural tendency is not to engulf everything. This truth lies at the foundation of our written Constitutions, all imposed in distrust of power.

Presumably, in the Eighteenth Century, trial by jury in the Common Law contemplated a "jury of the vicinage" where the crime was alleged to have been committed, so that the accused could have the benefit of his known standing and character among his neighbors, and that he might the more easily obtain witnesses. Yet there was nothing resembling a "jury of the vicinage" in the English practice of transporting our Colonial ancestors to England for trial under various accusations before the Revolution.

It is a striking coincidence that now our Federal courts have largely destroyed the "jury of the vicinage" in so-called conspiracy cases, by assimilating an "overt act" to the alleged conspiracy and sanctioning prosecution in any distant jurisdiction where that overt act is said to have been committed. Hence a citizen accused of a conspiracy effected in New York, for example, might now be dragged to California or Oregon for trial in the Federal courts.

When our Colonial ancestors were transported to England for trial in this manner, before admiralty courts and before strange and unknown juries, if the charge happened to be seditious libel, so much the worse for them; for it was affirmed by English judges that by the Common Law the jury had no right to pass upon the guilt or innocence of the accused in such cases. Whether or not a writing was libel, they said, was a question of law for the court

to decide; the jury could merely decide as to the fact of publication.

It can hardly be supposed that anyone, in urging a return to the Common Law power of English judges, wishes to restore this; yet it was a part of the "original" Common Law at the time of the Revolution, nor was it abolished until after the Fox Libel Act was passed in 1792. The English judges were furious over this act, as we learn from a note in Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations":

In Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors, the author justly condemns the practice followed in spite of the Fox Libel Act, of expressing to the jury from the bench an opinion of the defendant's guilt. On the trial of parties charged with a libel on the Empress of Russia, Lord Kenyon, sneering at the late libel act, said:

"I am bound by my oath to declare my own opinion, and I should forget my duty were I not to say to you that it is a gross libel." Upon this Lord Campbell remarks: "Mr. Fox's act only requires the judges to give their opinion on matters of law in libel cases as in other cases. But did any judge ever say: 'Gentlemen, I am of opinion that this is a wilful, malicious and atrocious murder'?"

For a considerable time after the act was passed, against the unanimous opposition of the judges, they almost all spitefully followed this course. I myself heard one judge say: "As the legislature requires me to give my opinion in the present case, I am of opinion that this is a diabolically atrocious libel."

Although Parliament had tardily put an end to the fining and imprisoning of disobedient jurors, and interposed other checks in defense of trial by jury, subsequent history reveals a continuing record of martyrdom to judicial tyranny through the "right," still jealously retained by the English judges, to "comment on the evidence." In all periods in which government is deeply interested in criminal cases, or in which popular passions are widely aroused, "to comment on the evidence" turns out to be nothing more or less than judicial insistence upon a verdict of guilty.

In the trial of Muir and Palmer, for example, in 1793, for seeking to overturn the rotten borough system in England (they were sentenced to transportation for fourteen and seven years respectively), the jury was told that

the right of universal suffrage the subjects of this country never enjoyed; and were they to enjoy it, they would not long enjoy either liberty or a free Constitution. You will therefore consider whether telling the people that they have a just right to what would unquestionably be tantamount to a total subversion of this Constitution, is such a writing as any person is entitled to compose, to print and to publish.

It is significant to recall that American public sentiment was so deeply stirred by the outcome of this exercise of the Common Law power of the judge to "comment on the evidence" that an expedition was actually undertaken from this country to New South Wales to rescue Muir. But a different spirit has come over us since that day.

IV

Such, in brief outline, was the posture of judicial power and trial by jury under the English Common Law at the time of the Revolution.

Is it to be wondered at that the individual States of the Union had a far different idea of what the right of trial by jury was and ought to be, and that their Legislatures should have adopted with such marked unanimity the one effective provision against the intimidation of jurors—a prohibition upon the judges to comment upon the evidence in criminal trials?

It is only too true that the judges of the Federal courts do exercise today the power "to comment on the evidence," but it does not appear that it was viewed as proper in those courts at the time of their establishment. In the very early case of *Georgia vs. Brailsford*, coming before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1792, John Jay, the first Chief Justice, instructed the jury as follows:

It may not be amiss here, gentlemen, to remind you of the good old rule that in questions of fact, it is the province of the jury, in questions of law, the province of the judge, to decide. But it must be observed that by the same law which recognizes this reasonable distribution of jurisdiction, you have nevertheless a right to take upon yourselves to judge of both, and to determine the law as well as the fact in controversy. On this and on every other occasion, however, we have no doubt

you will pay that respect which is due to the opinion of the court; for, as on the one hand, it is presumed that juries are the best judges of the facts, it is, on the other hand presumable that the court are the best judges of the law. But still both objects are within your power of decision. . . . Go then, gentlemen, from the bar, without any impressions of favor or prejudice for one party or the other; weigh well the merits of the case, and do on this as you ought to do on every occasion, equal and impartial justice.

There is here seen none of that assumption of power to influence a jury that was soon to develop in the programme of the Adams administration, to strengthen and magnify the Federal judiciary as a Federalist stronghold. The conduct of Chief Justice Ellsworth, Justice Samuel Chase and others later, in prosecutions under the Common Law of England, which they insisted they had power to execute, and under the Alien and Sedition Acts, was fully as violent and tyrannical as any of the spectacles presented in the English courts, not excluding that of Jeffreys himself.

Like their English prototypes, the Federal judges not only chafed at all restraints, but constantly reached out for and seized power. They not only assumed to "comment on the evidence," but they instituted inquisitions and harangued grand juries. To the alarm of the country they asserted that it was their right to, and actually did, indict and try under any or all of the precedents and usages of the English Common Law, whether or not Congress had adopted such precedents in statutory form. As Senator Beveridge said in his "Life of John Marshall":

The judges themselves had invited the attack so soon to be made on them. Immediately after the government was established under the Constitution they took a position which disturbed a large part of the general public, and also awakened apprehensions in many serious minds. Persons were haled before the national courts charged with offenses unknown to the national statutes and unnamed in the Constitution; nevertheless the national judges held that they were indictable and punishable under the Common Law of England. This was a substantial assumption of power. The judiciary avowed its right to pick and choose among the myriad of precedents which made up the Common Law and to enforce such of them as, in the opinion of the national judges, ought to govern American citizens. In a manner that touched directly the lives and liberties of the

people, therefore, the judges became law-givers as well as law-exponents. Not without reason did the Republicans of Boston drink with loud cheers the toast: "The Common Law! May wholesome statutes soon root out this engine of oppression from America!"

Chief Justice Ellsworth went so far as to cause the conviction of a former American citizen who had become naturalized in France by holding that, by the English Common Law doctrine of indelible allegiance, no American citizen could expatriate himself.

V

This course of tyranny by the Federal courts ran on until 1812, when, in deference to a mighty storm of indignation, the Supreme Court reluctantly admitted that all of its fining and imprisoning under the Common Law had been unconstitutional. Thereafter it conceded that

the legislative authority of the Union must first make an act a crime, affix a punishment to it and declare the court that shall have jurisdiction of the offense.

Justice Story, we are told, was "frantic" over giving up this strange and undefined stretch of power. The Federal courts retained the English judicial conception of jury trial from this period of violence, and Congress has not yet seen fit to correct it, in spite of constant abuse in many jurisdictions.

As to what trial by jury actually is in the Federal courts let us read the testimony of Circuit Judge Martin T. Manton, taken from an address before the American Bar Association in 1925 on "The Administration of Criminal Law in the Federal Courts":

There is always present in the minds of laymen who come to serve as jurymen a thought almost bordering on fear of the presiding judge. They want to please; never to displease. They are always obedient; they are swayed onward in ardor for full performance of duty; they think in terms of justice. That is why we obtain correct decisions, as a rule.

That juries in Federal Courts entertain a feeling "almost bordering on fear of the

presiding judge" and that they are "obedient" is not unrelated to the excess of power over them exercised by the Federal judge; under such conditions, however, their function as impartial judges of guilt or innocence appears practically to vanish.

To what extent a Federal judge may go in "commenting on the evidence" may be seen in the case of *Horning vs. U. S.*, in which the Supreme Court, in 1920, upheld this charge to a jury as merely "regrettable peremptoriness":

In conclusion I will say to you that a failure by you to bring in a verdict in this case can arise only from a wilful and flagrant disregard of the evidence and the law as I have given it to you, and a violation of your obligation as jurors. . . . I cannot tell you in so many words to find the defendant guilty, but what I say amounts to that.

Again, in the *Abrams* case in 1918, Judge Clayton of Alabama, sitting in New York, said:

If it were a case where the defendant were indicted for homicide, and he was charged with having taken a pistol and put it to the head of another man and fired the pistol and killed the man, you might say that he did not intend to do that. But I would have very little respect for a jury that would come in with a verdict that he didn't have any intent.

When that case reached the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Holmes, in a minority dissenting opinion, said:

In this case sentences of twenty years imprisonment have been imposed for the publishing of two leaflets that I believe the defendants had as much right to publish as the government has to publish the Constitution of the United States, now vainly invoked by them.

All this, it is plain, is not trial by jury in any true sense. Where such pressure may be exercised upon jurors the jury is superfluous. In his great work on "Constitutional Limitations," Justice Cooley correctly declares:

A judge who urges his opinion upon the facts to a jury decides the cause while avoiding the responsibility. How often would a jury be found bold enough to declare their opinion in opposition to that of the judge upon the bench, whose words would fall upon their ears with all the weight which experience, learning and commanding position must always carry with them? What lawyer would care to sum up his case if he knew

that the judge, whose words would be so much more influential, was to declare in his favor, or would be bold enough to argue the facts to the jury, if he knew the judge was to declare against him?

It should be pointed out, finally, that the Federal courts have recently become partakers in the alien doctrine that crime may be punished without indictment or jury trial—in spite of the Fifth and Sixth Amendments—by bringing alleged offenses under the equity process of injunction. If this is constitutional with respect to one class of crimes it may eventually embrace all, and so destroy even the poor remnant of jury trial left in Federal practice.

Thus the present is no time for the States to let down any barrier erected for the protection of self-government and civil liberty;

only if they hold steadfast may we hope to reestablish them in the Federal government.

In the inhibition upon trial judges to "sum up or comment upon the evidence" in criminal cases, the Legislatures of the States have endowed the institution of trial by jury with its predestined beneficence as the best human arrangement thus far devised to protect the citizen against the otherwise overwhelming power of government to crush him. It is not efficient, but neither is liberty efficient; only autocracy is.

To abandon this benign principle after the many years of martyrdom required to win it would be merely to transfer the old struggle to posterity.

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HORSE-CAR DAYS

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

Nobody under twenty-five remembers horse-cars, and few, if any, of thirty. Perhaps most Americans of thirty-five never really saw one. But all men and women of forty saw them before they vanished, and everybody of fifty and up remembers them well.

A preserved horse-car is as rare today as a whale-oil lamp or a high-wheel bicycle. I know of only two actually in existence. One is in Baltimore. When the street car men dragged it out, painted it up, hitched a couple of ice-wagon horses to it, and put an original horse-car crew on the platforms, almost the entire Association of Commerce turned out to gape at it with awe and incredulity. Henry Ford has one. Others may be embalmed elsewhere, but I have not seen the fact recorded. Early Twentieth Century gasoline buggies with wagon wheels and handles for steering are preserved at the Smithsonian Institution and probably at the older and sturdier automobile factories, but no government antiquarian has seen fit to preserve a horse-car. This, perhaps, is not surprising, for the street railway men themselves, practical fellows to whom any romantic notion is like rat poison, have been content to see them fall apart and be junked.

The reason may be simple. Hundreds of men in the street railway business today were horse-car men; indeed, the modern electric railway is built upon the ruins of the horse-car and cable-car. Few men would think it worth while to preserve a pair of 1888 pants in order to hand their children a laugh at their expense, and perhaps the street railway men have let the horse-cars crumble for the same reason.

Changes have been swift in the careers of these men. The horse-cars they used to operate are in the same limbo with the tin train of the boy whose parents have bought him a velocipede.

The horse-car age, crystal clear in the memories of men who take river-bed tubes and continuous six-day air flights for granted today, ran for about forty years—that is, from the early fifties until the late eighties, when the cable-car, closely followed by the electric car, began displacing transit by Dobbin. The story of the horse-car is full of picturesque color, but it remains buried in scattered fragments in hidden scrap books, old trade journal and newspaper files, and musty horse-car convention reports. The old-time horse-car convention, in itself, would be a fit subject for an heroic *çanyas*. Yet a modern bank president's dim picture of his mother signalling to a horse-car driver from the bedroom window to wait for her while she pinned her hat on; an electric transportation mogul looking queerly at his aging hands as though they still felt the tug of the reins; a millionaire's poignant recollection of the gigantic manure pit not far from his boyhood home—such memories and a few scattered volumes on which the dust thickens undisturbed are all that remain of that mellowest of times. Soon there will be only the volumes and the dust.

The first and only text-book on how to build and run a horse-car line was written by Alexander Easton, a Philadelphia engineer, and published in 1859. He called it "A Practical Treatise on Street or Horse-power Railways; with Examinations as to

Their Comparative Advantages over the Omnibus System." Today it reads like Dan Beard's "American Boys' Handy Book," telling how to build a backyard switchback and traps for chipmunks. Yet in those days it was a scientific treatise. Nowhere else were facts, figures and the results of tests contained between book-covers. But as a scientific treatise it was taken very lightly, not only by the omnibus industry whose doom it sounded, but by the horse-railway industry for whose benefit it was written.

The rugged founding fathers of the horse-cars did not want books; they wanted franchises. They did not even want account books. When the officers of the new Third Avenue Railway, organized in New York in 1854, took over the line, they found no books or accounts whatsoever, although the original proprietors of the road were supposed to have bought up five omnibus lines at a cost of \$400,000. The more business-like officials of the new company decided to change all that, but to keep their accounts on a simple basis. Thus a typical statement of the road's earnings for a year ran:

From passengers	\$405,278.95
From manure, etc.	13,750.75

Frequently, in those early days, the manure receipts meant the difference between a deficit and a profit. This homely by-product loomed especially large on the books of the New York horse-car companies. In the late fifties it produced for four of them—the Third Avenue Railway, the Eighth Avenue, the Brooklyn City and the Sixth Avenue—the splendid sum of \$18,000.

But it was upon the dark mysteries of getting franchises out of State Legislatures and City Councils, not upon the simple business of laying tracks in the streets and driving cars over them, that the heroes of the horse-car days wanted light, and there Prophet Easton gave them no light at all. He denounced their "amateurishness," their "want of science," and their "fruit-

less imitations" in construction and operation, but said nothing about the art of franchise grabbing except that "not too much money or credit should be absorbed for such plunder as lobbying bills." He did not even say what "too much money" was, and so he was of little help to promoters whose chief problem was how to get enough.

II

The horse railways were as roundly denounced in the fifties by public, press and pulpit as were the turnpike roads and the steam railroads before them, and the automobiles after them. Boston's first horse-car company, the Cambridge Railway, running from Bowdoin Square in Boston to Harvard Square in Cambridge, had a hard time selling even \$43,000 worth of securities in 1855. When it finally raised that much the contractor agreed to take the money and start to work, getting the balance in stocks and bonds. Of this \$43,000 only \$6,000 was subscribed by people willing to gamble on the stock. The rest wanted bonds.

The public in all the first big horse-car cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore—was skeptical of the new experiment. It meant laying tracks along the best streets. Steam railroads were still new and the public's ideas of all railways were gleaned from them. Make way for such juggernauts in streets crowded by carriages, hacks and omnibuses? Nonsense! "It will, I hope," wrote a citizen to a Philadelphia paper, "be a long while before the citizens of Philadelphia will be contented to endure such a nuisance as the railroad is likely to be. Who would believe that any set of men could be found so desperate and so defiant of the sense of the public in this question as to insist upon laying a railroad in two of the best streets in the city, viz., Chestnut and Walnut?"

In Baltimore the public was virtually solid against the new rapid transit. Until 1859 it stuck to omnibuses, which the horse-car promoters, in their sinister propa-

ganda, kept calling "rudderless monsters." All the merchants along Baltimore street except two were bitterly opposed to horse railways. The cars, they believed, would interfere with traffic. Carriages would upset, driving over the rails. Where would builders at work on houses find room for their material in the streets? The row got into the courts, and became almost ferocious. In the end, however, one injunction after another was vacated, and the laying of tracks began. At a certain curve they had to come close to the curb in front of a pharmacy kept by one Moore, and the enraged pill-roller, declaring they were encroaching on his property, took the law into his own hands. He planted an arm-chair in the street and sat defiantly in the path of the track gangs. They dug around him, leaving him atop a little dirt plateau. Crowds gathered and cheered the brave druggist. When he had to go inside to tend store or eat, his wife relieved him in the arm-chair, and when she had to go in, her sister took the post. The street caved in, tumbling the sister into the ditch, but with great courage she stayed there with her elbows resting on one of the iron rails, while the delighted neighbors paraded around her with flags and banners. Finally the company paid Moore \$300, and he gave in.

Once a line of track was down and a horse-car running on it, public opinion usually began to yield, for everybody wanted to ride. The horse-car was faster than the omnibus. Its path was fixed, while the omnibus lumbered and rocked about, endangering the carriages of the rich, and, on cobbled streets, made a great racket. The horse-car, on the contrary, ran as noiselessly "as though the street were covered with snow." Strickland Kneass, chief engineer and surveyor of Philadelphia, wrote hopefully to a City Council committee in 1855 that the new lines "would prevent the streets being blocked by a double or treble row of coaches, creating an intolerable annoyance to the business man." Thus the horse-car was offered

as a solution of the traffic problem of the fifties.

The public soon began to be impressed and delighted by the fact that the horses would start and stop at the jingle of the bell with no action by the driver. One horse-car, they found, did the work of three omnibuses, thus economizing street space. Brakes stopped the car quickly, and stopped the horses, too, even fractious ones. Old ladies and gentlemen declared they could take their seats or leave them without being pitched on their noses. Drivers of private carriages, weary of bumping on cobblestones, found it delightfully smooth going on the rails.

So this "improvement of the age," as Alexander Easton called it, came and stayed. An active life, full of color and excitement, lay ahead of it. In the early eighties, as we shall see, came the tardy "scientific spirit" and the standardizations whose lack Easton had so deplored. But now the horse-car kings could give their fancy full swing. In every big American city the little cars bobbed along, bells tinkling, hoofs clattering, drivers roaring at the traffic jams. Cheering crowds of boys and men ran behind, hooking free rides. It was as natural for a car to jump the track as for it to stay on, and a couple of good-sized men could lift it back if the passengers got out. In some cities four horses pulled the cars, in others one, in others two. There were no standards, even amongst different companies in the same city.

Drivers were tough fellows, hardy as Arctic explorers, bundled in great coats and shawls, with tall beaver hats or thick hunting caps with ear-flaps. Some kept their faces and chests warm with heavy beards in cold weather, and wrapped their feet in many burlap oat bags, unwrapping them when alighting to help lift the car back on the track, smack a balky horse, or beat up a teamster who wouldn't get out of the way. With their long whips they flicked smartly the legs of boys hanging on behind. Conductors were just as hardy;

they had to be to throw the powerful drunks off when necessary. Riding and "capturing" a horse-car was a great evening sport for gentlemen of the mauve and pre-mauve decades when liquored up.

The horse-car crews were bound by rules to be polite and courteous, and so the problem of throwing off a drunk often called for rare tact and judgment. The New York State Railway Association Model Rules forbade (a), throwing him off while the car was in motion; (b), throwing him off if he were "only slightly under the influence of liquor"; (c), throwing him off if he were "orderly and quiet." The conductor had to weigh all these reservations against the general rule; "Drunken and disorderly persons must not be allowed to ride."

Another nice question was handled in the following model rule for all the New York State horse railways:

Conductors should never go inside the car or to the front without first counting the number of passengers on the rear platform; and if more are there on his return he should call out "Fares, if you please," without addressing any one in particular.

His next problem would be to get the fares, but the rule book was silent on that. However, if nobody answered his pleasant impersonal observation, and he had the dead-beats spotted, he could look up Rule 9, "Ejecting from cars." Here he read: "The conductor must never eject a person from the car for non-payment of fare unless he has witnesses to sustain him. All ejections must be in a peaceable and gentle manner and no more force used than absolutely necessary. The car must first be brought to a full stop." If, after lining up all the witnesses, getting names and addresses and seeing that everybody had a good view, the conductor then applied gentle pressure to the offending passenger with no result, he could, presumably, increase the pressure peaceably until something snapped.

Drivers were informed by the rule books that "the best way to manage a baulky horse is by kindness"; that they must

"speak pleasantly to teamsters or any other persons who may be in the way kindly requesting them to move"; that horses' feet must be examined for loose shoes before starting; that dashboards must be kept clean, and (for drivers of bob-tails or one-man cars) that they must pick up all the change envelopes passengers threw on the floor, and never, under any circumstances leave the car without taking their change boxes.

Plenty of State and city laws and ordinances were passed to prevent any skulduggery on the part of these traction octopuses, and to safeguard the people's rights. In Boston one of the most precious of these rights, in 1857, was that of sleigh-riding in Winter, which, it soon became evident, conflicted with the desire of the horse-car companies to clear their tracks of snow so that their cars could run. The mayor and aldermen took command of the situation by forbidding the horse-car companies to clear their tracks at all as long as sleighing was good. They could operate passenger sleighs and charge fares if they wanted to, but the cars had to wait until the snow melted.

The speed limit in most cities was five miles an hour, and outside the "congested districts" seven miles an hour. Horses had to be walked around curves, and not galloped up hills. If a fire broke out and a horse-car was near an engine house, the engine had to be hitched to the back of the car and pulled to the fire.

Many thought the cars a menace to public safety, careening through the streets as they did. Children would run under the horses' feet. The horseway, as the space between tracks was called, seemed especially attractive to sleepy drunks, who frequently used it for a bed and sometimes woke up with horses or cars or both on their chests. One curious accident happened in New York, when a passenger whose feet were cold, despite the heavy carpet of straw on the car floor, got out and ran alongside the car, holding to the grab-handle. "I'll do this for two or three

blocks until my feet get warm," he told the driver. "Then I'll get back on." At the second block his foot slipped and he fell under the wheels.

New methods of committing suicide always appeal to people whose inclinations are in that direction, and the horse-cars had a vast appeal. The great-grandfathers of moderns who throw themselves in front of subway trains used to take running dives beneath the feet of car horses. They were not always as certain to be killed, and often it was harder on the horses than on the would-be suicide, but it was at least satisfyingly painful.

It was a long time before the communal mores permitted horse-cars to run on Sunday. Occasionally a company would get a supine and sinful mayor or alderman to propose it, and a vicious newspaper to back it up, but the shocked citizens would rise up and bury the idea under a deluge of righteous wrath. But as the times grew degenerate, the Sunday laws relaxed, and the wicked companies began to roll up huge Sabbath receipts.

III

Hard times came with the Civil War. Revenues decreased as men joined the armies. Finally, the government seized the horses to pull artillery and forage wagons, and to serve as cavalry mounts. Those were great days for the brave traction nags, worn down by the monotony of their work. No longer dragging rumbling little iron-wheeled cars at their heels, nor plagued by corns and hoofs split on the sharp cobbles, they could stretch their cramped muscles in the heroic charge, and smell powder burning, and neigh with the roaring guns. Certainly among the heroes of the horse-car age were the horses who went to the war in the sixties.

Few of these veterans ever came back. Mules and small Canadian horses, hardy and sure-footed, took up their work after the war. The business grew and prospered. Also trouble came in the form of epidemics

of horse diseases. In the Fall of 1872, the dreadful epizootic broke out in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Horses dropped like flies. Companies were forced to announce, "No Cars Will Be Run Until Further Notice, Due to the Epizootic Among Our Horses." Thousands walked. One saw ox-carts, dog-carts and carts drawn by men. Men pulled the fire engines. In Baltimore the Peabody Heights Railway Company told its idle employes they could have the use of the cars for their own benefit. The drivers and conductors thereupon drew the cars themselves and carried passengers at ten cents each. Some companies tried to resume service with oxen, but without success. The feet of the oxen were too tender for the cobblestones, and they would get vicious and try to rush at the passengers.

No one then thought of applying electricity to transportation. Occasionally steam was considered, but the idea was believed to be silly for city cars. The horse-car was still the "improvement of the age." A good horse cost about \$125, and until about 1863 it cost only forty cents a day to keep him. Then the cost began to increase and went to sixty cents. He ate about eight pounds of hay and thirteen pounds of corn and oats. With regular food and work and good care, his useful life was at least four years. One year the Sixth Avenue Railway in New York made a record, losing only three out of 398 horses and mules in the year—and those by accident—while eighty of the total number had been at work day and night for six years.

Those were golden days, and they continued into the coöperative and scientific period, which began in 1882 with the dawn of a spirit of brotherhood amongst the horse-car magnates. In that year, at the call of H. H. Littell, superintendent of the Louisville City Railway, horse-car men from all over the country assembled at Young's Hotel in Boston for their first convention. There the American Street Railway Association was formed—the par-

ent of the present American Electric Railway Association.

There was work for this new body to do. The business of carrying people in horse-cars had grown to undreamed of proportions. The despised securities of the first Boston railway, which had sold so slowly in 1855, had long been paying 6% on the bonds, and 9% on the stock. It was the same everywhere. The country had 415 horse-railways, and 35,000 men running them. Every day 100,000 horses trotted, clop-clop-clop, over 3,000 miles of track, enough (as the end-to-enders of the time declaimed), to reach almost from Boston to San Francisco; and rattling along behind the 100,000 horses came 18,000 horse-cars, with straw on the floors, some with stoves inside, and stove-pipes sticking out of the roof; some with fires burning underneath, some with no stoves or fires at all; big horse-cars and little horse-cars; bob-tail and two-man cars; with fresh horses, tired horses, or horses about to drop; with bay horses, gray horses, dappled horses and roans; some big and rangy, some tough and little; some well fed, some under-fed and some scarcely fed at all.

Never before had the horse-car men of the land gathered to swap experiences. For more than thirty years everybody had been going along about as he pleased. But it had become plain at last that there must be a right way and a wrong way to do things. Horse-shoe salesmen were always coming around talking up the Seeley shoe, or the Walker shoe, or the Goodenough shoe. Which was best? How did other companies handle the snow removal problem? Which way should a horse stand in the stable—with his front feet or his hind feet higher? How did so-and-so perfume his manure pits? When the stables caught fire, how could you keep the horses that escaped from scattering all over the town and having to be lassoed in people's back yards before the cars could get started again?

"The object of this association," said the Hon. Moody Merrill, chairman and

keynoter of the convention, and president of the Highland Street Railway of Boston, "is the advance of scientific and practical knowledge. While ten years ago our cars were run almost exclusively for the accommodation of the poorer and middle classes, now the wealthier classes are our most liberal patrons. A few years ago the cab and the hack were the only vehicles called in requisition for the lecture, the concert and the theater, but now the street car is almost exclusively patronized for that purpose. Cars can be seen going to and from these places of entertainment filled with ladies robed in silks, velvets and ermine and adorned with costly jewels of emeralds, rubies and diamonds. This change in the character of our patronage demands continual improvement in our service."

The eloquence of the Hon. Mr. Merrill so moved his fellow horse-car men that they were able to do little but fall to eating and drinking. The bill-of-fare of their first banquet is interesting in its revelation of how little these rugged, hard-working old boys needed to sustain them in this crisis. They had oysters, green turtle soup, striped bass *en coquille*, fillet of sole *à l'italien*, saddle of Southdown mutton, fillet of beef *aux champignons*, Philadelphia capon with cauliflower, terrapin *à la Maryland*, sweet-breads with purée of asparagus points, fillet of chicken with *sauce suprême, pâti chaud à la financière*, champagne ice, canvasback duck, larded quails, woodcock, omelet soufflé, tutti frutti, Charlotte Russe, wine jellies, cream Tortoni, pistachio meringues, Gorgonzola and cream cheese, olives, pears, oranges, Hamburg grapes, Malaga grapes, nuts, raisins, figs, French fruits, candied fruits, ice cream, sherbet and coffee. This simple repast was washed down with Hockheimer, Mumm's Extra Dry and Château Rose.

Serious business was put off until the following year. The first report of the committee on buildings was revolutionary. It denounced many horse-car stables as Horse Hells. It said there was bad ventilation and no sunlight, and declared that stables

should be well lighted with ample stalls and "escape pipes for the ammoniacal effluvia. Then," the report added, "the chances would no longer be against every horse who passes through those doors, as they were against those ghostly ones who passed through Dante's gate and, as they went in, read above their heads 'Who passes here goes into everlasting Hell!'"

The convention seems to have heard the report on Horse Hells in silence, and to have passed quickly to the Snow and Ice Problem. Every city had it. The horse-car companies wanted to sprinkle salt on their tracks in Winter to melt the snow, but the public was up in arms against the practice. Those were the days when gentlemen kept fast trotting horses and trim cutters, and it enraged them to come downtown for a swift brush along Main street, only to find the car tracks salted and the snow melting. Shall the horse-cars ruin sleighing? asked the public, and the car companies retorted, Shall a silly sport ruin the transportation business? The horse-cars were usually beaten in these arguments. Health experts declared the salt made horses sick. The chairman of the Boston Board of Health swore that salted car tracks menaced the public health; the quickly melting snow lowered the temperature five to ten degrees and gave pedestrians violent colds. In Baltimore there was a popular theory that salted tracks spread diphtheria and scarlet fever. The horse-car men's convention debated the question, and decided that salt was healthful to horses rather than injurious.

For hours the magnates discussed horse-shoeing—flat shoes and curved shoes; whether to put them on hot or cold; with calks or without calks. Delegate Brayton of Providence, R. I., raised a nice point when he inquired, "When the horse was created didn't he work without shoes?" But William H. Hazzard, of the Brooklyn City Railway, floored him with, "So did man, but could you pull a car barefooted on cobble-stones?" The convention agreed with Julius E. Rugg, of Boston, that the

trouble with horse-shoeing was "plenty of muscle and no brains," and "too many strong but dumb Irishmen in the game."

There were hot battles over car-heating, and John H. Maxon, of St. Louis, said with fine sarcasm, "There's a certain class of railway men that want their roads to do whatever the people say, and the people themselves, half of them, don't know what they do want. Down our way they want fans in the cars to keep the flies off." He threatened the Northern companies, if they went too far with this stove business, he'd install his fans and make trouble all around.

Mr. Hazzard of Brooklyn rose again to say that in Brooklyn they took out the stoves in the Spring of 1882 because the public kicked about them; then people demanded them back. "One man wrote and said he'd take up a collection to put 'em back. I wrote back and told him to keep the money and buy himself an overcoat. I don't know whether he did or not." This was the stone-hatchet age of Public Relations.

How to get all the fares and out-wit the nickel-snitching conductors—there was another knotty one! Bell-punches, automatic registers, slot boxes—all sorts of things were being used. Apparently there was no device a conductor couldn't beat if he tried. Most roads had detective forces, open and secret. Shocked newspaper cartoonists frequently pictured the honest conductor with a ball and chain on his foot, and a masked sleuth peeping at him around a corner.

It was difficult to please the public. There was, for example, the problem of the manure pits. In the horse-car business there was simply no escape from manure. While it brought in revenue it also brought in trouble. At the New York State convention, in 1887, it was announced that the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York had denounced the manure pits. Banish them, said the society, and ease the burden of the poor. This brought jeers from Henry A. Cassebeer, Jr.,

vice president of the Steinway and Hunter's Point Railway of Long Island, who invoked the medical principle that the smell of manure is healthful.

"You see the children running around there and playing," said Mr. Cassebeer, "and how healthy they are! Healthier than our own children."

Many agreed, however, that the pits were foul, and disinfectants seemed to be the only cure for the evil. When it came to disinfectants G. Hilton Scribner, president of the Central Park North and East River Railway, had a tale to unfold. He was for a substance called Soluble Phenyle. It seemed that he had lately had a serious stable fire, with 1150 horses burned to death. This was in June, 1887, and the weather was warm and muggy. The New York *Herald*, Mr. Scribner said, began pitching into him not twenty-four hours after the fire. It seemed to think he could get rid of his 1150 dead horses by waving a wand over them. Well, he had taken his time, used Soluble Phenyle, and the *Herald* finally quit.

"But," said the sort of delegate who is always spoiling good arguments, "we want disinfectants for living horses, not dead ones."

IV

Early in the history of these horse-car conventions, the death-knell of the horse-car began to be heard, faintly in 1883, and louder each succeeding year. "I see in the recent subjugation of the subtle and hitherto illusive force of electricity to the needs of man," said President Littell, in Chicago, in 1883, "boundless possibilities for the world's three great requisites of advancement, heat, light and motion." The delegates also listened in solemn silence as C. B. Holmes, president of the Chicago City Railway Company, told them how he ran his new-fangled cable cars: "Twenty-five cents a mile for horses; . . . half of that for cable cars . . . Of course, interest on a heavy investment, but

big profits after that." He then talked for a half hour without interruption. The horse-car men felt rather sick when he sat down.

A woman got into the business in 1888—Mrs. Mary E. H. G. Dow, a stout, motherly soul with a hundred blue ribbons and silver cups from county fairs for prize jellies, preserved gooseberries and tatting, and an uncanny flair for finance. She became president of the Dover, New Hampshire, Horse Railway. She had out-guessed a syndicate of millionaires who were reaching for the road. Suffragettes began booming her for President of the United States. At the 1889 convention, President Thomas Cowry, of the Minneapolis and St. Paul Street Railway, read the horse-car's valedictory. "The horse and mule have been our faithful allies," he said. "They have nobly done their share in enabling us to build up cities and towns. In return for their faithfulness we propose to emancipate them." A noble gesture, but it must have meant little to the spirits of the 25,000 horses that had passed on annually through the Horse Hells to that bourn whence no car horse ever returned. The talk that year was all of cable cars, but the yellowing pages of the report show old Deacon William T. Richardson, of the Brooklyn City Railway, holding forth at great length and with much animation in what must have sounded to these groping transportation men like a voice from a newly dug grave:

"But for me there's nothing like a roan, strawberry or steel. . . . The dark is good, of course, or a dun-colored horse, with a black stripe down the back and black legs. . . . Grays are good, especially the flea-bitten gray with little specks—a very tough animal. . . . Bays are only fair. . . . Never get a horse with a white hoof—especially white fore-hoof. . . . Light horses with dark hoofs are better. . . . Avoid flat-footed horses. . . ."

The first electric cars were already in service.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Design

MODERNISM FOR SALE

By LEWIS MUMFORD

IN JANUARY, 1927, when I visited Grand Rapids, the chief center of furniture production and sale in America, there was but a single suite of modern furniture in the current market: it was an obvious adaptation of French work. In the course of two years the whole scene has changed, at least on the surface. In spite of stubborn resistance by manufacturers and sales managers, attempts at modern design have been made in almost every department of furnishing and decoration.

The initiative in this change has come chiefly from the big metropolitan department stores, Marshall Field, Macy, Lord and Taylor, Wanamaker, Loeser. They have held expositions of modern European and American work on a more or less grand scale, and, willy-nilly, the manufacturers and the smaller merchants have been forced to join the procession. Even the newspapers and home-furnishing magazines, which have been notoriously apathetic about developing a native modern decoration, can no longer stand on the sidewalks and hoot, in spite of the great vested interest in selling antiques and manufacturing "authentic" reproductions, which they must protect.

What is the total effect of all these exhibitions and innovations and advertisements? It is a little too early to say; but one can at least show where the dangers lie, and call attention to those developments which give the most promise.

One of the obstacles to modern design in America is the fact that our manufacturers are acquainted with every "period" but their own: having learnt how to use labor-saving machinery to counterfeit the

most laborious handicraft designs, they have no notion that machinery can and should be used for any other purpose. Now, since the 80's a whole succession of architects and craftsmen, beginning with H. H. Richardson and Louis Sullivan, have attempted to build up a solid notion of what constitutes modern design in the decorative arts; but except for sporadic successes in the Middle West, chiefly in the buildings of Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, Irving Pond and Barry Byrne, this attempt to work out a method of contemporary design has been without fruit. For a while the furniture manufacturers, between 1905 and 1910, were affected by the so-called Craftsman movement, and as a result produced furniture of logical and competent, if not amiable, design; but this Mission furniture, as it was dubbed, was clumsy in proportion, and it had but one formula for all sorts of needs and purposes.

Had there been competent designers in our furniture factories, had there been a single manufacturer with the taste and conscience of a firm like Heal's in England, they would have built their new designs on this solid, primitive foundation—lightening the construction, changing the dominant colors, doing away with Craftsman clichés like the through mortise-and-tenon joint and undressed leather and fumed oak, and adapting the forms more carefully to economic machine production. Unfortunately the Mission style, though it anticipated our best modern furniture by about twenty years, in direct contrast to the imbecile *art nouveau* movement which swept over Europe at the same time, was supplanted by the snobbery of period designs; and our first crude modern interiors became a popular jest and by-word.

There were various reasons for this dé-

bâcle; but one of the reasons that has scarcely been noticed is that Mission furniture had one great defect from the standpoint of the manufacturer: it was very sturdily built and it wore too well. "Period" furniture had the advantage of wearing out speedily, as the result of poor construction which relied far too heavily upon glue, or, in the finer lines of furniture, because of the successive introductions of new styles.

The underlying economic fact which conditions and controls design under modern industry has been analyzed with great acumen by perhaps our greatest economist, Mr. Thorstein Veblen. In a series of works beginning with "The Theory of Business Enterprise" he has pointed out the conflict that exists between business and industry, between salesmanship and productive efficiency, between the desire to obtain a maximum profit and the desire to achieve the most economic expenditure of energy. What is essentially modern in design, the elements of simplicity, directness, economic use of materials, mechanized production, and consequently cheapness, is opposed to the demand for ostentation and financial braggadocio—a demand which the manufacturer cannily uses to increase the turnover of his product.

There is a real conflict here. Our manufacturers of furniture have set as their goal, necessarily a somewhat utopian one, the notion of selling a new suite of furniture to every family in America *every six years!* The notion is crazy, but it provides the basis for current capitalization, and, what is just as bad, for current design. There are, plainly, only two ways in which this goal can be achieved: one of them consists in using poor materials and putting them together badly; the other consists in changing the "style." Both these means are inimical to the development of a genuine modern style; for if this develops at all, it can only be created, article by article, step by step, process by process, as has been done in our bathroom and our kitchen equipment: every inch forward will be a solid gain, and by

definition such a style will not change completely enough in six years, or in twenty years, for that matter, to satisfy the demands of our voracious business men.

As in all departments of machine technology, the total plant and equipment necessary to replace from year to year the existing stock of furniture and to take care of new increments in population is only a small part of the plant needed for the original equipment. Our manufacturers of motor-cars have already made this discovery, and we are now witnessing their painful efforts to cope with it by making new models with spurious improvements, hastening the period of obsolescence, and attempting to cajole those who can afford it into owning two or even three motors as a "necessity." These desperate expedients merely emphasize the fact that overexpansion in machine production results in a steady oversupply of commodities: the alternative is to cut down the plant or to increase, by one means or another, the demand.

Were income more evenly distributed, this could be done by extending the number of users; but beyond a certain point, once the whole population is supplied, this ceases to be a possibility. Sooner or later every community must face the fact that machine-production must be socially directed so as to produce useful, durable commodities and leisure, or a great many futile commodities, with no gains in either leisure or wealth except to the money-makers.

This discussion may seem a long way from the problem of form in the industrial arts; but on the contrary, it hits it in the solar plexus. What the American manufacturer now unctuously calls *art moderne* is merely another style which will serve the purposes of salesmanship without necessarily producing a single efficient or beautiful form.

A good part of the furniture and silverware and knick-knacks that are called modern in America merely exhibit some decorative trick, like contrasting woods,

or an arrangement of cubes and rectangles. This is plainly to be seen in little matters like cigarette lighters, which were authentically modern until the manufacturer achieved the happy idea of adding a touch of *art moderne*. With that touch, logic and beauty hastily vanished.

Like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* with his prose, our manufacturers have frequently talked modern without being aware of it. It was indeed interesting to note at the Macy Exhibition last year that two of the best rooms exhibited by any country were a bathroom and a kitchen-dining alcove, both designed by an American, Mr. Kem Weber, who had the great advantage of being able to use those fine objects of industrial art which our manufacturers of stoves and ice boxes and bathtubs have been improving steadily for the last twenty years without any conscious thought of either modernism or art.

There is in the United States a very great danger that instead of our genuine modernism making its way from the bathroom and the kitchen into the rest of the house, and so affecting our furniture, our rugs, our tableware, and finally the total design of our homes—there is a danger that just the opposite of this will happen, and a so-called modernist art, created with a view to sales-turnover rather than with respect to function and use, will gradually infect the departments of industrial art which are now sound.

We already have the nauseating period bathroom; and there was more than a hint or two of the same sort of reversion in some of the modernist rooms exhibited this Winter by the group of architects and craftsmen known as the Designers of America. One of these rooms was a bathroom designed by Mr. Varnum Poor. Mr. Poor's plates and jars and vases are among the glories of modern ceramics; no one has, I think, done finer work, even in Europe. This very lovable and personal art, however, seems to me entirely out of place in the bathroom that he designed; and the introduction of Mr. Poor's decorated tiles in that chaste sanctum of American civilization was just as inimical to good taste as the attempt to substitute the machine for the work of the human hand and eye and spirit in their special departments. Mr. Poor's bathroom, it is true, could not be duplicated for mass production; but I fear it will suggest bad ideas to our manufacturers in Trenton, for they doubtless covet the opportunity to change the style of their handsome potteries as often as the furniture makers change the style of furniture.

There, precisely, lies the danger to modern taste and form under our socially unregulated machine production. There can be no sound design, it seems to me, until the economic problem is met; for in the last analysis form does not appear in the designer's studio until it pervades the civilization.

Literature

LITERARY CURRENTS IN CUBA

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

ALWAYS, since first the stirrings of separatism brought new life to the Pearl of the Antilles, the United States has been a haven of safety and a focus of conspiracy for Cuban refugees. In the history of the island's freedom, as in the history of its literature, we have played a continuous and an important part, now with eyes turned greedily toward a possible posses-

sion, again with hearts sympathetically attuned to the valiant struggle of a burdened people. The debt is being repaid. Once a Varela took refuge in Philadelphia, a José Antonio Saco counselled union with the United States, a Mendive corresponded with a Longfellow; or a Zenea, a Merchán, a Bachiller y Morales, a Martí, a Varona (this octogenarian still inspires the youth of Cuba with his epigrams), in succession came to these shores and chanted the battle-cry of Cuban freedom. Now Havana is a

refuge from Volstead, and Cuba restores, as well as it may, the curtailed liberties of its patron republic.

Buchanan's "Ostend Manifesto," aged seventy-five, is more alive than most historians—not to speak of laymen—know. Liberty, among the Cubans, has become almost as much an intellectual as a political concept. Yonder, indeed, literature and politics have always been excellent, too excellent, companions. Poetry readily adopted the function of the moralist, as the novel readily became pliant to the demands of social regeneration. When the hour struck for what some critics have termed the modernist renovation, Cuba was, from historic habit, in the van with such precursors as Julián del Casal and José Martí. Today, after the fervors of the hey-day have subsided, it is still a centre of activity, sociological, literary, æsthetic, artistic. Cubanism burns as brightly as ever, but it is a broader, as it is a less hectic, concept. Once again history turns full circle. Cuba, which exported the poetry of Heredia and Mendive through William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, now imports its United States contemporaries—poets, dramatists, novelists, even critics—quite as fast as they appear.

Today, Modernism—which in all countries ages quickly—in Cuba is old. *El Fígaro* and *Cuba Contemporánea*, magazines that were born of that new day, have yielded to newer groups with newer magazines; the difference between yesterday and today is to be seen, as it is to be seen farther North, in the very format and typography of the contemporary journals. The younger generation, as not always in our own climate, is really young; the Spanish-American is often a revolutionist and a standard-bearer in his 'teens. The sociological and the political elements are still potent in the activities of the intellectual minorities.

The novels of Carlos Loveira (recently deceased) and the plays of José Antonio Ramos centre around political principles rather than cinematic passions. Yet the

very preoccupation of the younger men (working chiefly in Havana) with good type, attractive illustrations and original layout attests an interest that reaches over into the æsthetic.

By the leaders of the youngest groups the latest renewal of the national literary spirit is dated from 1922. Characteristically enough, the first of these intellectual chapels had a double origin in poetry and politics: a number of the youngsters had been holding regular meetings devoted to the preparation of an anthology of modern Cuban poetry, and to plotting "more or less platonically against the Zayas government," as one of the guiding spirits of the movement put it to me. Since even poets must eat, the group got into the habit of Saturday dinners, whence they were christened the *minoría sabática*, or, as we should say the Sabbatical Minority. At their head sat, ate, wrote and plotted Jorge Mañach, Francisco Ichazo, Juan Marinello, Martí Casanovas and José Z. Tallet. Mañach, a young man of solid and versatile gifts, is to be found, indeed, wherever the battle rages. He completed his education at Harvard, is thoroughly conversant with American institutions and our experimental youth, and has been, I believe, as instrumental as any of his fellow countrymen in bringing to Cuba the first fruits of our own recent literary and intellectual renaissance.

Just what the *minoristas* stood for they themselves found it hard to say. The anthology, however, that brought them together seems at last to have achieved publication in 1926; it was the work of Felix Lisazo and José Antonio Fernández de Castro, and took its place easily among the finer anthologies in any of the modern tongues.

It was inspired largely by such of our own collections as the works on modern French poets by Ludwig Lewisohn and on modern Russian poetry by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Out of the Minority group also grew the magazine *Social*, edited by the caricaturist, Conrado W. Massaguer, assisted in the literary de-

partment by Emilio Roig de Leuchsenring. The confusion over issues—the "new" art, the revaluation of values, the universalization of Cuban culture, the reformation of the public school system and autonomy for the university students—was bound sooner or later to lead to a re-grouping. And thus, after the *minoristas* had given their obstetrical assistance to a number of books, chiefly Mañach's "Estampas de San Cristobal," "Glosario" and "La crisis de la alta cultura en Cuba," there was the inevitable realignment.

In April, 1927, the new advance was heralded by the appearance of a *revista de avance*, a review that takes its name from each succeeding year of its existence. It is now called 1929, and is in the capable hands of Ichazo, Lizaso, Mañach, Marinello and Tallet. It is really a publishing house as well as a review, and has already issued books or booklets by its various editors, as well as by Regino E. Boti, Carlos Montenegro, and Rafael Suárez Solís. 1929 does not represent a definite cleavage from the Minority Group; it is rather the specifically artistic arm of that group. Here, too, I am sure, the influence of Mañach makes itself strongly felt since, in addition to his duties as a lawyer, an organizer, a lecturer, a playwright and an author, he serves as caricaturist and as translator from the American language.

The *revista de avance* has done pioneer work in acquainting Cubans with the newest developments in the rest of Spanish America. It is on especially cordial terms with the vanguard of Mexican liberation. And its editors rejoice to report that it has made an encouraging list of enemies among the cohorts of academicism, sentimentalism, mysticism, and oratory (that pest of the Latin temperament!), and among the pseudo-intelligentsia.

This advance, however, being insufficiently advanced for a number of less temperate spirits, a yet bolder *grupo vanguardista* made its appearance, with an extremist programme that savored strongly of Russian influence. By journalistic irony this

egg was hatched in the nest of that aged, hyper-conservative daily, the *Diario de la Marina*.

In the literary section of this ancient fortress, in appropriate disguise, loomed the red ranks of Cuban revolt. Add to the programme the element of hot, outspoken propaganda against North American imperialism, and the mission of proletarian redemption, and you have the Grupo Atuei, so named after its magazine. *Atuei*, in its messianic extremism, reverts to the social evaluation of the arts; it conceives of them as the handmaidens of proletarian victory, and stands, therefore, in decided opposition to the æsthetic aims of the Advance Group. *Atuei*, edited by Nicolas Gamolin and Enrique Delahoza, managed to embroil itself with the Machado régime; the government has suppressed it. Yet its sheer courage under fire has won it the esteem of its most determined theoretical opponents. Delahoza, as a poet, will bear watching.

Havana, naturally, is the centre of this ferment; the rest of the island, however, has its educational groups and its local leaders. Matanzas, for example, has a minority cénacle of its own, headed by Fernando Lles and Medardo Vitier. It is regarded by the Havanese *minoristas* as rather oldish and academic in temperament, yet Lles and a few others are looked up to as fellows worthy of consideration none the less.

Minor groups exist in Camaguey, Cienfuegos and Sagua. From Santiago, too, I receive the monthly called *Archipiélago*, a bulletin of the Institución Hispano-Cubana de Cultura de Oriente. The institute is but a year old, yet during its short term it has sponsored no fewer than thirty functions, of which all but two were devoted to lectures on philosophical, literary, historical and sociological subjects. At the head of *Archipiélago* are Max Henríquez Ureña and Ricardo Rodríguez Cáceres.

The magazine, which is far more than the mere bulletin that its designation might imply, is at present especially valu-

able to Hispanists for the outline of Cuban literature which Henríquez Ureña has been publishing in it serially. In addition to articles of local antiquarian interest it prints speeches, selections from the writings of Spanish-American authors, special articles (such as the inevitable one on the Schubert anniversary) and book reviews that cover the Spanish world. It is a cultural, rather than a programmatic, publication; its appearance in its little corner of the world and the breadth of interests attested by its contents are added testimony to the rapidity with which ideas circulate in this scientific, if still superstitious, era.

There will be much discussion, perhaps, for some months to come, about the novelist Loveira, untimely dead. I was for a long time in correspondence with this independent spirit, and was the first to write of him outside of Cuba. He was not a great writer, as he himself knew; he strove to create atmosphere and to elucidate social problems; he was, in a double sense, a "tropical" novelist.

It is significant, in a social as well as in a literary sense, that Raoul Maestri

Arredondo, summing up in the *avancilla* organ the output of Cuban authors for 1928, should mention with regret Loveira's attachment to French standards. Why, asks the Cuban critic, did the novelist follow the French naturalists, especially Zola, when there were at hand the novelists of Russia and the United States? It matters little that the critic, naming those novelists, compiles such a heterogeneous roster as Dreiser, Tarkington, Dos Passos, Anderson, Lewis and Lewisohn. France, which not so long ago exercised an artistic hegemony over the South Americans, has yielded ground to Russia on the one hand, and to the United States on the other. "We South Americans," said a Peruvian once to me, half puzzled by the chameleon-like character of so many contemporary writers from Mexico to Argentina, "we South Americans are so easily Frenchified." It is an old complaint that originated in the mother countries, Portugal and Spain, before the Conquistadores annexed the southern continent. Today the problem has changed; Russification and Americanization have altered the intellectual alignment.

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WALT WHITMAN'S POLITICS

BY CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

THE literary remains of very few authors have been ransacked as thoroughly as those of Walt Whitman. It is thus somewhat surprising to discover that a considerable volume of Whitman material yet remains unpublished. This material was acquired after the death of the poet by one of his literary executors, Dr. Richard M. Bucke, of Canada, and since Dr. Bucke's own death in 1902 it has been in the hands of his heirs, and is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. E. Seaborn, of London, Ont.

It consists of a large collection of books, magazines and clippings, of a mass of manuscript notes, made by Whitman on his reading, and of certain drafts of unpublished articles. I have been privileged to go through this collection and shall quote from it hereinafter by permission of Mrs. Seaborn and her brother, Mr. William A. Bucke.

Its significance becomes evident when it is remembered that little has been known hitherto about Whitman's literary and philosophical background. Here, for the first time, one is made aware of the actual books and articles that he read, and may follow his copious annotations upon them. In addition to this material and the many newspaper clippings about himself that he carefully preserved, there are a number of skeletons of poems, drafts of letters, and even extensive prose articles.

Until a short time ago it was the fashion to regard Whitman as a poet who sang in a very loud voice about a Democracy which he neither understood nor exemplified. It was said that he had neither the training nor the inclination to apply himself to a serious study of the problems of state and

society. He was accused of mental slovenliness. He did not have a sufficiently exact knowledge of politics, philosophy or economics, so his critics alleged, to be able to write with clarity on those subjects. It is undeniable that the essential problems and principles of an ideal democracy are dealt with far more vehemently than specifically in "Chants Democratic." Therefore, argued the critics, Whitman spoke entirely from hearsay or intuition.

But this was by no means the case. The mass of new matter that I have mentioned reveals habits so studious that Whitman himself wished to conceal them from the public, who were already too dependent, he thought, upon bookish literature. He took particular pains, therefore, to obscure the origins of his ideas. But most of his conceptions were the logical outgrowth of sustained and detailed study, as appears from an examination of these manuscripts. We find proof that he delved below the surface in a wider range of literary, philosophical, and scientific fields than was ever encompassed by any other American poet of the first rank.

If he had had sufficient opportunity, he would probably have been as scholarly as Emerson or Lowell. That he did not actually become so is due to fortuitous circumstances rather than to any lack of ability or natural inclination. His notes on his own thinking and reading on political subjects, which are carefully preserved among the Bucke memoranda, show in many points at least the rudiments of that preciseness which is essential to the scientific student.

In his observations on the theory and

application of democratic principles of government, Whitman's determination to pursue all things relentlessly to their ultimate essence is clearly seen. He was, until the exploitation of State's rights in the interest of the extension of slavery, a thorough-going Jeffersonian Democrat. Yet he did not take all his doctrine concerning the rights of man from Jefferson. He made a close study of Rousseau's "Social Contract," as is shown by his digest and criticism of his readings in Rousseau, which survives in manuscript. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that he puts an "original contract" at the base of his entire theory of government.

Every government is a bargain; some are shuffling swindles; many of them vague and without the parties understanding one another. Such are unstable and soon through. Such is not ours. Its intentions and scope and what it is for are minutely premised and its great heart laid bare at the very beginning, as if for fear some future and far distant vein may not know where to come for life-blood. The main arteries of the Constitution that flow out of that organ all have reference to it; and health is reciprocal with themselves and with it.

This honest and novel bargain of government palpably assumes that the contracting parties meet on exactly the same level as of a fresh and open affair, where each one man without any distinction whatever is neither more nor less than another, and the debatable points are not affected by any previous ties.

As a disciple of Jefferson, Whitman naturally advances the Declaration of Independence as the highest formulation of the principle of the rights of man. He says:

The field is virgin and original, like Adam's paradise. The unanimously agreed upon premises accord with this magnitude and this innocence of the first creation, large and pure as air. This too is a Creation, and it must be started well. Thus it was settled and covenanted as the nucleus of all that should come, that every human being who is born into the world has inalienable rights against any jeopardy from other human beings to his life, his liberty, and his lawful pursuit of happiness, and that to plant, fortify, and regulate these rights, the connection with Britain should be totally dissolved. The American Government was to be constituted. How simple! How vast! In that brief outset was embodied the whole that might follow. The goal is in sight at last. Here, if anywhere in the world, shall be fair play. Equality forever, and each man's doings on the square.

II

The Declaration of Independence, however, is but the necessary prelude to a formal and specific statement of the general original contract, as adapted to meet the requirements of the American Commonwealth, in the Constitution. In his almost religious veneration for that covenant (interpreted always as the foundation of a voluntary confederacy, rather than an empirically established state with specious centralization), Whitman seems to preserve something of that belief in the more than human sources of the American government which animated its Founders. Today we adhere to the obverse side of the original Great Seal, with its bird of prey grasping a sheaf of arrows, and are rather unmindful that the Seal also possesses a reverse face, with such esoteric symbols as the pyramid and the all-seeing eye, and the flamboyantly mystical legend: *Novus Ordo Seclorum*. Whitman, apparently sharing the early occult trend, despite his anti-religionist pose, postulated a divine origin as a possible explanation of the American experiment.

Out of this kernel, a brief trial of the loose articles of the Confederation, came fitly and swiftly the American Constitution, the nearest approach to perfection and honesty in a political agreement yet seen in the world. There are countrymen of ours in several sections of the Republic who profess to pick out certain parts of that half of the compact as either not necessary or not just. For myself, however, I am free to say with a candid heart, I know not of any such parts. I take the edifice as unitary and complete, and always go in by the front door, and I say that the journeymen that built that mighty house were giants, and the architects that planned it were gods.

The underlying motive which prompted Whitman to undertake a detailed study of the theory of government was evidently his intense desire to cope with the problem of slavery sanely, and to be able to base his arguments upon premises of legal certainty, rather than sentiment. His greatest difficulty in approaching the subject from such an angle, as was the case also with Lincoln, was to convince the adherents of slavery that the inherent implications of the Amer-

ican contract were in favor of its abolition, and that, although each individual State might by the authority of certain clauses in the Constitution retain it until local opinion should abolish it, the ultimate complete extinction of slavery as an institution was inevitable. It was his contention that the Constitution should not be used, because of its qualified toleration of slavery, as a cloak to justify and render more efficient any system of political economy which was based upon slavery.

The meanest of liars is the American aristocratic liar with his paltering and stuttering denial of the plain purports, intentions, allotments, and requirements of the bargain his government debated for a dozen years and finally closed and practically agreed to by the enforcement of the Constitution and Washington being elected for the Presidency.

Well, what is this American Republic for? What do the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution mean? Do they mean the copying of government after the old absolute Asiatic or modified European model? A government as a positive right in itself? Is caste, is the divine right, not of one king but many kings, to prevail in America? Do they mean what they themselves appear to tell in concise and plain words, or do they mean nothing tangible at all, but are like a font of brevier type, indifferent whether the letters be set up in a bawdy book or the Lord's Prayer?

You know, and the world knows well, what the bargain of this Confederacy and its government are for, and what their distinct meaning is. It is the meaning and direct purpose of our supreme compact, when not impeded by special State sovereignty (and then always in contempt of their letter and spirit) that the hopple shall fall away from the legs of the slave; that his breast, whether black or white, shall be stained no more with blood from the necklace of spikes of iron; that man can walk the earth untortured by that cankerous anguish with which every proud and sympathetic soul sees his likeness and his fellow degraded among owned brutes.

Why, what a miserable sight have we so often seen in Congress—learned men grovelling; debating whether our government legalized slavery or liberty. Slavery consistent with American national law? Slavery stand under our law! Why, it cannot stand under English law, which casts the light on that subject as compared to ours like a foggy night compares with a sunrise in its reddest showering arrows of glory. All the grand authorities of the British judiciary pronounce slavery without uprightness, without foothold any more than a snake, repugnant to the foundations of law, and to be declared null and void whenever brought before any high court.

In the great case of *Somerset*, four years before the Declaration of Independence, this was the decision of the judges of England, and it has

been unanimously ratified without any exception since. When these colonies broke from the British dominion, slavery here was lawless, and had no foundation in jurisprudence at all. What then has been done since? Have we been kicking and sweating these eighty years since under some ugly dream? Is there no meaning, no truth, no definiteness, in writings, in engagements? Does the British Constitution—that vague we hardly know what—without preamble or any prefatory exposition—that heap without form and on which no man can put his finger—does that legalize slavery, and the American Constitution, which is precise and compact, make it legal? Does the whelp fall howling and dead under the blows of an English judge and have his full swing, with meat and drink to boot, from the caressing hand of an American judge?

Under the vital part, or lungs, of the American system of government, (our independent State sovereignty), clannish wealth or majorities, or powerful sectarian feeling, have at various times, in their own limits, neglected or palpably offended the letter and spirit of our supreme and national law. For any neglect or offence of this kind, so long as it is confined in States' limits and to their own citizens and does not seriously annoy the operations of the general government, there is no help. It must be left to time and the native good sense of the people. The principle of sovereign State control of State soil and independent management of domestic affairs is one of the most important principles of the compact, and it cannot be contravened by the general government on any pretense whatever that I can think of as likely to arise.

In Connecticut the law has been that debtors unable to pay could be sold by the creditor into temporary slavery to pay the demand. In Maryland the constitution provided for the levying by the State of a general tax for the support of certain priests. In South Carolina no man has been eligible to be elected Governor unless he was worth ten thousand pounds. During the four years antecedent to 1818, the slave trade was provided for by legislative enactment in some States, and nearly 100,000 poor wretches were kidnapped in Africa, and those who lived through the horrors of the passage were landed here and sold. For a long time in New Hampshire, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, no Roman Catholic could be elected or appointed to any high office. In Delaware office holders were required to profess their belief in the Trinity. In some States men and women have been sold to pay their passage at sea. In Pennsylvania offices could not be enjoyed except by people who acknowledged the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments. In Massachusetts, too, were very intolerant religious tests.

Some of these undemocratic, un-national un-Americanisms are among dead things and some are still partially among live things. Slavery, the greatest undemocratic un-Americanism of all, is very live. But all of them, the moment they stretch out beyond the lines of the States where they are enacted, melt under the national law like a lump from the ice house brought under the July sun.

III

The constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law was not called into question by Whitman, since he professed adherence in letter as well as spirit to the Constitution as it had been ratified by the whole people. But he did take issue with the enforcement of that law, and he did object to the intervention of Federal authority on its behalf. In his anxiety to scotch the snake, he perhaps forced this point to a degree which is not consistent with the customary logical tone which he assumes when arguing the subject of national versus State jurisdiction.

This determined opposition to the national enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law was a very important element in his thought for many years. Yet it has practically no record in his published work, except in the poem, "A Boston Ballad (1854)", which was written in the heat of his indignation against the committal of Anthony Burns as a fugitive slave in Boston. Even this poem he intended to delete from later editions of his work, but he was constrained to allow it to remain at the urgent request of John T. Trowbridge.

Thus it appears that the manuscript notes which he made of his views in the years preceding the Civil War possess unique significance as a record of a close and comprehensive study of national issues, which for some reason he did not work, at any time, into permanent form.

One of the covenants of our Constitution binds each State to the observance of the following clause: No person bound to service or labor under the laws of one State, and escaping into another State, shall be made free by the laws of that other State, but shall be delivered up to those to whom the labor or service is due. This immensely overrated clause of Article 4 of the Constitution is in reality simple, unexceptionable, easily understood and not at all inconsistent with the rest, so long as you keep it in its place and due proportion and subordination to the rest. It is not the whole Constitution and primary compact. It should be strictly and faithfully observed by every State as far as its plain meaning goes. It should, of course, be considered in deference to the evident spirit of the rest of the supreme law, and under the control of the head and heart thereof as much as

possible. It is not to be taken out and made the pretext for violating all the rest.

Over and above this part of the covenant, it is imperatively reserved to each State by the letter and spirit of the bargain to decide who those escaped servants are, and to honorably perform the whole obligation as they perform any other obligation, by due process of law, and without any violent intrusion from abroad. I doubt very much whether Congress has any just right to meddle in this matter at all, it being simply an agreement between the old thirteen States, without empowering anybody to enforce it, and like many other of the agreements they made, been carried out when left, as among gentlemen of perfect blood, to high-toned honor, which is always identical with palpable interest. However that may be, I say that the Congress of these States has no right, either from law, Constitution, compact, or any other source whatever, to the unparalleled audacity of intruding in the midst of the local communities anywhere, north or south, armed police, strangers and irresponsible to State laws, who at their pleasure, without trial by our juries, decide in the most summary manner which man among us has a right to his liberty and which has not.

I say that the prerogative to send here by authority of the President officers paying no deference to the sovereign independence of our soil and our courts, who seize with violence on what our laws only know, until duly advised differently, as peaceful Americans, white or black, who have made themselves amenable to no punishment whatever under our statutes or customs, was never delegated to any man or body of men on this earth, that it violates every atom of the theory of State rights, and that the people of any State in the Confederacy would be no true American freemen if, wherever it be tried on, it do not fetch up the iron arm of rebellion which we keep for time of need.

We call God to witness. He has subjected us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, for stopping the trial by jury, for transporting persons to distant places to be tried there (part of second section of article four of the Constitution).

Is this a small matter? The matter of tea and writing paper was smaller. But this is every way a large matter. It involves the point whether we or somebody else shall possess the simplest control of our own house, our own premises. It is so large that it demands of republicans, every live man of them, that they speak to these officious intruders whenever and wherever they come among us, not in the snivel of prayer-meetings nor with the genteel moderation of Northern Congressmen, but in tones something like the crack of the artillery at Yorktown:

"What fetches you here? What do you want among my haughty and jealous democracies of the North? I do not discuss any nigger question with you now. This is a vital question of my own dignities and immunities which I decide at once and without parley. Have you no better excuse than to say you won't lay your hands on me or my woman, or my flesh and blood? I know you will not, for certain excellent reasons! But that's

IV

Whitman's grasp of this method of meeting the fundamental issue entitles him to respect as one of the clearest-headed thinkers of his day upon the whole subject of slavery. His stand gave ample opportunity for him to set reverberating his favorite theme of the "divine average" as the basis of human society, and he was enough of a politician to appeal to the laborers on the ground of their right to primary consideration.

The fishes of the sea must not have the whole earth covered with water because that element is necessary to their existence. It might suit them so, no doubt; but their suiting shall never crowd off the life, and the breathing of life, of the millions of beings who exist only on land and breathe air, and cannot flourish where they flourish. Well, no class of developed American workingmen and free men can any more flourish among slavery, than animals with air-breathing lungs can breathe in the depths of the sea. Then let fishes be content with what they have, for two-thirds of the earth's surface is already theirs, and there let them disport themselves, both shark and alligator and whale and the great squid of the North, whose name should be Congressman, President, for he is as muxy as he is big, and can be bitten in twain by a chip of wood.

I will not insult you by suspecting that there is in this place any of that congressional ignorance and depravity which pretends to look on a small fraction of wealthy and selfish men, by the custom of These States owning slaves, as being *the South*. You will understand that there is a democracy in the South. A true democracy, workingmen, common people, farmers who plow their own fields, laborers and immigrants, and they form the body of citizens there just as the same do at the North and West! And these, when they speak the simple and candid truth, make common cause throughout the whole United States.

All free men North and South, not slave owners, all farmers, mechanics, artisans, laboring people, all immigrants, Germans, English, Irish, French, the whole population of the thirty-two States who have no human property, should to the slave-owners and breeders hold this language:

"You ask for your rights. Very well. We have concluded to be in fashion and see whether we have not some rights, too. We are millions. You can easily be counted by hundreds. Your fortunes are made, a very large proportion of them, perhaps, out of our money, passed through the pockets of Uncle Sam. Our territory of Nebraska and Kansas is wanted for our children, or the children of people like us. If you or your children choose to come, of course you have the same right to come that we have, and on the same terms. This vast tract is *ours*—ours, the people's of the whole thirty-two States, North and South, the common people's, the working people's. It is

not to the purpose. These streets are mine. There are my officers and my courts. At the capital is my legislature. The warrant you bring with you, we know it not! It is foreign to my usages, as to my eyes and ears. Go back to the power that sent you. Tell it that, having delegated to it certain important functions and having entered into certain important engagements with our brother States, we, like all of the rest, have reserved more important functions, embodying our own primary rights, exclusively to ourselves. For such insult and intrusion upon those rights you well deserve the penalty of all purchased agents of tyranny. When in olden days, in classical lands, the officers of the great king, the Persian, came with attempts far less degrading than these, the proud democracies of Athens and Sparta answered them with the short, quick answer of death; though all they asked was a little water and a handful of Grecian earth. As for you—while now you go away in peace, remember to stay away and come no more with demands like these to my free cities or my teeming county towns, or along my rivers or sea shores."

But why do I babble here? This hour, this moment, while I talk such big words, the police of the President might march in here and by law of Congress, passed by votes of my delegates, lay their hands upon my shoulder and in the name of the statute and under its penalties order my active assistance to capture some wretched, ignorant countryman of mine, born and bred on American soil, his father or grandfather very likely a white man—and this poor unhappy brute hunted by greater brutes avowedly for no crime, but because some Southern or Northern gentleman owns the title deed of him, and he has made a run for it.

It is evident from the oratorical trend of the note just quoted, that Whitman no doubt had in mind the delivery of some of this material in public speeches. It is well established that he expected at one time to make his livelihood by lecturing, and it was his hope to secure the ear of the general public, particularly the laboring class, for the promulgation of his ideas in this way, as well as through his poems. The character of some of his leading arguments is calculated to appeal to the workingman.

He asserts that slavery is unsound economically, as well as immoral, since it cannot represent the interests of a majority, even in the South. He maintains that it is dependent for its toleration and survival upon a vested interest which has been inherited from an older order of society based upon a false notion of aristocracy.

not the North's especially, nor the South's especially. Above all, it does not belong to the owners of slaves. Don't you undertake to set yourselves up as the entire South, either. We are not bluffed by such a trick any longer. You are, most of you, very fine fellows, and we like you well enough. But you are only a fraction of the South. And we don't like you quite well enough to swamp ourselves and all the rest of the nation to suit you or anybody. Don't gauge us by the people that have gone from our parts to Washington. We are live men. Stand back! We mean what we say."

I suppose it is plain enough that when we stop the spread of slavery we do no harm to this numerous body of common people. *They* own no slaves. *They* are not great proprietors. They are, many of them, as hard workers and as poor farers as the blacks. The fight is strictly and exclusively a fight where the owners of slaves stand on one side, flanked by whoever they can persuade, bully, or bribe, and a few candid Northern believers in slavery to bring up the rear; while on the other side against them stands everybody else. All white workingmen, South as well as North, are, or ought to be, against them; for the establishment of master and slave makes, as quick as lightning, the odious distinction of an inferior class, composed of all who are not owners of slaves. All mechanics, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, tailors, and all other mechanics and laborers of every description are, or ought to be, against them; and as much the Southern ones as the Northern ones.

For this circling Confederacy, standing together with interlinked hands, ample, equal, each one with his grip of love wedged, in life or in death, to all the rest, we must share and share alike. Our old mother doesn't spread the table with a fine dish for one and scraps for another. She teaches us no such mean and hoggish lesson. If there be any good dish and not enough to go completely round it shall not be brought on at all. If every brother and every sister cannot be supplied, or have an equal chance to be supplied, nobody shall be supplied.

Let us bless God that there yet remain common people in the world and that we are not all lawyers. The race of lawyers is very curious. One of this race reminds me of a Chinese metaphor. He is a lantern on a high pole that shines and throws himself very well afar off, but does not see the very ground he stands on.

Do not think you let the wolf into field to seize on one of our herd feebler than the others, while all the rest can be safe and it makes no difference to them.

The main body of our nation, North and South, East and West, possess a patriotic and noble feeling, extremely sensitive and easily alarmed about the union of These States; and like all good and noble feelings, it is susceptible of being played upon. The instincts of the people have unerringly signified their knowledge of a bogus article from solid gold. The men who play the great parts in these dramas have all, without one single exception, been set aside and failed of preferment to the high stations which the world knew they aimed at. Some lag, sour and spavined, in the

Senate; some chew the cud of obscure prospect in private stations at home; others have descended to the grave with a bitterness of despair and unachieved hopes more sorrowful than death. We will step lightly over them: the dead are to be treated with forbearance.

But Whitman, far from being confident in the potentiality of the common people to demand and protect their own rights ultimately, saw clearly the difficulties of carrying out the ideal theory of democracy which lay at the root of all his arguments. He realized that a high degree of individual civic consciousness and responsibility must be set up in order to execute his scheme successfully. He was by no means so chauvinistic in his celebration of the hypothetical democracy of These States as has been supposed. With curious prevision, he felt a certain apprehension concerning the enervating power of increasing national wealth and prosperity. He feared lest material superfluity might disintegrate the moral fibre of the nation.

Let us not suppose that certain States of our Confederacy which have not slaves are to be set up above the others or possess any better average than the others. The plantation States have the hopple, and overseer, and the iron necklace, and the lash; but the Northern States have Judas and all his dough-faced offspring. I think we have sponged long enough on the Pilgrim Fathers and George Washington and the Revolutionary War. They have maintained us for seventy years, and it is time we should strike out for ourselves. Is the whole land becoming one vast model plantation, whose inhabitants suppose the ultimate and best ends of man attained when he drives a profitable business, no matter how abject the terms, and when he has enough to wear and is not bothered for pork?

I cannot too emphatically remind you that in all countries there always seems to be a settled tendency among the richer classes and high officials towards breaking down by sly stratagems or open force the primary and inalienable rights of man. When I review the history of the world and behold how often they have succeeded, and even now the dark signs in Europe, I do not complain at the many champions of the good old cause who grow bilious and alarmed. I do not wonder as I look over the broad surface of the sea of time that some of the toughest seamen get tired of such storms and frequent dismemberment and defections of the crew. They despair, they expect no better luck, they will try no longer.

Real democracy and great riches are in some sort repugnant to one another. Riches draw off the attention from the principles of democracy, which are abstractions, called the rights of man. Riches demand the use of the house for them-

selves. And men have frequently to choose whether they will retain one or the other. My own opinion is that no amount of riches which numbers can calculate will ever make up to any live man or any live nation for the deprivation of national liberty and equality.

Whitman felt that the incentive necessary to preserve the civic virtue must spring from a moral or religious tradition, which he realized was not an integral part of the democratic polity. He believed, that if the experiment in a new order were to succeed, a moral consciousness must develop commensurately with the material advance which he perceived to be the inevitable outcome of American political economy.

While under previous conditions of society, Oriental, Feudal, Ecclesiastical, and all past (or present) Despotisms, through the entire past, there always existed and exists yet an ally and fusion with them, and frequently forming the main part of them, certain institutes, priesthoods, fervid beliefs, &c., practically promoting religious and moral action to the fullest degree of which the humanity there under the circumstances was capable, and often conserving all there was of justice, art, literature, and good manners—it is clear, I say, that under the Democratic Institutes of the United States, now and henceforth, there are no equally genuine fountains of fervid beliefs, adapted to produce similar moral and religious results according to our circumstances.

V

The remedy for this shortcoming was to be the education and emancipation of each individual in the state through the expansion and cultivation of his moral instincts to a point where the general good would be an active motive underlying and controlling his individual action. This is clearly brought out in Whitman's marginalia upon a translation of Rousseau's "Treatise on the Social Compact; or the Principles of Politic Law," which have been preserved, along with the synopsis of that work which he prepared for his own use.

In short the whole of this "Contract Social" goes to prove (1760-70?) that the true government and of course the only one for men of sense is that of a *compact* where laws are administered for justice, equal rights, and *inherent liberty*, as opposed to all the continental European (especially French) ideas of government.

Chapter 8: This transition from the state of

nature to the civil state produces a marked change in man by substituting in his conduct justice for instinct, and by giving morality to his actions. What is it then, but instinct? cultivated instinct? —Let us reduce this balance of advantages to terms easy of comparison. Man's loss by the social contract is his natural liberty and an unlimited right to all that he may have the power to wrest or acquire. His gain is civil liberty and protection in the ownership of what he earns or possesses. We may also add, as gain, *moral liberty*, which alone renders man truly master of himself—for *obedience to lower appetites is slavery*.

But the main point in Whitman's arrangement was always the reservation of latitude for the greatest possible freedom of the individual. He eschewed any provision for enforcing by means of a central vested authority the highly essential constructive activities necessarily involved in the structure of a political and social state such as he outlined. He felt that many of the functions which are delegated to the judiciary or executive for automatic regulation should be left to individual initiative. Yet he did not seem to favor bringing any force, save a moral one, to bear upon the individual in order to insure his performance of his implied duties. He failed to provide any check for the inevitable delinquencies which must occur in such a system. His scheme for the preservation of the highest conceivable form of democracy was thus impractical in its exclusive emphasis upon the assertion of individuality, which is essentially a disintegrating force, as opposed to government control. Thus, in commenting upon the ninth chapter of Rousseau's "Social Compact," he says:

Where Rousseau is yet undeveloped is in not realizing that the *individual* man or woman is the head and ideal, and the State, City, Government, or what not, is a servant, subordinate—with nothing sacred about it—nothing in a judge or court either—but all sacredness is in the individual, and the other, at most, is but a reflection of the individual's.

In dealing with the question of the Fugitive Slave Law, it has already been noted that Whitman was forced, by practical considerations, to interpret his fundamental belief in State rights in such a way that the privilege of a State to claim fugitive slaves outside its own territory should

be enforced only at the discretion of the local authorities of the other States. In like manner, he proposed, in considering the distribution of wealth, that all economic adjustment should be effected by individual action, rather than through national communistic regulation.

Every man has a natural right to all that is necessary to him. (Singularly, some of the most important provisions of the specific laws of the Public Lands of the United States are taken word for word, and idea for idea, from Rousseau's "Contract".) Yes, but he must go out where no one has planted stakes before him—Also all wealth, however large, is inviolable, being the result of previous [??] and because society and individual interests are more benefited by leaving it inviolable than by taking any from excessive wealth and giving it to the poor.

Perhaps the most interesting revelation of Whitman's attitude toward governmental policies (in contrast to the present tendency to delegate more and more of the regulation of essential details to centralized authority) is in his statement that special licenses and government regulation of any kind in industry and commerce are contrary to the spirit of America.

Legislation (inviting examples in high places) is always inclined to be too meddlesome and be perpetually multiplying ordinances and regulations. I recommend the abolition of the entire system of licenses or special permits for any business, no matter what. The control of the government over the business operations of the citizens must be by general laws, bearing equally upon all, and not by special laws, giving one man or

set of men the privilege of engaging in an employment which the rest are prohibited from. Every man and woman has the right, free of any special taxes or license, to engage in any avocation or business whatever, responsible afterward to the authorities for his or her malpractice—the cartman or driver, for instance, when he obstructs the public thoroughfares, the physician for gross injuries to a patient, the tavern keeper for any habitual nuisance or infringement on the decorum of the neighborhood.

Obviously, many of Whitman's statements grew out of his study of conditions bred by economic and political conditions less complex than those of our own times. There is little question, however, in the light of the foregoing statements of his theory of government, that his attitude toward such things as Federal Prohibition, and economic regulation of all sorts, would have been one of violent protest. Certainly there is evidence in these records, which he made merely for his own use, that he was a keen practical thinker, who cultivated the power to face situations as he found them, and to think through them toward a clear and logical definition, combining ideal elements with sound reasoning power. In these notes, Whitman appears a student in every sense of the word, a close observer of intellectual theories as well as of life in the concrete, to a degree that is surprising in one who professed to scorn books and reading, and declared, "In libraries I lie as one dumb, a gawk, or unborn, or dead."

AN AMERICAN WRESTLES WITH GOD

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

LIKE all children, I was born without a belief in or a knowledge of God. A four-year-old may astound the world by suddenly improvising a melody on the piano, reciting Pindar in the original, doing lightning calculations, or writing a passable poem, but that same child will look at you in a perfectly idiotic manner when you ask it, "Do you believe in God?"—unless it has been coached. Child evangelists—the most revolting of human abortions—are all made, not born. They are the machine products of evangelistic parents. There is no such thing as a spontaneous religious prodigy. It is always a hideous mutilation of childhood. No such being ever made its appearance in a family that was non-religious. Of any real knowledge of God, of course, it has none.

Thus the child is born, and generally continues until puberty, an atheist, or, at least, an indifferentist. It plays, it makes believe. It plays at being papa and mamma, but it never plays at being God, or the devil, or Jesus, or Mary. It may have a tremendous imagination. It may be inventive. It may listen by the hour to fairy tales and tales of adventure; but it never imagines God or gods. It looks on Sunday-school or church as a bore, or as a rendezvous for meeting other girls and boys, or as a place to dress up. It looks on its prayers at night as a branch of play, or, again, as a bore.

It is only at puberty that the idea, the feeling of God takes form—with sex, death, good and evil. And even then, with the vast majority of boys and girls, God is the last and least important of concepts.

The parental notion of the Creator, along with the bag and baggage of the standard creed, is accepted, and then dismissed as something to be used, like the wall fire-extinguisher, only in case of emergency. The interest that a few children, before puberty, show in God is only part and parcel of their intense curiosity. They are merely curious, not religious—and often unconsciously satiric.

"Now I lay me down to sleep. . . . If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen." This was my earliest contact with God. I said it every night for years, following the words as my mother pronounced them. They hadn't the slightest meaning to me. There was even a trace of aversion in me when I hopped into bed and awaited the meaningless formula. My head was full of the game of prisoner's base, or pussy, that I had played in the afternoon, or of Captain Mayne Reid or my real God, Oliver Optic. The prayer finished, I resumed my thoughts about the street boys or the characters in Optic's book, more real at that time than ever God was to Plotinus. I had no curiosity at any time, as I remember, about the meaning or the words of the prayer. It was a duty, like the weekly dose of rhubarb and magnesia.

I remember only one other contact with God until I was fourteen years old. "Remember," said my mother one day, apropos of what I do not now recall, "that God can see you everywhere—no matter where you are."

"Do you mean to say, mother," I asked, "that God can see me if I stand under Schimmel's awning on the corner?"

I now recall the peal of laughter that I heard from her with far more pleasure than I got from my first lesson in the omnipresence of God.

I went to a Jewish Sunday-school (Saturday morning), where we were read to out of the Old Testament with explanations, based on the stories, of the goodness (!) of Jehovah. These readings and lectures left no more impression on me than the Einstein theory on a flea. The class, when it got loose, never spoke of the matter, but went straight to marbles and pussy.

The boys and girls that I played with up until my twelfth year were, as I analyze them now, either vapid or cruel. They were all obscene, either actively or passively, including myself. All of us coming of middle-class, ultra-respectable, church-going people, we inherited our instinct for the obscene. We had in us the germs of sexual perversion, pyromania, greediness, theft, cowardice, all forms of cruelty and exhibitionism. Those that were passive in regard to these matters we regarded as milksops—they were not part of our gang. The most popular girl among us was almost hermaphroditic. She spat, fought like a boy, took a chew of tobacco with us, and was always in our stone-fights. I, with the rest of the boys, had my sling-shot with which to kill sparrows. I tortured mice, and used to help pull the rope on the cattle at the slaughter-house, and watch the men cut the throats of the cows and bulls, delighting in seeing the blood gush forth and the dying struggles of the animals. This was the "divine innocence" of our childhood—and maybe it was just that that Jesus meant when He said we must be as little children to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I do not know.

But the point is this: As a boy, I, along with the others, took my inherited "wickednesses" naturally and with glee. But there was one name never mentioned in all those years either by myself or my pals, male or female, and that was the name of

God. Those golden days were deliciously atheistic. Nor did we ever hear of the Devil, or if we did, the word had no meaning. So it remains, to me, the most curious and significant of my backward-looking experiences that the belief in God, the consciousness of God, is not inherited, is not instinctive, although every other psychic attribute—including kindness and good-fellowship—is in the blood and nerves of every child.

II

So there was no inkling, no herald, of the great adventure that was to befall me—the adventure of my soul with the idea of God—until puberty, which came in my fifteenth year. My interest in the universe awoke when I began to blush and stammer before girls. From my twelfth year to my fifteenth I accepted God and the inspiration of the Old Testament without any thought about the matter. I had been told that they were facts, like the Boston Tea Party, the assassination of Lincoln, and the belief that a strip of bacon around the throat would cure a sore throat.

But tumescence begot in me revery, a sense of mystery, a vague uneasiness, solitude, apprehensions, glamour, questionings. I fell in love. I began to pity street beggars. I read the newspapers and pondered. What made me walk? Look! I could stop walking whenever I willed! I peeped through a street telescope at the moon, and nearly fainted at the overwhelming power of my first cosmic emotion. I did not know what I was doing for an hour afterwards. Space! the Infinite! a world hanging in space unsupported!—what was anything? What were we all? What was this thing I was living on? Something expanded tremendously in me. I reeled like a drunken boy through the streets. The hush of a mighty awe fell upon my soul. Human beings whirled before me like ghosts. My girl-love became an ethereal being. I walked on air.

An immense tear—a stupendous tear, an unburst tear—seemed to keep my heart from beating.

God! That word dropped into my brain like a bomb. That word now became the Word. Sex-ache and God-ache took possession of me simultaneously with a demoniacal fury. All this took place within a period of an hour after looking through a street telescope for a nickel. That night was the first broken night's rest in my life, a healthy, regular life until then. The next day I went through my work in a cigar-store in a trance. The Moon, the Universe, Space, Time, Women, Life, Will—it was a witches' dance, an initiation, a dreadfully beautiful Awakening. It was the Footprint on the sand. I had discovered the presence of the Being Who was destined to become my Friday, Whom I was to hate, deny, curse, love, cajole, thump, dismiss, call back, slay, resurrect.

That was my first adventure with the World Spirit, with the Presence; the beginning of a prolonged and eternal parley, of a perpetual love-hate duel between myself and God.

Thenceforward nothing was of any ultimate importance, nothing was worth while, compared to the existence or non-existence of God. All turned on that question. Until that was established, all that was, is or could be was meaningless. I was embarked on the Sublime Adventure. I was looked on askance—above all, by my parents. "You can never know . . . Do not think about such things . . . You will go crazy." But the mystical bud had opened in my brain, and no power, parental, economic or religious, could prevent the unfolding of that marvelous flower with its changing perfumes—that monstrous poppy which breeds ecstatic poisons, kills with rapturous swoons, emaciates and dilates simultaneously: God.

I now no longer believed in the Old Testament. The New Testament I had not yet opened. I bought a booklet at the Friendship Liberal League's clubrooms

which pointed out one hundred and forty-four contradictions in the Old Testament. I marked them out carefully in an old second-hand Bible that I picked up on the stalls of Leary's Old Book Store. I showed them to my father. "We should not inquire into such things." He feared what I now knew—that God had not actually written the Old Testament. I had the pleasant thrill of fear in this adventure. Had any one adventured there before? I asked myself timidly, knowing nothing of the Higher Criticism. "While I do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, I *do* believe in a God," I murmured to myself over and over in my lonely meditative walks in Fairmount Park. I was afraid to let go of God—a good God, a merciful God.

But how reconcile this belief with that singing, blind boy that an elderly man led down Eighth street every day? His sweet face, twisted in pain, nearly made me faint with pity. He was the symbol of earthly injustice, an enormous question-mark, a challenge to my belief. I hurried by him as though I were guilty of something I could not define. The problem of Evil thundered with iron knuckles on the door of my belief in a good and merciful Father. Maybe the Devil ruled the world!—I swept that aside as monstrous. I feared the personal consequences of such a belief. I might be paralyzed or blinded if I accepted it.

Then came the great event which seemed to be manufactured for me. On May 31, 1889, the dam above Johnstown, Pa., broke and the waters carried away the town of Johnstown and drowned five thousand whirling, plunging, struggling men, women and children. As everything that has ever happened to me, mentally or physically, since puberty is related primarily and fundamentally to the two questions, Is there or is there not a God? and if there is, How does anything I am experiencing modify my conception of Him?, the Johnstown flood and its heart-wrenching details acted with the same

power on my imagination and nerves as Voltaire said the destruction of Lisbon by an earthquake in 1754 had acted on him—"from that moment I disbelieved in the goodness of God."

I read all the pathetic details of the brutal "act of God" in the Philadelphia papers. I saw each day the wagons going up and down the streets collecting bedding, clothing and money. I saw at night in my dreams the children wrenched from the arms of their mothers, families obliterated in an hour, and the horrors of death as the waters receded. In my inflamed imagination I could hear the prayers and curses of thousands.

The thundering waters of the Cone-maugh washed away forever my belief in a good, merciful, humanized God. My rage knew no bounds. I hurled oath after oath at Him. I consigned Him and His universe to Hell. I declared everlasting war on the Author of the universe. Lucifer, Cain and the Devil looked like saints to me now. I did not turn atheist (I have never been an atheist). I turned God-hater. I was anti-God. The Creative Power was evil! God was more real than He had ever been. But He must be destroyed! Atheists were cowards, just as cowardly as those who affirmed a smiling, beneficent, all-merciful God. I would destroy the belief in a good God and take up the war against Him where Lucifer and the revolting angels had dropped it—for dropped it they had; one could see *that*, I thought, by the way prayers still went up from the churches and synagogues.

Prayers instead of anathemas! I instinctively felt that if I turned atheist my evolution would cease. I might as well turn Catholic. There was too much fight in me to let God go. I had never believed in free will; therefore I had no bone to pick with man. He was a victim. I wept over his ills, his fate. To the degree that I pitied man I cursed God. I shouted my challenges and questions into the spaces. I came to understand the legends of Prometheus and Christ. I felt the need of

world-sacrifice. I felt like stopping people in the street and telling them the Truth—they *must* know who I was and what I was here for!

The blind boy was individual evil. He was Man. Johnstown was History, natural and racial. My adventure by 1890 had come to attain cosmic proportions. I was a black pessimist, furiously anti-God. Death was a fact. Immortality, like free will, was the ruse of priests to let God out of a bad theological hole. I nearly fainted more than once at the sight of thousands on the street who lived in mortal error. They walked and talked and acted as if they were going to live for eternity! How to tell them that the grave was the end, that the universe itself would come to an end, that all was futile?

III

The stars began to obsess me as the moon had. I studied astronomy. I knew the names of all the stars. My own nothingness in endless space fed my instinct for suicide. Why exist if I was nothing? I wrote mournfully pessimistic poems on the transitoriness of life. And always came back to God, incessantly, like a cat returning to watch a mouse-hole.

I began to read. I literally ate up books—the Baron d'Holbach's "System of Nature," which satisfied my prejudices but did not satisfy my intellect or my metaphysical mysticism; Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Ecclesiastes, the Greek tragedies, Byron, Locke, Omar Khayyam, Tom Paine, Bradlaugh, Saltus' "The Philosophy of Disenchantment," which had a powerful effect on me; von Hartmann, Schopenhauer, Büchner, Buckle, Gibbon, Berkeley, Tyndall, Lyall, all the theological writers I could find in the old Mercantile Library at Tenth and Chestnut streets, George Henry Lewes, Shelley, Humboldt, Wallace, Haeckel, Voltaire—

History, physics, philosophy, metaphysics, poetry, astronomy, fiction—I was looking for a point to assault God, to

argue Him out of His universes, to find a weapon to drive through His heart and liberate Man in an eternal sleep. Men at that time were talking about the mystery of the Northwest Passage, the mystery of the Poles. Baby talk! Here was a boy walking among them—in Fairmount Park—meditating the dethronement of God!

I went into the gallery of the Park Theatre at Broad street and Fairmount avenue one night to hear Robert G. Ingersoll lecture on Voltaire. Pleasing, eloquent, true, and worth the quarter I paid. But an agnostic! Pah! Agnosticism was a liberalized form of atheism. "I do not know!" Why, God was the one thing I *did* know! His works, his methods, his existence were staring you in the face, Mr. Ingersoll! God exists—*écrasez l'infame!*, I hurled back at Ingersoll.

The core of the matter was that I had not yet outgrown the God of the Old Testament. My rage was the rage of Jehovah Himself, the rage of King David, the rage of Isaiah and Jeremiah. It was pity and mental torture sublimated to a devastating anger.

At war with God, looking on man as something that had better be annihilated, the frustrated religious forces in me then transferred their need of worship and love to Nature. At sixteen I became panaleptic. It came at about the time of my moon intoxication and increased in madness as my rage against God increased. It actually took the place of sex-rapture. I regarded girls as nuisances, toys, snares of God, a way of damnation. (This attitude toward the female has never quite worn off.)

I made every foot of Fairmount Park my own. I watched the waning and the coming of seasons as one watches the sleeping and waking of his mistress. I rolled in the grass in ecstatic frenzy. I kissed the trees, I almost swooned in the breezes, I lay on the ground staring for hours into the blue of heaven until I was near to bursting with mad pleasure, all of which had strange sex-implications which troubled my then chaste soul, but which now

cause me an ironic grin. The great event of my life then was Springtime, a hallowed miracle. I did not at that time confound God and Nature. But I think it was this early Nature-worship that was the germ in me of that supreme consciousness of Beauty and Power, unstained by ethical conceptions, that finally swallowed the old God in me and incorporated him in a transcendent apotheosis of æsthetic amorality.

From 1890 until the turn of the century my life was occupied with four things—God, books, alcohol and suicide. The three latter were all roads to the first, modes of noosing Him, underground passages to His throne, where I intended to confront Him and demand in the name of all things that had lived and died since the beginning of Space and Time the Why?

I now discovered Pascal and Descartes, and through them returned to Ptolemy's egocentric universe. The stars may not revolve around the earth, but they did revolve around me, for if, as Pascal or Descartes said, the universe is a circle with its circumference nowhere and its centre everywhere, then each one of us is the centre of the universe. Each being is then the measure of all things. I did not revolve around the sun and the stars; they revolved around me!

Following Pascal and Descartes came Emerson and Whitman to confirm my egocentricity in trumpet tones. They lifted me to the pinnacle of extreme individualism. They dared me to dare all things. They dared me to confront God. They gave me back my dignity as a unique being. But while accepting their doctrine of the almighty ego, I rejected—my bitter, militant, ethical sensibility rejected—their smug acceptance of things and the essential goodness of the Oversoul. Egoity, dilated to cosmic proportions, superposed itself on a raging hatred of the temporal order, its futility and imbecility.

It was about 1903 or 1904 that there was a fissure in my brain, a sinister slit in my consciousness. A face, humorous, satanic,

ferocious, floated up from the depths of that fissure. It was the Spirit of Tragic Humor. I lost Thee, my Enemy, my Friend, my Torturer and my Consoler, in the billows of my laughter. As my consciousness and my brain halved, I saw myself for the first time as a ridiculous little witling, and God, if I thought of Him at all at that time, as a Scaramouch, a roguish blue-behinded ape. Lucifer died that Narcissus might be born. I guffawed with God, with the gods, for I felt also at this time my monotheism dissolving into polytheism. I forgot Heaven and discovered Olympus. I was a gay Narcissus. I looked into the lake of my mind and saw a clown-face. I found the exquisite uses of my flesh. God incarnated as a bawdy Eros. He winked at me out of the ale-pot. I still thundered at times against Him, but I felt I was cursing a phantom. The sense of evil, the sense of sin, vanished.

Spinoza until then had been but a name. I knew his philosophy only by hearsay, in second-hand expositions. I began to read him. I began to meditate on pantheism, on a God who was the spirit of evil as well as the spirit of good, a God who was Power and Beauty unallied to man-made ethical attributes. I heard the first notes of a transcendental symphony, or, rather, the beginning of a titanic struggle between two opposing and equally powerful forces such as Wagner put into the Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Now the Great Adventure was in full march again! Spinoza and King David were face to face at Armageddon—and Armageddon was in my soul. The Psalmist of Hate and Humility faced the serene eternalist of Amsterdam. I passed from bitter curses to ecstatic swoonings. I rocked Heaven with my shrapnel, and recouped my strength by rendering up my soul to the Impersonal Spirit. I celebrated both of my brain armies in a passionate prose-poem to Spinoza and his God.

Then came 1914. Dead was the God of Spinoza in me, dead the God of the ale-pot and the bawdy Eros, during those

four years of planetary cannibalism. The spirit of King David and his immortal barbaric God possessed the world, possessed me, and I hurled anathema upon anathema at Him, reversing the smug attitude of David, but preserving his passion and his rant.

This bearded old Jehovah of the Jews, this marvellous creation of the Old Testament poets, would not walk out of my soul. In my Great Adventure He remains my sword of Excalibur. He is the greatest and truest of man's anthropomorphic creations. He is the very garment and texture of Reality. He is Mars, the Serpent, the Instinct of Self-Preservation, Big Brother with a club and sling-shot. He was not born of closet speculations and theological subtleties, but of direct contact with reality.

He mirrors the Earth we live upon and its sublime victim—Man. He was built of blood, thunder, lightnings, fear, flood, famine, pest, hate, murder, life, death, war and covetousness: an epitome of the adventures of the human race on the planet Earth. He was (and is) the perfect mirror of life in all its cruelty, irony, humility, hypocrisy, implacability and amorality. No Spinoza, no Nietzsche, no Christ can dynamite Him out of His heavens, because those heavens that lock in Jehovah—the old storm-god of the Midianites—are locked forever in our hearts and brains. He is practical, pragmatic, the literal I Am of every-day life. He is mud-and-blood humanity. He is the Errinye of personal vengeance. Christ may have a Second Advent; Jehovah's Second Adverts are perpetual. Flatten Him out to a philosophical abstraction in times of peace and prosperity, He will round to form, gather up His lightnings and His siege-guns when Death stalks the world. Jehovah, in a word, is not a God but the Superman.

So during the World War I hated Him and I loved Him. I used to fling anathemas at Him. He became confusedly identified with the God of Spinoza, and both lapsed into Satan.

IV

In 1918 admiration was born like sweet lullaby music out of the fantasia of hate, despair and disillusion. I again heard the Pan-phallic pipes of Greek polytheism. God was laughing at me—impotent sun-midge of a day! I took the God of Spinoza and the God of King David and Hellenized Them. I renounced homogeneous unity for heterogeneous diversity. I carved gods out of God. I paraphrased the saying of Goethe, that the meaning of Life is life itself, into The meaning of God is earth-spirits, air-spirits, water-spirits, flower-spirits, star-spirits, individual dæmons, familiars. The bright, etheric face of Shelley rose out of the wreck of Spinoza and King David. I was in the clutch of material ecstasy. A mystical atheist!

But polytheism was, after all, only a Merlin garden that I had stumbled on and loitered in with half-closed eyes and wide-open nostrils on my way to the Bright Tower. I am primarily a creature of intellect, and not of sentiment. The heart is the cloudy crucible of all problems. The brain is the clarifier. Too long had I been imprisoned in the crucible.

Near my fiftieth year the ascension to the eyries of the brain began in earnest. Liberty dwells on mountain-tops. There one has unobstructed vision, preternatural sight, a sudden revaluation of values. My brain is the mountain-top of my soul. I myself had the Bright Tower within me all these years, obscured and weed-hidden until now by my emotional judgments, by my "common humanity," by my unconscious craving for "salvation"—salvation of my own blowsy ego. All great, enduring revelations come from Intellect, the cold, clarified visions of Artists and Ironists. And I saluted Goethe, Nietzsche and Jules de Gaultier.

So at last! Artist and Ironist!—that is God! Supreme, innumerable, immanent painter, poet, musician, satirist, romancer, mathematician—that is God! He is an ethereal Beethoven and Shakespeare,

a Rodin and Cervantes, a Euclid and Einstein, an Aristophanes and Æschylus, a Wagner and Dostoievsky, an Aphrodite and Zeus. God is all of these—and myself!

God has nothing to do with human beings except as characters in an eternal serial, an eternal dream-tale, an eternal fabulous drama. Good and evil are art-motives. God is superhuman, unhuman, inhuman. He dreams scenarios, of which we are the puppets. Our agonies and prayers are situations. He is Spinoza's God, the Eternal Return of Nietzsche, the Oversoul of Emerson, the Unknowable of Spencer, the Mephistopheles of Goethe. He is All—omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, eternal creator, eternal playboy, eternal incarnation; the great dramaturge.

Arriving at this truth, I was released. I, with the rest of the species, am part of the music, drama, farce and mathematics of the Supreme Artist. And when I utter sadly "Such is life!" because of my disillusion, defeats and strangled desires I say, "But such is God, too!" For God is Life.

But Why? my brain still asks at times; and then again I am Lucifer organizing the revolting angels against Heaven, Prometheus launching curses at Zeus, and a King David raining death and destruction on Life. Why? Is the tragic farce, the music, the artistry worth while?

And a veiled sigh comes to me from the depths of myself; a veiled sigh, or is it a veiled laugh?—and I hear a voice:

"I have assigned to man the sublime rôle of Why? for an Eternity. Why? is the master-key to my art. That word Why? is the name of all My dreams, tragedies and farces on all the stars. It is the real name of every being I have ever made. It is the name of every sun I have ever created. It is the name of every picture I have ever painted. In the Legend of Life Why? is my eternal Hamlet."

So I am thus, like all living things, identified with God in all His manifestations, in all forms and on all planes—a Tantalus of Eternity.

OLD TUCK

BY MERRITT WIMBERLY

OLD TUCK lived in an isolated section of the Southern Colorado Rockies. The locality was enclosed upon all sides by mountains, which dipped down to form what was known as the Basin. Here the old man had seen his glory rise and ebb, and through the years had become an integral part of the scene, like the weather. The weather in the Basin was purely a local affair. Like Old Tuck, it had few moods, though very definite ones. The Basin's storm clouds gathered in the La Plata range to the northward. When they appeared in that neighborhood, the women of the countryside would begin to gather in the little chickens, for rain was inevitable. And the rain fell decisively, straight down like pellets of lead. But for the most part, the weather was fair, and the sun shone in a caressing way. On such days the trees were motionless. They stood out like carved images against the fair blue background of the sky.

Thus the Basin was not a moody country. Its people were of the same spirit. A perennial calmness made them gentle in their attitude and slow and deliberate in their way of living. They were neither wranglers nor shouters. But if there is a silence you can almost hear, there is also a temperament so even that it verges on instability. Temperamentally, Old Tuck was like that.

The San Juan river was the only maker of noise in the Basin. Boiling and fuming and lashing itself into a white fury, it poured turbulently down through the center of the depression, as if in revolt against the pall of quiet. It reminded one of the turmoil latent in the people of the Basin. But then, as if sorry for its ob-

streperousness, it sneaked out of the Basin through a precipitous canyon which looked, in Winter, like a break in a china bowl. Except by a few fishermen, the San Juan was left to its own pleasure.

Nestling between two mesas was San Ignacio. It was Old Tuck's town. It had never been of much effect in the world, and now even its local prestige had vanished. Once it had been a prosperous cow-town, boasting its painted ladies, its honky-tonks and its saloons. The old buildings, once pretentious according to the standards of cow-towns, still lined the winding main street. There was a time when they were gay with light and merry with drunken laughter, and echoed to the chorus of many a maudlin song. Now they were used, if at all, to store potatoes and grain. One of the most spacious had been rebuilt into a garage. But the majority were only ugly monuments to a glorious and drunken past. Since that time farmers had come in and tilled the soil of the Basin. Wheat and potatoes grew where only buck-brush grew before. The farmers were religious. They had, or pretended to have, no use for the old life of the town. A church, a garage, a general merchandise store, and, for their reckless offspring, a combined pool and lunch-room, met all their requirements.

Very few of the older inhabitants remained. Those who did had long since succumbed to the onward march of religion and the family. Old Tuck made the one exception; he would not capitulate. It may have been that he was a natural recusant. More probably, he could never quite forget that he had once been a king. Every steer on the San Juan range at one time

belonged to him. His hand had been profligate. People had been obsequious. He had owned the little hotel where he now lived. He had found women too easy to ever think of marrying. Home had never meant to him what it means to an older and more settled people. Every house had welcomed him. Every saloon had sought his good will. His regular bartender, an ingratiating, subservient fellow, who knew how to treat a king, had watched for him every morning, ready with his whisky. On roundup days he made everything free to his boys. The bills consumed many of his fattest steers, but if such munificence left him less affluent, it also left him all the more the lord and monarch of the Basin.

II

But it was now a far cry to that elegant past. Old Tuck's misfortune had come with the farmers. He never held them directly accountable for his losses, but looked on them rather as ill omens, like an army of black cats. No one ever knew exactly how it happened. But Old Tuck awoke one day to find himself dethroned, his money and cattle gone. He swallowed his calamity without a gulp. He was calm in the face of misfortune. Possibly the tranquillity of the country served him as a palliative. For a while his renown as a cattle king stayed with him. He was referred to as Mr. Tucker. Occasionally people still showed him deference. But after a while he was known simply as a man who had once owned a great many cattle. Finally he became Old Tuck.

To himself, however, he never became Old Tuck. He held on to his dignity as he held on to his habits. He supported the latter meagerly but religiously. Through the sufferance of the owner he was able to keep his room at the hotel. He became the sole occupant of a building otherwise given over to cobwebs and mice. Housewives about their early morning work often saw him come out of the hotel lobby. It would be exactly seven o'clock. He

would look bravely about as if inquiring for someone to ask after his health. Nobody ever did. The Longhorn Saloon being now only a memory, he would go to the pool-room, where the pudgy and ill-kempt proprietor would draw off a cup of sloppy coffee for him. This was followed by a brown paper cigarette.

Old Tuck never changed his style of dress. It was reminiscent of the open range. It was all there,—the tall-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, the corduroy trousers stuffed into fancy-topped, high-heeled boots, and the buckskin jacket with the varicolored beadwork over its pockets. The makeup and the man blended perfectly. Old Tuck was not playing a part. Sometimes, when he walked out the trail along Silver creek to the San Juan, he would buckle on his gun. Although he gave the impression that he was going out for target practice, actually he simply liked to feel the weight of gun and holster against his hip. These trips into the woods along the river furnished him an excuse to enjoy it.

Old Tuck was not a homely man. He was of medium height and slender. Such stoop as age had brought to him was there in spite of a brave and not altogether unsuccessful attempt to carry himself erect. Age showed more in his face than in his form. His hair was snow white. The ends of his mustache, white like his hair, fell across the corners of his mouth. But the mustache itself was cut square over lips much unlike and yet strangely matched, the upper one that of an obdurate Scotchman, the lower one sensuous and expressive, with an unquestionable droop to it. Old Tuck's eyebrows were young, and of the same shade of dark brown that his hair had been. His eyes were grey and somewhat blar with age, but to observant people they talked. There seemed to be a menace about them. Age had released the muscles which had held the lids to the eyeballs and the lids drooped, showing a red, gummy membrane inside.

Few people, however, gave Old Tuck a

second glance. Very few, if any, scrutinized him closely. A natural respect, or perhaps pity, kept them from calling him Old Tuck to his face. Usually, when they talked with him, which was not often, they called him Mr. Tucker. Others began the conversation without any formal address at all. His dignity and neatness no doubt gave them the impression that he was sensitive about his age. But there was one man who liked to refer to him openly as Old Tuck. That was Thad Morrison, by nature a nasty and witless devil. He was a fisherman by vocation and a loafer by avocation, and being offensive occupied his odd moments. He was a pigmy intellectually and a giant physically. His personality was blank. His shirt, always open at the neck, exposed a bulging, powerful neck and a chest heavy-haired like a black shepherd dog's. In Summer he was seldom seen. Each Spring, with his pack on his back, he would take the Silver creek trail to the San Juan, only coming in at intervals to buy tobacco. In the Fall, between hunting and fishing seasons, the loafers in the garage office were victimized by his presence. It was there that Old Tuck also whiled away his hours.

There was a huge maple tree in front of the garage. When it shed its leaves the sidewalk was covered ankle deep. For ten consecutive years Thad Morrison had offered to bet that Old Tuck would be buried before the maple tree leafed again. Each year the old man sat on a bench in front of the garage and watched the leaves come back. Each Fall Morrison was there to renew his wager. He was in earnest about it. It was an obsession with him that the old man must be buried before Spring.

He used to lean forward from his seat on the counter, point a meaty finger at Old Tuck, and bellow, "Now see here, Old Tuck, I'm offerin' you this bet once more. Last year or the year before or the year before that you have took my money. And still I'm willin' to bet you'll be in a box before that there maple tree leafs out again."

The old man in all the years had never answered. Always he had just grunted like a Ute Indian who has lost at three-card monte.

It was during the last year I was in the Basin that the people of San Ignacio came to the conclusion that they owed Old Tuck a debt. Remembering the glory in which the old man had once lived, a sense of responsibility for his losses fastened itself on them. They felt that their plows and irrigation ditches had ruined his kingdom.

So when old man Akers died they gave Old Tuck the job of looking after the town dam on Silver creek. The pay was small but it would serve to add an egg and some rolls to his breakfast. The preacher said it was a Christian act to give him the job. Anyhow it gave him something to do. In Winter and early Spring he would have to walk the mile up the trail to the dam. Some day the town planned to build a water-tower. But in the meantime someone must go each morning and clear the slush ice away from the screen which covered the lead pipe into town.

The old man proved a faithful community servant. He took great pride in his work. The tools of his trade, a long-handled spade and a mattock, he always carried with him. He guarded them as if they had been his own.

It was in early Spring, before the buds appeared, that Old Tuck first seemed to be having difficulty with his work. During a whole week he stayed away every day until noon. Every morning he carried boards with him up the trail toward the dam. He told the proprietor of the lunch-room that he was making a box for the screen. He was boxing it in so that enough water would seep through to supply the town. Next Winter he would only have to run up each morning and look things over. The proprietor argued, logically enough, that the box would get plugged up the same as the screen. But Old Tuck seemed to be satisfied with his scheme and passed the remark as of no consequence.

Shortly afterward, Old Tuck failed to

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show up for breakfast one morning. The pudgy proprietor found him dead in bed. Nobody was startled by the news. The loafers at the garage remarked that it was too bad but "you can't expect a man to live forever."

The morning Old Tuck died was a warm one. The maple tree put out its buds. Had Thad Morrison been there, he would have boasted of his ability as a guesser. But he wasn't at the funeral. Fishing was always good in the San Juan in the early Spring. He had taken the Silver creek trail to the river.

III

Excavation work for the new water-tower began in a few days. The tower was to be built on the site of the old dam. As

the first scraper ate its way into the ground, the blade encountered something so solid that the man at the handles was thrown up between the horses. They dug round it and lifted it out. It was Old Tuck's box, buried in an upright position. Thad Morrison was standing up in it. He lunged forward a little when the face of the box was removed. He would have fallen out save that the sleeves of his leather jacket had been pinched close to the arms and nailed to the sides of his coffin. As his body lurched against the restraining nails, the shirt was pulled open over the hairy chest. The hair over the chest was matted with foamy blood. There was an ugly black wound in the center.

The maple tree shed its leaves that Fall, and they covered the sidewalk in front of the garage ankle deep.

NOCTURNE AT NOON—1605

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

WALK quietly, Coyote,
The practical people are coming now
Into the juniper, into the sage arroyos,
Where the smoke is sweeter than anywhere
And the mud is ready for building
The city of Santa Fé.

While the Puritans over in England
Are getting ready to whisper,
There is a way and we will build a ship,
People in motion are looking at the sage
And seeing where the yellow goes in August
In all the violet sage and silver sage
Along the Rio Grande,
Not that they need the yellow on a faring,
But knowing where it is
And what hills are behind it,
As gulls know where an ochre billow beats
On something that is rock.

Coyote, on the silver road of Spain,
Stalk in the noon, the little mice are dozing,
While you are panting, evening comes to Spain,
Darkens the sculptured rats in Tarragona,
Closes the last Sevillian marigold,
Blackens the windows in Our Lady of the Sea,
And the sailors' sheds grow dim in Barcelona.

Be soft, Coyote of the noon,
Far to the east here is an evening that
Is more than many nights:
This evening, for the first time in the world,
Will Shakespeare leads a madman to his heath
Against the wisdom of a patient fool;
This evening, for the first time in the world,
The little hoofs of Don Quixote's nag
Start striking fire from flinty roads of Spain,
A little trot today, some salty grass,
The first star and the last pale cloud are set.
The cloud is over England, Lear is ebbing

Into the northern lightning of the air;
Somewhere there is a storm, my Sancho Panza;
The star is sinking in the Rio Grande,
Where Cradle Flower with teeth white as a beaver's
Laughs at her lover, Medicine of Corn,
Weaving his body through a hoop of osier.

Be still, Coyote in the noon,
You cannot see the sinking of the star
Into the burnt slit of the Rio Grande,
At noon, Coyote, stars are frail as pollen,
But Lope de Vega's gone to bed,
Philip the Third has gone to bed,
And the child Velasquez sucks his thumb
In the blackness of Madrid,
But Will Shakespeare hasn't gone to bed
And over England lightning flashes,
Soft, Coyote, Lear is mumbling
Into the northern wind.

Quick! To the south, Coyote, look!
Is it a rabbit in the noon?

No hare, Coyote, those are ears
Of a mule that comes up the deep arroyo,
Ears in the grass on the edge of the mesa,
Up comes the head, it's the head of a mule;
O soft, Coyote in the noon,
Onate comes up the deep arroyo,
Rides up the silver road of Spain,
Juan de Onate's over the edge now,
Stare, Coyote, at Onate,
Have you seen a peacock plume before?
Or a spur as heavy as two young turkeys?

Still, Coyote, see his face,
For the mud is ready for building now
The palace of Santa Fé,
See the faces red and black behind him,
The practical people are coming now,
The Mother of Christ rides up the mud,
There's another friar on the left,
They're up on the silver sage again,
They see where the yellow is again,
The mud is ready for making walls
Where the smoke is sweeter than anywhere.
Be still, Coyote in the noon,
The practical people come.

THE LAND OF LAUGHS

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

THE illustrious Dr. Michael Pupin tells in his inspiring autobiography that on reaching these shores as a young boy he congratulated America on her new acquisition . . . "and I was somewhat surprised," he adds, "that the people made no fuss over me when I landed." Young Michael had in him the stuff of which eminence is made, and knew it. He believed that the United States was just the place for a lad of his make-up, for wasn't it the country wherein Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln had attained to glory?

Unluckily, on my own arrival from the same wilds that had held Dr. Pupin I had no such lofty notions of myself, nor of the United States. As a boy in the Old Country I had heard and read that it was a fantastic place wherein things happened daily that were elsewhere inconceivable. In America two and two made five. It was a bedlam of lunatics, of hurry and turmoil. One doubted gravely that it had a soul. It was full of devils in human form who preyed upon honest, innocent, God-fearing immigrants.

But I had also heard that, while all this was true enough, in America one could make a great deal of money, wear a white collar and have polish on one's boots, and eat meat and white bread every day, even if one were an ordinary workman. In some mystical way, in America one was considered the equal of the next man, and allowed to say whatever one felt, and walk up to the President and pump his hand. There were no beggars in America. It was the Golden Country, the Land of Promise. I had seen pictures of Manhattan Island, of the Woolworth Building, of Niagara

Falls, of the Statue of Liberty, and of Pennsylvania towns with tall chimneys emitting horrible clouds of smoke. In Slovene translations I had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Last of the Mohicans" and a number of dime novels dealing with the brilliant adventures of bold Yankees among the Indians.

From all these sources I had gathered that America must be a vast, wild, exciting place, certainly preferable to the tame and pious Jesuit school wherein my parents, apprehensive for my immortal soul, wanted to send me, that I might be shielded from evil and study for Holy Orders.

Professor Pupin further tells of the exquisite deference with which he was treated by the immigration authorities at Castle Garden. No doubt he had it written all over him that he would become a great personage some day. Alas! I bore no such marks. On the contrary, the eagle-eyed Uncle Sam figured me out as a bad one almost as soon as I set foot on American ground, and saw fit to administer to me an official reprimand and warning.

A kind relative of our family living in New York called for me on Ellis Island, but before I was released to him the inspector asked me who he was, and I replied that he was my uncle. A moment later they called him into the examining-room and asked him to state his relationship to me. He said that he was a distant cousin of my mother's, whereupon one of the officials, sitting behind a great desk on a high platform, with Old Glory at his back, fairly burst with righteous wrath. What did I mean by lying? Speak-

ing a bewildering mixture of all the Slavic languages, he threatened to deport me, for it appeared that America had no room for liars: it was only for good, honest, truthful people. He was beginning to tell me the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree when my relative begged to be allowed to explain that the children of our family had been used to calling him uncle. But it was too late: I had been bawled out by a high dignitary of the United States before a roomful of people, and when, with a gesture of disdain and a scowl, he finally ordered me released, I was very weak in the knees.

I had expected to find excitement, and I had found it. But the weakness in my knees soon passed. In a few hours I discarded my old-country garb for American clothes and was assured by my relative and his friends that I looked a typical American.

It was New Year's Eve, and New York was in a roar. In the street firecrackers exploded under my step. Motor vehicles tooted their horns. Overhead the elevated thundered. Someone knocked off my new hat with a snowball. In an L car window-pane I noticed a neat little hole, and my uncle explained that it probably was a bullet-hole. He hinted that the wild people living along the elevated lines amused themselves by shooting into the passing trains.

Then he took me on a tour of the Bohunk saloons in Manhattan and Brooklyn. A few of them were gorgeous palaces, lighted like cathedrals, only much livelier, and full of friendliness and hearty conversation, most of which I could not understand. Courteous men in spotless white moved briskly behind the bars; music-boxes operated full tilt; the brass cuspidors and footrails seemed almost too nice for their purposes; bottles of all shapes and colors were symmetrically arranged against huge mirrors, in which all this glory was reflected. I was tall for my tender years and my uncle's friends and

acquaintances (whom we encountered in nearly every saloon) accepted me as a grown-up, almost an equal, and allowed me to shake dice with them and pay for some rounds of drinks.

To carry my initiation into American ways, or rather into the life of my countrymen here, a little further, toward midnight we wound up at a lively Bohunk party on the outskirts of Brooklyn, where, as the clock struck twelve and the New Year began, I was required, with the other young bucks, to kiss every girl in the house.

II

My uncle, who had been in the United States for a number of years, said I would do well in America only if I severed all contact with our countrymen as soon as possible and went among the Americans and learned their language and their ways. But having almost immediately on my arrival come into a very charming Slovene-American family circle, which included an untellably lovely girl, I spent my first three years in a Yugoslav-American environment in New York.

America continued to be exciting. New York was a stupendous place, with its awesome towers downtown, its hustle and noise, its amazing bridges and transportation systems, its austere mansions in Fifth Avenue, and its narrow streets of huddled-in dwellings and stores, with ragged clothes and dirty bedding hanging out of their windows and over their fire-escapes, and pale-faced children playing among the ash-cans and swill-barrels. A city of hard brick, stone and steel: here clean and splendid, there heavy with the musty, garlicky odors of crowded poverty. For a moment, now and then, I recalled the picturesque, or odoriferous steerage crowd as our ship had approached New York harbor: people of all nationalities milling among the capstans and winches on deck, pushing toward the rails, straining and stretching to catch a glimpse of the new country, lifting children on their

shoulders, women weeping, men falling on their knees, children screaming and dancing. They had come to this! Among them had been Slovene and Croat peasants whose fields and thatch-roofed houses I had known in the Old Country.

But I had little time for sad reflections. My uncle helped me to a job on a Yugoslav newspaper in New York, and I was soon hard at work. Most of the American news that we printed was of violent doings: murder, rape, robbery, labor troubles, fraud, graft, gang feuds, catastrophes. For the first few months I was a bewildered young Bohunk, and I had but the vaguest notions of the real significance of anything.

It was obviously necessary that I learn the American language, and so I enrolled in a night-school, but on the fourth or fifth evening it occurred to me that sitting in that stuffy room ten hours a week was not a profitable way to spend my time. Our teacher was a hungry-, unhealthy-looking, undersized Nordic who, I felt, was terribly ill at ease before this assembly of thirty-odd Dagoes, Dutchmen, Jews, Bohunks and Turks of all ages, many of them doubtless better educated in their native tongues than he was in English. In the daytime he taught children their abc's; in the evening he became a stirrer of the Melting Pot, an Americanizer. At the beginning of each session he required us to rise, salute the flag, and with outstretched hands pledge allegiance to the country for which it stood. Then he delivered a speech, prepared for him by a patriotic society, on the Constitution or the American form of Government, or tried to make us sing "America" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," while in the adjoining room other Americanizers were similarly engaged. If he took up grammar or spelling, some would-be Americano made his life miserable with questions, foolish or profound; and to keep such disturbers quiet he distributed among us a pile of third-grade histories and made us copy chapters on the voyage of the *Mayflower*,

the Boston tea-party, Paul Revere's ride, or Abe Lincoln the railsplitter.

I stuck it out for two months—after the first few nights mainly to please my friends, who believed that it was good for me. Then the girl of whom I was very fond lost her dog, and for a week or so, instead of going to school evenings, I roamed the streets from the fifties to the nineties between Central Park and the river looking for the mut—without success, but incidentally picking up many new words from the shop signs and billboards, and catching many an enlightening glimpse of American life. I had a fair acquaintance with German and a smattering of Latin and Greek, and so I had no difficulty in getting at the meaning of English terms, while my fair friend and her brother took a sympathetic interest in my pronunciation.

America remained a great, fascinating puzzle. Things were happening at a terrific rate. I now began to read American newspapers and magazines, but my knowledge of the country and its language was yet too scant for me to understand anything thoroughly. My closest and most sympathetic friends were American-born youths of my own age whose knowledge of America, aside from sports, was no greater than mine. I read the books they read: novels by Horatio Alger and other writers whose names I never knew: books that told me nothing.

One day I picked up a copy of the old *Metropolitan Magazine* and read an article about a bloody labor disturbance in Bayonne, N. J. It was written by the late John Reed and illustrated by Boardman Robinson, and it gave me a flash of understanding I had not received as I followed the same events in the newspapers. I suddenly perceived that America was a battleground of tremendous forces.

Some time later I strolled along the shelves of a branch library in Bronx, not knowing what I wanted. On a table lay a solitary book and I decided to take it out, no matter what it was. On the way

home I saw that it was "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair—an adventure story, no doubt, full of lions and tigers: no wonder the bespectacled lady librarian at the desk had given me a fishy look. But I had no aversion to jungle stories and began reading it that evening. I finished it the next morning in the subway on my way to work. I was young and suddenly grown very serious, and the book made a tremendous impression on me. So this was America! For a time I felt a sort of sharp hatred for the whole country. I did not know that America was not yet a land in which one could afford to be serious, nor yet one which one could sensibly either love or hate. It was much later before it occurred to me that "The Jungle," while a true enough book from the author's viewpoint, was not the whole truth.

At the same time I became keenly interested in the European war. The incident that was immediately responsible for the hostilities had occurred not far from my birthplace. Moreover, as a young student in Carniola two years before, I had engaged in anti-Austrian revolutionary doings; a young relative and namesake of mine had been shot by the Austrian cavalry in a Slavic demonstration in which I participated; I had been a Yugoslav nationalist, a Pan Slavist, and what-not. With such a past, it was, I think, inevitable that I should succumb to Dr. Wilson's periodic bursts of rhetoric. Besides, all my countrymen with whom I came into contact in New York believed that he was a second Jesus Christ or Guatama Buddha, only much more practical.

III

Toward the end of my third year in America I somewhat reluctantly severed all contact with my countrymen and presently realized that I was still very much of a greenhorn, although perhaps my ignorance of America was no greater than that of the majority of natives who were twice and three times my age. For a few months

I bumped against the harsh actualities of American industrial life. Work was not very plentiful, and, beside, a foreigner whose English was none too fluent could get only the worst kind—the kind that to me was artless, colorless, toneless. By working ten or twelve hours a day I achieved for myself practically nothing but a daily weariness, physical and mental, against which I instinctively rebelled. I was fairly strong for my years and not inactive, but I was palpably not cut out to develop into an heroic toiler such as James Stevens describes in "Brawnyman."

One day a trim-looking, ruddy-faced recruiting sergeant stopped me. The United States had severed relations with the Kaiser and it was expected, said the sergeant, that before long the country would be in the fight for fair. Now was the time to join: a bright young man, even with my imperfect English, would be a corporal, maybe even a sergeant, in two shakes of a lamb's tail. My English would improve; indeed, in the army I would have all sorts of opportunities for self-improvement. The sergeant noted the magazine in my coat pocket and remarked that as a soldier I would have time to read and study; many young foreigners joined the army, he said, on that account. He was a most friendly fellow and for nearly a week after my first interview with him I came by his post daily, and we talked. He told me that he had taken to soldiering because he had developed a distaste for work.

Then Dr. Wilson made his immortal speech before Congress urging a declaration of war for the sake of democracy, the rights of small nations, and other such ideals, and immediately upon reading it I enlisted in a highly idealistic mood, although the fact that I had but two dollars left to my name no doubt played a rôle in my doing so.

But I was no sooner assigned to a regiment than I was called before my company commander and questioned sharply, for I was a native of Austria, a country with which America was at war. I tried

to tell the captain that more than half of the Austrians were Austrians only in name, but my English was awkward and he was suspicious and impatient, with the result that next day I was ordered to appear before the colonel. As I learned later, he had been a military observer in the last Balkan war and so knew the nationalistic aspirations of the various peoples within the Hapsburg dominion. He handed me a line of lofty Wilsonian prattle about America's traditional habit of helping down-trodden nations and assured me that he liked my spirit. Nevertheless, word got about in the squad-rooms that I was an Austrian, and before my comrades-in-arms accepted me as a loyal soldier of democracy I had to let one of them beat me in a fist fight and a week later to lick another one who was more my size and less deft with his mitts.

The rest of my soldiering days were anything but dull, but the thrills that I experienced were more peculiar to the war than to America. I learned the American language, and one nice day toward the last of the war I found myself, with about five thousand other foreign-born soldiers, on a great drill-field where an officer declared us citizens of the United States and then congratulated us on our good fortune.

I was an American, but had just begun to discover America. I followed closely the peace treaty fight between Woodrow Wilson and the Senate. I read Frank Harris' scathing editorials in *Pearson's Magazine* about the "arch-betrayer," and heartily agreed with him until late in the Summer of 1919, when I happened to be in a crowd on a sidewalk in St. Louis when Dr. Wilson stepped from an automobile. He was on his ill-fated tour of the country to appeal to Caesar for the League of Nations. I stood perhaps not ten feet from him. He looked old and sick; a few days later he broke down completely. Catching sight of him, the crowd applauded and cheered; then, suddenly, the applause and the cheers ceased.

Wilson had brushed aside one of his aides who wanted to assist him out of the car and then for an interminable moment he stood on the running-board, his frame bent, his haggard face suddenly tensed by what seemed a fierce hatred, and his eyes flashing like two coals in an ash heap. They swept over the crowd, and I thought that in that moment he blamed it for all his troubles. Innately an aristocrat, he had been forced into the rôle of a mob-stirrer, a demagogue. A few months before, the mob of the world had acclaimed him wildly; now his own mob at home, seeing him breaking down against stubborn odds, only clapped its hands futilely, with a feeble cheer only here and there. And he, Woodrow Wilson, with his League of Nations, was offering salvation to the world! He seemed on the verge of bursting out and calling us bad names. Then someone touched his elbow, and he regained himself, and forced a wan, twisted smile.

I had caught an intimate glimpse of democratic America's political soul. It taught me that an even vastly better man than Wilson could not have been President of the United States without being or becoming a charlatan.

IV

But I still did not know that one could ill afford to be serious in America. Early one Winter morning, fifteen months after the world had been made safe for democracy, I returned to New York intending to renew some of my old contacts and possibly stay there. A light rain had fallen during the night and the streets were frozen. Turning a corner somewhere in the Twenties near Third avenue, I came to a rather steep incline where a teamster in charge of a loaded coal-wagon beat and cursed his horses for all he was worth in an attempt to make them pull up the slippery grade. Sparks flew from under the hooves; straining themselves and unable to hold ground, the animals were falling on their knees, making scarcely

any progress; and as the wagon shook over the cobbles, little pieces of coal dropped on to the streets. They were immediately picked up by two small girls clad, so far as I could see, in nothing but threadbare, torn dresses that did not reach to their knees—and the temperature was near to zero! They obviously were rivals, for a piece of coal no sooner struck the street than they both dived for it like two famished animals after a bit of food, frequently endangering their lives by crawling under the wagon.

I decided I did not want to stay in New York, and left at once.

The next picture of America that will always stand out in my memory is a scene in the United States Senate chamber, where I spent an hour one afternoon while passing through Washington two or three months later. From the visitors' gallery I looked upon the nation's highest legislative body and listened to a beefy gentleman speak with a voice of great volume and solemnity on a subject which, after listening to him for an hour, I was unable to determine, while his colleagues dozed in their chairs, stood about chatting, or sat staring blankly. It was an intimate peek into the mechanism of American democracy. After an hour the scene struck me as so funny that, for fear I would burst out laughing, I left. Looking back, I think that it was then and there that my youthful seriousness took its first good tumble.

But even after that I was still subject to long grave spells, for, working on construction gangs and moving about from one place to another as often as the impulse or necessity bade me, my circumstances were frequently melancholy. Besides, I continued to explore the underside of the American scene and discovered things which at first dismayed me, but which obviously could not be changed or removed immediately if at all. While adjusting myself to them, I was considerably perplexed and bewildered.

I read practically everything that I

could reach. I discovered Theodore Dreiser's novels and from them I gained in a few weeks a clearer perception of life in general and of America in particular than I could have acquired any other way, except perhaps by reading "The Education of Henry Adams," which came my way soon after. The Adams-Dreiser conception of life and nature as a chaos within which man dreams and strives for law and order, longs and labors for "normalcy," and simultaneously, in his blundering human way, does everything in his power—particularly in America—to prevent their realization, appealed powerfully to my sense of the ridiculous; whereupon (praise God!) my serious spells began to grow less frequent and lighter. Now I enjoy living in this matchless Republic perhaps more than anyone else I know and while I am not exactly proud of my citizenship I would not surrender it to become the Shah of Persia.

Seen with the proper perspective, and with both an objective and a subjective sense of reality, the American Scene today is unquestionably the most vitally interesting and amusing under the sun. As a show, life here is beyond improvement: an endless comedy of futility and chaos in which whole hordes of meddlers, busybodies, snoopers, inspirationalists, idealists, crusaders, reformers, rogues, uplifters and nuts of all denominations try with various degrees of subtlety and all too meager success to abolish one another, in their efforts (some of them honest and serious enough) to establish law and order, usher in an era of peace and bliss, make life more worth living, and induce the race to hoist itself to a higher level by its own bootstraps. Each labors frantically according to his own ideas or lack of them, thereby achieving nothing except revealing his petty individual ego and increasing the excitement, which calls from year to year for more and more wowsers to propagate this or the other swell notion. The show is flavored with enough pathos and dignity to keep it

from degenerating into a farce. And if it is not against one's grain to play an occasional bit in it, thus getting behind the scenes and mingling with the actors, one's sense of humor is bound to get plenty of exercise.

V

I could return to my native Balkans tomorrow and in time possibly become a two-gun member of the Yugoslav Skuptsh-tina, a general in the Albanian Army, a *komitadji* chief on the Serbo-Bulgarian border, mayor of Sarajevo, or a successful distiller of *slivovitsa* in Croatia; but, instead, I stay here, an humble citizen of the greatest Republic in existence, and the Lord willing, I hope to die here, even if I must die in deep obscurity.

I hear of thousands of American-born *illuminati* forsaking these shores in disgust for European scenes, and I feel a little sorry for them. Their capacity for the enjoyment of life's realities and illusions, I fear, is sorely limited: their tastes are too refined for their own good. They lack the gusto of a gentleman I know, an intelligent, life-enjoying cynic, foreign-born and Catholic, but outwardly indistinguishable from a native Protestant Babbitt until he takes you in his confidence, who six years ago successfully organized and headed the Ku Klux Klan in a large Western city for the sheer fun of it (although incidentally he cashed in on the joke), just to see how it would work; and a year later, when he tired of it and could see no good in its continuance, created dissension within the organization and wrecked it. Now, in another city on the coast, he is active in all sorts of civic and church affairs, in service clubs and fraternal lodges—a real American joiner, to some extent for business reasons, but chiefly for the fun of it, to keep in close touch with American life. He is a popular luncheon orator, goes through all the motions of a regular Rotarian and Elk, but only the more intelligent of his fellows suspect that he is fooling. He is as well-informed as anyone

I know, reads the best books and periodicals, American and foreign, and is perfectly at ease among the so-called *intelligentzia*, who, he believes, are cheating themselves by their avoidance of Babbitt and of common life in general, and for whom he has less regard than for those they disparage, however deservedly.

I like to think that a lot of such fooling is going on all over the country. During the I. W. W. longshoremen's strike in San Pedro, Calif., in 1923, one of the wobbly leaders, an exceptionally intelligent fellow whom I know, declared to a mutual friend of ours that they, the organizers, were under no illusion as to the outcome of the strike: they expected to lose it, and it probably would harm the movement as a whole; they were making certain demands on the bosses as a mere matter of form; the strike really had been started "just for the hell of it," *i.e.*, to show off the wobbly power, to scare the ship-owners, put a hole in their pockets, create excitement. It was a grim and childish jest, and as a result of it the harbor was tied up for over two weeks, several hundred men, including Upton Sinclair, were harassed by the police and a number of them were railroaded to San Quentin.

Thus it is an astonishing place, this vast, crude, chaotic young America. As I have said, one cannot love, nor hate it. It is best to laugh at it, though that is not always possible. But one must never take it too seriously. It is futile to try to change or influence it deeply: it is immune to reform, and within it operate tremendous economic and other forces that seem to have got out of human control. Certain aspects of the scene incontestably are depressing beyond words; but then again, one is apt to stumble, in the most unlikely places, upon things that cause the depression to vanish instantly.

Liberty has fallen into an inferior place in the American's habitual thinking, but occasionally one is privileged to see that the will-to-freedom is not entirely dead, even among the yokels. Not long since I

attended a large community party in a California town. There was dancing and moderate drinking, and except for a few old maids, male and female, the townfolk and their guests were having a gay time. But in the middle of a dance the party was raided by four Federal Prohibition agents from Los Angeles, who said that they came to arrest the committee in charge, which included the mayor, the chief of police, the county's sheriff and a few other leading citizens. The mayor tried to reason with the boys, but they were unwilling to deviate a whit from their duty. Then a mob of husky ranchers and railroad men surrounded them and when the sheriff yelled, "Up an' at 'em, boys!" seized them, unpinned their badges, fastened the badges on their backsides, and, after propelling them into the street, went on with the dance.

Later the same evening, returning home, I happened to drive through another town at high speed and was stopped by a cop, who proceeded to write me a ticket; but as I gave him my name, he remembered reading something I had published in a magazine that had pleased him, whereupon he apologized, tore up the ticket, and asked me would I not come to his home for a while and examine some poems he had written! What is more, the poetry was not bad.

I could tell of other experiences equally exciting, amusing and provocative. They perhaps are not typical of America, but they are peculiar to it, and I think not wholly without significance. Hardly anything so tangible is typical of America. There is no typical American; not even Will Rogers. America is a land of contrasts and swift changes, not of types or typical things or events. The first impression it makes, perhaps, is that of a vast drabness, but out of it there is apt to spring almost anything at any moment, even beauty and courage. It produces such dissimilar characters as Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, Henry Ford, Hearst, Aimée Mc-

Pherson, Lindbergh, Jimmie Walker, Sherwood Anderson and Mother Jones, and allows them to come to the fore. Europe doubtless can boast of a finer quality of genius and talent, but to my notion her outstanding characters do not personify or reflect an intenser, bolder—I might even say, more ecstatic quality of mass-life. There is a fascinating, mocking illusive-ness about American life that appeals to my sense of the dramatic. There is in America, especially in her tragic phases as they float up to one, in her drive and rush, in her lost sense of values and her resultant discontent, a high promise—maybe a false one, but nevertheless it catches and fires one's fancy, and one begins to think and feel in terms of the vast, virile, varied, painful, effervescent life of the country.

True, the border of prosperity and other influences seem to have reduced the greater part of the American mass to a piggish indifference to everything that is not safely commonplace; but there is slight doubt in the mind of at least one observer that underneath the deadness moves a tide of dissatisfaction with the more obvious characters of American life, a blind will to overcome the blight (or whatever one may be inclined to call the awful joint power of Big Business and organized Christianity) that is responsible for the mediocre quality of American civilization. The tide may never effect the surface very much; none the less, it is interesting to watch its course. At any moment it may start heaving. A friend writes to me from New York:

Yesterday I made a trip on a Staten Island ferry. The Statue of Liberty really looked beautiful from the distance, with the sea-gulls flying about the goddess in the clean, sunshot air. Then I glimpsed an immense dollar sign on the black funnel of a passing Dollar Line steamer right beneath the figure. The smoke from the ship temporarily obscured part of Liberty, but above her the gulls wheeled freely in pure beauty. I was struck by the irony of it. Then I thought: here is America, and the aspirations of our people are perfectly symbolized: Dollars, Liberty, and Beauty! Hurrah!

PUBLIC SCHOOL MAMAS

BY MARGARET COBB

Our name is Parent-Teacher and our home's the
U. S. A.
We're getting pretty husky and we're growing
every day.

—PTA song

BEFORE Parent-Teacher Associations began what a writer in the *Pictorial Review* terms "introducing the mother element in the schools," the American houses of public instruction were pretty drab socially. Such charming customs as serving tea in the afternoon, or bringing together the town fathers, and their wives, and the teachers (some of them young and comely) for a romp in the school auditorium were simply unheard of. Indeed, sociability seldom existed between the schoolma'ms and the parents of their pupils. Generally, they were complete strangers, except on occasion when an obstreperous youngster got beyond control, and the ma'm sought penalogical co-operation from the woodshed at home. As for holding cake sales, community dances, bazaars, carnivals, circuses or oyster suppers—nowadays regular occurrences at almost every school-house—, it just wasn't done. In those primitive days the people of America believed that the public schools had one simple function: to provide education for the young, and nothing else. What quaint notions the old-timers had!

The visionaries of the PTA, now in action everywhere, are far more progressive. They have discovered that the schools offer vast possibilities for Bigger and Better Service. As one leader puts it:

When a community has the school-house as its social center, with fathers, mothers and teachers and children uniting there for their good times as well as study, we shall find less trouble with the

children in school and less danger of wrong-doing and misbehavior outside. Children like to play with their parents, and the community get-togethers for song and good times form an important part of Parent-Teacher Association work.

With each succeeding year, the high-powered PTA organizers find more and more ways and means for widening the field of Service of the public schools. Already their efforts show marvelous results. Consider, for example, what they have accomplished in the up-and-coming State of North Carolina. In one town down there they "helped to purchase the municipal incinerator." In another they aided in putting on a clean-up week and "established, promoted and aided the health crusade." In a third they "backed and sponsored lyceum, chautauqua and entertainment courses for adults," and "worked with the theatre managers for better pictures." In a fourth, "by concerted action," they "helped to do away with night joy-riding, petting parties, and gatherings or being out school nights on the part of high-school pupils." All this was done by co-operation between ma'ms and parents, with the PTA bossing the job.

Originally, this wonderful movement had no connection with the schools. Indeed, the venerable ladies who inspired it occupied themselves with loftier things than education, or even than Service. What they had in mind was to Exalt Motherhood—to lift this ancient and honorable chore from obscurity into a blazing spotlight. More specifically, they proposed to organize a National Congress of Mothers—an A. F. of L., as it were, of American mamas—maybe even a Soviet. The time was ripe, for this was during the eighteen

nineties, when women's clubs were cropping up all over the States like mushrooms in a cow pasture. The distinguished League of American Penwomen was already in full swing, and the Daughters of the American Revolution were almost ready to form their corps of 100% American shock troops. Were not the mothers of Americans entitled to a union of their own? Surely, they too had their peculiar claims on God and country, and suffered their peculiar injustices.

Describing the initial gathering on February 17, 1897, in Washington, D. C., a lady reporter for the *Arena* naïvely explained:

Liquor dealers organize. Why? Because they can sell more whisky. Doctors organize. Why? Because they can fight disease and ignorance when united better than they can single-handed. . . . Women organize for becoming Better Mothers and to shed a new glory on Motherhood.

In the same issue of the *Arena* was an exposition of the mothers' plans, written by a gentleman if you please, that said: "In that assemblage hundreds caught their first vision of a Better Way leading up to a Holier Maternity." Then, recalling his college Latin, the author, Mr. Frederick Reed, quoted Horace's famous phrase: "O mater pulchra, pulchior filia!"

Unluckily for Mr. Reed and the lady journalist, this mother movement also had a pessimistic slant, which their inspirational messages utterly ignored. The founder, Mrs. Theodore Birney, a native of Georgia, and referred to by the PTA's of today as "a mother and a student of childhood," while heartily approving the hosianna business, also was bent on reforming the whole trade of parenthood. She called her reform "a crusade against the ignorance and indifference" of parents. Even in those remote days, it appears, the American Home was already going to the dogs. Mamas and papas were shirking their responsibilities as usual, and as usual, something had to be done about it. Mrs. Birney was determined that it could and would be done. Said she: "With an unutterable conviction that in the home lies the only

solution of the problems which confront the world today, we must strive to reach the parents of the land." Rally the mothers first; make them believe that rocking the cradle is a divine calling: raise them on a pedestal: the rest will come easy. So she started her Mothers Congress.

Unfortunately, her subsequent proposal to open a National Training School for Mothers, although enthusiastically endorsed by the Congress, never materialized. However, she had the joy of seeing her suggestion to boycott papers "which do not educate or inspire to noble thought and deed" put into practice. Today the PTA's, the successors to her organization, are almost as zealous about censorship as the Women's Christian Temperance Union ladies. Witness a resolution passed at their 1927 congress.

The congress urges its members to work with publishers of magazines for home use and demonstrate the pernicious results of advertisements which seek to make the use of tobacco attractive, and deplores the practice of men and women selling their names to forward the cigarette advertisements.

Ever since Prohibition, the ladies have fought "any change in the Volstead Act which would readmit wine or beer." As for gin, they abhor it.

Inseparably linked with Mrs. Birney's name as founder of the PTA is that of Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst, the mother of the celebrated publicist. Mrs. Hearst is designated "the fairy godmother" of the Mothers' Crusade. Early accounts of the movement read: "She has given it not only the sanction of her name, but a substantial backing." Again, "She met all expenses of the first two congresses." But aside from financing it, there are no records to show Mrs. Hearst took much active interest. Her real hobby, in fact, was archeology. In 1903, she founded the University of California Museum, in recognition of which the *Overland Monthly* printed this posthumous tribute:

Our great University stands the first,
Because of a woman—Phoebe Hearst.

Within a few years after Mrs. Birney's great order of cradle-rockers got into action, they became, for some unknown reason, very lonesome. So they called on the unfecund schoolma'ns to join their happy company. Thus was formed a new alliance—the home and the school. In time the beautiful name, Congress of Mothers, was changed to the prosaic National Congress of Parents and Teachers. What became of Mrs. Birney's crusade then? And of the lovely Mothers' Hymn that goes, "Come, let us live with our children, lives that are noble and true"? We shall see.

II

Oh, teachers, if you only knew the things that
we can do,
You'd ask us in to organize and work along with
you.

—PTA song

Although today parent-teacher clubs are everywhere docilely accepted, like domestic science or fire drills, as part of the great American public school system, bringing the schoolma'ns and principals into the fold was for years a difficult job. Teachers can be so snooty, you know. But even at the start a considerable number of ma'ns succumbed to the mamas' appeals. How could they resist? "Ours is a sacred calling, whether it be teacher or parent," sobbed the mothers. "Make America safe for children!" "Educate the parents!" "Rescue the child!"

But despite all this, the more stubborn ma'ns saucily thumbed their noses, as much as to say: "Mothers, get off our territory. You're poaching." Even now, after thirty years, what do we hear? A ma'm belonging to a school whose staff cold-shouldered the parent-teacher clubs for fifteen years, lately told me: "The teachers didn't want PTA. It meant just one more darned thing to do, when the work already was breaking the backs of us camels."

It is doubtful, indeed, whether the first teachers enlisted in the crusade foresaw their share of the PTA burden. Under the system that now rages they must be ac-

tively interested in everything that even remotely has to do with a pupil's welfare, from his prenatal months on down to the time he (or she) begins to read hot novels and indulge in petting parties. By thus letting the teacher share the job of raising their boys and girls, the mothers feel that they have bestowed a real privilege upon her. "The teacher places Service to youth above all things material," declares a contributor to the PTA official periodical, the *Child Welfare Magazine*. Here are some samples of her cares and duties, as outlined in the Parent-Teacher Handbook for North Carolina:

Hot lunches for school children—how to have them in school; clean-up programme for community—the harms of an unclean community; the moving picture show—censoring movies, regulating attendance of school children; social problems—the home, divorce, poverty, race; sex education—obtaining sex information, responsibility of social institutions; infant welfare—prenatal care of the mother, diseases common to infants; the school building and grounds—beautifying the school grounds; school sanitariums, school equipment.

In addition, of course, she is supposed to teach.

Students of modern educational science will point out that this heavy working of the schoolma'm is not entirely a PTA inspiration, and they are quite correct. As a friend of mine succinctly put it: "Public school work is really work, really public, and if you can't stand it, get out." The sponsors of the mother movement are hardly to blame if the poor schoolma'm (provided she wants to continue in her profession) must be proficient in something like 134 "abilities." (An eminent educational expert is authority for this estimate.) Nor for the fact that she is required to spend all of her Summer vacations studying for advanced credits. Certainly, it would be unfair to say the mamas are responsible for scads of ma'ns becoming nervous wrecks in an attempt to keep step with the manifold "project" methods (flippantly dubbed fads and fol-de-rols by the older generation) which now fill the grab bag of the New Pedagogy.

But, blameless or not, the PTA big-wigs nevertheless whoop aplenty for every project, no matter how fantastic, that is thrust upon the poor public school menials. The very newness of the latest one fills their idealistic souls with delight. Witness an account describing an up-to-the-minute departure, tried out in progressive Denver, which appeared in the November, 1927, issue of the *Child Welfare Magazine*. Entitled, "Peter Rabbit Goes to School," the article narrates how dogs, cats, burros, cows, "and as many more animals as the children could find," were brought to school.

"It is part of the elementary course introduced in the Denver public schools. . . . Animal studies from life are to be regular features of the curriculum. Fond parents present them [their children] with puppies, kittens, or bunnies . . . and then too frequently fail to instruct their offspring in their care. . . . Now children will learn proper care in feeding and tending their pets. . . . Peter Rabbit and his friends are going to school. And they will return to their homes happier, more contented animals."

A tip on another new fad drew forth this effusion: "Every time a bulletin comes from the Playground and Recreation Association we wish we were children again. Just think of a Jack Knife baseball contest! Doesn't it sound thrilling? . . . Imagine tiddly-wink golf! Doesn't it sound fascinating?"

How back-woodsy appear the complaints of certain archaic pedagogues who still balk at the establishment of parent-teacher clubs in their communities! Balking, indeed, at an organization that has the support of the National Education Association; and is endorsed by the former National Commissioner of Education, Dr. John J. Tigert, lauded by Kiwanis, Rotary and the American Legion, and heartily back-slapped by the highest educational specialists the country over! When an impudent high-school teacher in my presence let out, "Oh, PTA is just one of those

things," I could only gasp at her arrogance. She was at liberty, perhaps, to treat Motherhood disdainfully, but had she no respect for the mighty N. E. A.?

PTA and N. E. A., in fact, are very close buddies. Their national headquarters are under the same roof at the capitol. Officers of one frequently serve on committees of the other. Really, it is a very chummy affair, and one which the parent-teacher crowd finds most advantageous. Boosted by N. E. A., the PTA's have gained considerable prestige—one may safely say, practically all they possess—not to mention valuable educational fodder with which to feed their own congregation. Although they proudly boast, "We are the largest body of organized educators" (this from Mrs. S. M. N. Marrs, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers), they always are humbly receptive whenever the real experts offer new stuff. Small wonder, then, that the N. E. A. boys harbor kindly feelings toward the mothers' outfit. The *Child Welfare Magazine* absorbs their stuff like a sponge.

Consider, for an instant, a contributor named Professor Joy Elmer Morgan, A. B., B. L. S., editor of the *N. E. A. Journal* and member of the PTA national bureau of managers. To say the mamas admire him puts it mildly. They idolize him for his wisdom in matters educational. Whatever he says is law, and he says it once each month in the pages of the *Welfare Magazine*. Those cherishing a sentimental attachment for readin', writin', and 'rithmetic should read his diatribes against those antiquated subjects. Once he wrote, "Mastery of the tools and technics of learning has often been thought of in terms of the three R's, but that is far too narrow for even the elementary schools." (A fellow contributor improved upon this by advocating less emphasis on the three R's and more on space for school gardens, the raising and care of small livestock, carpentry shops, clay modeling and—don't tell the Methodists!—the dance, "the very apex of school life".)

Needless to say, Dr. Morgan expounds other topics of pedagogical importance. He preaches that he and his colleagues won't be happy until President Hoover makes room in his Cabinet for a Secretary of Education. And of course he is hot for all national legislation that will bring the Federal feed trough directly to the public schools' door.

The celebrated Sterling-Reed bill—up in Congress since 1918,—he appears to believe, will cure all pains and aches now plaguing the country's educational system. With its passage, the 1,000,000 illiterates supposed to exist in this incomparable land will magically turn literate almost overnight. "Write your Representatives or Senator. . . . Remember that it is one of the biggest battles on behalf of Better Education that has ever been waged." In the same vein he invokes the marvelous results consequent upon the passage of the George-Reed bill providing increased Federal appropriations for home economics and agricultural education. "Have you done your part to get for the schools funds which will enable them to do well the heavier tasks that have inevitably come to them?" he asks in the ever hospitable *Welfare Magazine*.

Altogether, the mother movement sponsors are well coached in the tactics which loosen the Federal purse strings. For evidence, let us turn to the national PTA programme. Incorporated therein we find:

Protection of Children—A national child labor law to be secured by constitutional amendment.

Physical Education—Federal aid to the States for the promotion of physical education, following general lines laid down in the Fess-Capper physical education bill.

Protection of Home—The Fess home economics bill.

Public School—The principles embodied in the Sterling-Reed educational bill, a department of education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet. Federal aid to States for the removal of illiteracy.

Schoolma'ns who hesitate to join the PTA will do well to notice this particular activity. If the association makes its full haul, teachers will get another raise.

III

P. T. A.

See how it grows,
It stands for everything that's *right*,
For children's needs it's here to *fight*,
It grows each year in *power* and *might*
The P. T. A.

—PTA song

Ten years ago this sprightly ditty would have been a false alarm. The mother movement then wasn't growing at all. In fact, the organization during its first twenty years was practically at a standstill. In 1920 the membership was but 200,000—surely nothing to boast of, considering the immense territory it professed to cover. But of late, like an old maid who decides suddenly to take her fling, the association has been expanding in almost startling fashion. Last April an enrollment of 1,275,401 members was announced at national headquarters, more than double the 1923 roll call. Naturally, the fond sisters (and brothers) were as proud as peacocks.

How did they do it? The official historian, Mrs. John E. Hayes, who should know the answer, says that a part of the credit goes to a peppy publicity staff. But she refuses to let it hog all. "The remarkable growth of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers," she adds, "may be attributed to the development of a policy of widespread coöperation and of strong national support of State branches." She omitted something else, namely, the unique membership-boosting methods employed by the local clubs. Membership campaigns, with the PTA's, go on all the year round. Their aim is "a parent-teacher association in every school and every parent and teacher a member." They have got their drives down to such a science that even the Odd Fellows might profit by imitating them.

For ordinary member grabbing, as distinct from "intensive campaigning," the National Congress has instituted a standard method, guaranteed never to fail, known as the Grade Mother System. As practiced at Asheville, N. C., it is complicated but interesting:

From each grade, two or more mothers are selected to visit and keep in touch with the other mothers of their grade. Before each monthly parent-teacher meeting each grade mother is expected to call up or visit the mothers on her list, or write them to attend . . . By [this] division of labor each home should be reached.

But the most effective membership boosters are probably the school kids. Professor Harold D. Meyer, of the University of North Carolina, thinks so. He says:

Keep the children interested. Having them write letters about the meetings and programme . . . will help. Remind them constantly of what the association is attempting to do for them. . . . Offer prizes to the grade in the school obtaining the largest number of members.

His advice is echoed in other PTA strongholds. As witness:

Let the children feel they are the most important personages in the community. Have them on the programme.

And:

Arrange a programme for the first meeting. As a suggestion, have the children give a short programme of songs, recitations or a play. The presence of children will assure the attendance of most of the parents.

That such theories work we see in a report which comes from the Grandview, Ohio, parent-teacher club. The school-children there, it appears, were responsible for Grandview's PTA "retaining for the third consecutive year the title, 'Ohio's largest PTA'." This achievement was due to the following procedure: a large chart was tacked up in each classroom of the Grandview emporiums of learning. While the drive was in progress, pupils each morning brought in their parents' applications and membership fees, and in reward saw brilliant red stars placed after the names of their mas and pas. To add zest to the drive the local organization gave prizes to the schoolroom drawing the fattest membership. Competition was keen, we are told, and the Grandview kids enjoyed a week's holiday.

"Obtain the interest of the men. Men are parents too." With these trenchant words to spur them on, organizers of local branches are sent on a man-hunt. A deli-

cate task, if there ever was one, think the PTA ladies. For enticing *pater familias* to join still remains their big, baffling and exasperating problem. A statistician has recently figured out that only 23.7% of the national PTA enrollment is masculine, and of the men enlisted, the majority are eligible, not because they are fathers, but because they are pedagogues. The timidity with which pa habitually receives the loving overtures of our PTA campaigners is inexplicable. One might suppose he were another Daniel being dragged into the lion's den. A testimonial from Olive, Miss., reveals a method successfully used there.

"Get them [the fathers] to playing," reports the chairman. "Play breaks down formality and unmask the fun-loving boy who lurks in every man." In Olive, she says, the school house was opened for a Fathers' Night. After introducing the fathers to the ma'ms, "everyone was invited to the recreation rooms in the basement, where fruit nectar was served amid a setting aglow with goldenrod and the school colors." Then came the big treat: "an extensive recreation programme followed." This included such thrilling games and ceremonials as a grand march, the Virginia Reel, "I see you," "bucket brigade," "mulberry bush," "jump the shot," "poison snake," "cock fight" and "dodge ball." These frolics, the chairman confides, "broke the ice for community parties."

How to "develop and maintain interest," once members are safely roped in, is the PTA leader's next problem. "Arrange a preliminary meeting of the community with a good snappy programme," comes the advice from the higher-ups to the local clubs. "Let all meetings fairly ooze good fellowship, courtesy, friendliness and cordiality." To help the cause, hospitality committees are urged to "have a hearty welcome for the backward and help secure the big 'we', 'family' result." A tip frequently passed on is: "A good way to make folks feel at home . . . is to start with community singing. Sing some of the favorite songs and insist that all sing."

And if these suggestions flop, "a get-together with refreshments" is bound to turn the trick.

"We hated the damned PTA meetings simply because they were long and tiresome and silly," a teacher, addicted to profanity, once told me. "The mothers were usually so dumb that a few aggressive ones ran it all; and their best stunt was to start a lot of stuff that the teachers and children had to put across. The teachers," she added, "were always asked to scatter around and sit among the mothers, but they always clung together in glum rows on the back seats, with one eye on the clock and the other on the door." Here we have a fine example of the shocking and thoroughly mean attitude some ma'ms still assume. It is hopeful to note that the same ma'm I have quoted admits that "on the whole, the PTA is winning out. Teachers have been bumped out of their ivory towers and made to coöperate." She further adds: "The new generation—of the last four years—did so much social contact stuff in grammar school and junior high that they miss the rah-rah part in the frigid and hard routine of the high-schools."

Considering the fact that the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, in 1927, inaugurated National Teachers Day, it seems reasonable that the ma'ms should have nothing but praise for the movement. Until the mothers made this beautiful gesture the Sunday closing the annual National Education Week was just another day on the calendar. This year and in years to come, however, one Sunday every November will be dedicated to the teachers. Flowers will be worn in their honor. Up-and-coming clergymen will preach sermons suitable for the event, and the most lavish hospitality—including Sunday dinner and auto picnics—will be heaped upon her (or his) highness, the teacher. PTA officials go so far as to predict that Teachers' Day will soon be as generally observed as Mothers' Day or the opening of the World's Series.

IV

Now, if you want a school-house new,
And money can't be found,
And people groan of taxes and statistics deep ex-
pound,
Just call the Parent-Teachers out to canvass
through the town,
They'll hunt the main objectors up,
And talk objection down.

—PTA song

The altruistic activities of the parent-teacher associations, for some years now, have been heralded in song and story throughout the United States. What a rude shock, then, it is to read a treatise recently published by a learned educator—himself a member of PTA—which insinuates that the movement is not all it is cracked up to be. To be sure, he doesn't use such plain words. But what he does say, I fear, is probably giving the PTA grandees white hairs and crowsfeet aplenty.

This iconoclast is Professor Julian E. Butterworth, Ph.D., who teaches rural education at Cornell, and his book is called "The Parent-Teacher Association and Its Work." He concedes, of course, that the PTA ladies mean well, but in a very kindly, very paternal, and most scientific manner—that is, with charts, graphs and tables of statistics,—he endeavors to persuade them to watch their step. I doubt that the PTA bosses will ever approve his book, for he wishes them to tone down the very activities which have been their pride and joy. He argues, for example, that they devote entirely too much time to raising funds instead of "studying the educational needs of the community," and on top of that he blames them for "too much emphasis on entertainment."

Professor Butterworth figures that 50.3% of the labors of rural PTA's and 41.1% of the labors of urban units involve the raising of funds. He deplores this as being outside the province of an organization with so worthy a mission. "The energy of the association," he writes, "is taken from problems that might yield a larger educational return." Offhand, you may think he is justified in his criticism, but let us not

be too hasty. The ladies have a perfectly good excuse for spending so much time digging up coin. They need lots of it. Doesn't Dr. Butterworth himself present an imposing array of the good deeds they have performed? Behold the following:

Purchasing a phonograph for the school, or uniforms for the school band; helping to persuade the community to vote for a bond issue; holding an art exhibit; studying the influence of moving pictures; providing hot lunches for school children; giving parties or dinners for the football team or other school organizations; aiding the promotion of a Boy Scout troop.

He also notes:

Funds are in a few cases given for teachers' salaries . . . Money is raised for such extra-curricular activities as glee clubs; prizes to stimulate scholarship; gifts to teachers, especially when ill; paying the principals' rent; cleaning, insurance, light, and janitor service.

Instead of razzing the PTA ladies for spending so much of their time bringing in the shekels, Dr. Butterworth ought to have praised them for their versatile technic in the business. They follow much the same methods employed by ladies' aid societies and college sororities, but far more successfully. Their main idea is to bring the townsfolk together for a jolly frolic, and their theory is that "the community at large will not hesitate to give when it feels that in return it is doing good, having a good time, and enjoying fellowship." Here is a typical list of the money-raising shindigs which clubs have staged, taken from current PTA literature:

Festivals—Holiday celebrations, such as May Day. Have programme and charge small fee.

In September, when vegetables are easily obtained, a Brunswick stew is a big money-maker.

October lends itself to a Hallowe'en party, and little side-shows with different tricks to be tried at five or ten cents apiece bring in a goodly sum and afford lots of enjoyment.

A good sum can be realized just before Thanksgiving. If you have some extra good cooks, home-made mince meat, pies, cakes and cookies can be sold to advantage.

In December . . . a sale of fancy work, aprons, lace, and candies nets a good amount.

In January try a box party, lunch being sold in boxes, or an oyster stew, or chicken supper. A dramatic entertainment got up by parents is always a drawing card.

In February a George Washington party is suc-

cessful. Refreshments carrying out the red and white are attractive, and hatchets and cherries make decorating easy.

If your school is equipped for picture shows a good picture once a week brings in a good sum of money and insures the children seeing a clean picture.

Another chance for good profit is to have a fiddlers' convention.

"Many associations," the North Carolina handbook informs us, "sell soaps, extracts, cleaning preparations, knives and magazines to their members and others."

Nevertheless, in the introduction to Dr. Butterworth's book, backward-minded school principals are quoted as saying:

All they [the members of PTA] have thought of and sponsored is dances, parties and good times. . . . Instead of being a help they have hindered school work . . . Summing up parent-teacher work for the last four years, I believe that, as far as influencing the school and public opinion goes, it has had more harmful influence than helpful.

On top of which Dr. Butterworth cruelly adds:

It is not the responsibility of the PTA to finance schools. Apparently the basic principles of public school financing are not fully understood by PTA's . . . Obviously, if PTA undertakes too much responsibility for raising funds directly, public support of schools might be endangered.

His warning comes too late. In Atlanta, Ga., one thoroughly familiar with the situation there reports that the generous parent-teacher organization has spoiled the City Hall bosses to a fare-ye-well—with all good intentions, of course. "Grammar school PTA's raise thousands of dollars yearly for stuff which, on principle, the city should provide." Down there, also, his red-flagging the ladies "to keep out of politics" is blithely ignored. "They are a power in the city politics," an Atlanta informant says of the local mother clubs. "School affairs here are designated 'a battle between the North Side mothers and South Side fathers.'"

But in other cities there is a different tale to tell. In Baltimore, for instance, the mothers are having a hard time carrying on their altruistic job. Their generosity and spirit of helpfulness, one is grieved to note, have been spurned by rulings recently

laid down by the Board of School Commissioners. It is true that internal differences have helped: the doings of the PTA associations of the Monumental City have been not altogether harmonious during the past few years. There have been perennial fusses over financing the State delegate's trip to the national conventions. Some members contended that paying her railroad fare—some times as far as California—was sufficient. Others insisted that the organization meet her hotel bills, too, and in the end they had their way. A third group had the nerve to propose that the lady delegate, usually in comfortable circumstances, pay all her own expenses, but, of course, that motion was always defeated.

The Baltimore PTA bosses got a severe blow when the School Board passed a rule limiting their activity in the public schools as follows:

Entertainments, bazaars and other enterprises in elementary schools, to which an admission charge is made, shall be limited to not more than one during each school year by the parent-teacher

association, and not more than one during the same school year by the school itself.

And another, which suppressed an important source of money:

Sales of candy or other merchandise in schools to or by pupils is prohibited. Parent-teacher associations are requested to avoid calling on pupils to participate in the sale of tickets for the promotion of enterprises in which these associations are interested.

The organization which set the School Board upon the poor PTA's is the Baltimore Public School Association. Indeed, that organization actually boasts of its action as if it were an accomplishment. Asked what prompted it to tackle the mamas, Mrs. William Bauernschmidt, its secretary, answered:

Anything that concerns the public schools concerns us. We conducted an investigation and found parent-teacher activities in the schools went so far as the sale of candy by the teachers to the school children. On several occasions we found the teachers actually selling candy to the children on credit. In presenting these facts to the school board we explained that parent-teacher activities were taking too much of the teachers' time. *We want to see teachers relieved of all responsibilities but teaching.*

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CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Sliver Criticism.—There is a type of critic, currently promiscuous amongst us, whose chief delight lies in the isolation of various observations from their context, with the consequent natural implication that the author thereof is by way of being a doodle. One has only to pick up the nearest newspaper or literary review to see to what extent this species of criticism flourishes. It marks, of course, the pinnacle of critical nonsense, for there probably never lived an author who couldn't easily be made out a simpleton by the chicane. One can no more arbitrarily smouch a statement from its setting than one can genealogically smouch an egg from its hen. The critic who does so only proves himself a fool. Any jackass can suggest that the man, say, who wrote "Human All-Too-Human" was a dunce by isolating from their respective contexts such statements as "Struggle against truth as long as you can" or "I get a stiff neck in trying to discover whether I should start reading from this or that point."

Table Manners.—Perhaps in no other department of American life is so great an improvement observable as in the national table manners. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when the manners at the average American food-trough were the despair at once of the relatively few local delicatous and of all foreign visitors, but that era seems now to be definitely relegated to the past. It does not take an over-powerful memory to recall the day when the native board witnessed a series of gustatory phenomena more usually associated with Armenians and porkers and when an invitation to dinner promised all the æsthetic discomposures of an invitation to a

museum of anatomical horrors. I do not allude to such platitudes as knife-swallowings, toothpickery, soup dissonances and the like, all too familiar to call for comment, but to the hundred and one other idiosyncrasies that, in sum, made the American table the butt of all civilized nations.

There was, for example, the well-known napkin-ring period, extending from approximately 1840 to 1900, during which it was the American custom to employ the napkin, after it had been rolled tightly into its circlet at the end of the meal, much after the manner of a shaving-brush. The napkin would invariably be grasped by the lower end and the mouth and face flicked, dusted off and mopped with vigorous sweepings of the upper end, the displaced crumbs, dried egg and other facial débris being brought to fly gayly to right and left, most often either into the drinking glasses or coffee or into the eyes of the white-wings' *vis-à-vis*. During the meal itself, the aforesaid napkin—usually the size of a Munich bath-towel—was either tucked under the collar or, in more modish households, under the top waistcoat button, or was tonily fastened across the bosom by a pair of small nickel or silver coat-lapel clips. The finger-bowl was still a thing unheard of and in its stead the family used the water glasses, the hands being dried—though often, true enough, covertly—on the bottom of the table-cloth by way of keeping the napkin in the ring tidy. There were china crescent dishes in which the family deposited its elaborately sucked wishbones and other fowl bones, to say nothing of such fishbones as were dislodged from the roof of the mouth and the teeth with the thumb and forefinger;

there were mounds of salt all over the table-cloth for use with radishes and celery—no one used plates for the purpose; there were moustache-cups, and small contrivances on the meat forks to keep the knives from sliding up abruptly and cutting off the eater's nose; there was oil-cloth necessarily under every table-cloth to keep the coffee-cup rings from soaking through and spoiling the table while saucers were being lapped of their contents.

I name only a few of the eccentricities; others will immediately occur to any American over forty. Now they are no more. What has brought about the new and happier dispensation, I do not know. Maybe it is worldly experience that has come with the American's gradual increased prosperity and his consequent tutelage in hotels, restaurants, Pullman cars and the like. Maybe the manifold books of etiquette have helped. Maybe it is the increase in travel, with its attendant instruction and sophistication. Whatever it is, the fact remains that the national table manners have so improved that today they are at least the equal, in gentility and *bien-séance*, of those of the average New York Alsatian waiter.

Again, Exercise.—In this place during the last few years I have periodically lectured on the imbecility of physical exercise—that is, beyond the inevitable, normal amount of it that a person naturally and in the usual course of the day gets—and on the readily observed evil effects of it as it is currently negotiated by blockheads. It is, accordingly, with the pleasure that is always experienced when one's conceivably dubious animadversions are supported by authority that I peruse the statistics recently compiled by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, Prof. F. W. Nicolson, of Wesleyan, secretary, demonstrating conclusively that college athletes kick the bucket much sooner than men who were non-athletes and that college men who take no exercise at all—or at best very little—to wit, the so-called

scholastic honor men, live longer and feel more the fighting-cock than any of their fellows. At nearly every college studied by the association—which, incidentally, in view of its athletic character might easily have permitted itself to be prejudiced in the other direction—honor students, *i.e.*, men who, as every college man knows, spend most of their time bending over books in tobacco-filled rooms and who are pretty generally hardly football, baseball or any other sports material, have shown the lowest mortality and, by implication, the best honest physical condition. They have not, true enough, displayed the spectacular muscles, the superficially glistening cheeks and the hoochie-coochie elasticity of the pole-vaulters, half-backs and ball pitchers, but they have been in the infirmary a heap less and out of the cemetery a heap more.

The athletic association in point did not conduct its investigations singlehanded. Summoned to its aid in collaborative inquiry were the American Student Health Association and the statistical department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Three solid years were spent in the study, which represents the subsequent vital history of something like 40,000 graduates of eight representative colleges of the classes ranging from 1870 to 1905, of approximately 5,000 athletes of ten universities and of nearly 6,500 honor students of half a dozen institutions during the same period, from the time of graduation to 1925. Surely the deduced figures do not lie. Surely they prove, as no other investigation has proved so illuminatingly, the foolishness and danger—even in youth—of the unnatural physical strain that is prettified by sports titles and gaudy costumes and put over on the susceptibles with such baits as medals, ribbons and silver trophy cups. A man gets all the exercise God and Nature meant him to get in the natural course of a day. Walking, pushing open doors, climbing steps, opening and closing windows, getting in and out of taxicabs, waving one's arm to friends across the street—that is enough

exercise for anyone. To add to it by running around sandlots, chasing balls, kicking inflated pigskins, hopping over hurdles and pulling at rubber appliances for several hours is simply to boom the undertaker business. Rex Beach spoke the truth when he said not long ago that men who go in for extensive exercise are not half so greatly concerned with their health as with their looks. In two words, vain donkeys.

The Vice-President.—The long-held, facetious notion that the Vice-President of the United States takes his place as an obscurity with the husband of an actress or an artist in the American Institute of Arts and Letters is surely unsupported by the facts. Among the Vice-Presidents since the establishment of the Republic we find John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge—all subsequently occupants of the Dais. Aaron Burr, General George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, John C. Calhoun, John C. Breckinridge, James S. Sherman and Charles G. Dawes were others—none of them certainly suppressed violets. Daniel D. Tompkins, who served two terms and had been Governor of the State of New York for ten years, created a stir after his election by his vigorous fight for the abolition of slavery in New York. Senator Richard M. Johnson, true enough, did not amount to much, nor did Senator William Rufus King, who had been minister to France. But George M. Dallas was a figure in international diplomacy—he subsequently became the representative of the United States at the Court of St. James's, and Hannibal Hamlin, quondam Governor of Maine and a conspicuous Senator, loomed large in Congress, in State politics and

subsequently in the diplomatic service. Schuyler Colfax, speaker of the House of Representatives from 1863 to 1869, when he was elected to the Vice-Presidency, at least was much heard of toward the conclusion of his term of office in connection with the *Crédit Mobilier* scandal. Henry Wilson was one of the organizers of the Republican party, was long a stormy petrel in politics as a leader of the Free Soil party, and came into fame as the author of the three-volume work, "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," to say nothing of such treatises as "History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses" and "History of the Reconstruction Measures of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses." Such men as William Almon Wheeler, Thomas A. Hendricks and Garrett A. Hobart cut little ice, but Levi P. Morton made himself heard and felt in financial matters and Thomas R. Marshall at least kept himself in the public eye by a prolific discharge of very snappy nifties.

If the Vice-Presidency has had its obscure Adlai E. Stevensons and Charles W. Fairbankses, let's not overlook the fact that the Presidency itself has had its relatively no less obscure Polks and Pierces.

Hedonism.—"Regarding hedonism, of which you have written in a recent Clinical Note," observes a correspondent, Mr. E. T. Vinson, "I would remark that the saint is a glutton and the sinner comparatively temperate. The sinner seeks only a small and transient pleasure—a bottle, a girl, revenge, or the like—but the saint wants infinite pleasure for infinite time. Develop this idea some time."

A good idea. It doesn't need any further development.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Living Corpse

ONE hears on all sides that the theatre is in a dreadful way. Its death rattle, according to various observers, vies in reverberation with Brahms' Intermezzo in E flat minor. The end is in sight and the undertaker is already shuffling his feet in the vestibule. Florists' boys are waiting, wreaths in hand, for the ultimate gurgle; the obituary is in type; and the first and second gravediggers are spitting on their hands. All the legitimate theatres will soon be turned over to the talking movies. The Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles is putting on a large addition to take care of Hauptmann, Galsworthy, Shaw, Pirandello, O'Neill and all the other dramatists who, starving, will be driven to Hollywood. Otis Skinner, Ethel Barrymore, George Arliss and Mrs. Fiske, sensing the impending débâcle, are spending many hours daily practising the making of faces in order to be able to compete with Lew Cody, Lya de Putti, Hoot Gibson and Laura La Plante. Arthur Hopkins, Walter Hampden, Belasco, Jed Harris and the Theatre Guild are holding midnight conferences with Louis B. Mayer, Joe Schenck, Sam Goldfish and Adolph Zukor in an attempt to find out what is essentially wrong with the drama and just where Shakespeare, Sheridan, Ibsen and Gorki are going to get off.

Things, in short, are pretty terrible. The road is already dead and the New York theatre's last lingering breath registers hardly a trace on the mirror. Everybody who isn't at the talkies is staying at home hugging the radio or motoring out to the roadside inns which, peculiarly enough in view of the reputed stampede, nevertheless say that they are not taking

in enough money to pay the rent on their electric pianos. The ticket speculators are largely responsible for the sad state of affairs—the same ticket speculators who, oddly enough, were just as active eight and ten years ago when the show business was at the height of its prosperity. Intelligent audiences are so fed up with bad plays that they are through with the theatre and are apparently going to even worse movies instead. And where, a couple of years ago, every one of the fifty-nine legitimate theatres in New York was occupied and running full blast, today no less than the twelve or thirteen that have been built since are empty and only the fifty-nine—as opposed to London's total of thirty-one, Berlin's of thirty and Paris' of twenty-nine—are active. It is all very depressing and ominous.

Under the hapless circumstances it may not be a bad idea casually to scrutinize the situation and to determine exactly where the moribund theatre is at. In pursuit of enlightening facts, I first glance at the Stock Exchange bond prices in the newspapers and learn that Shubert-Theatres 6's are selling at 88 in a week described as the worst that the American theatre has ever known. The price of American Writing Paper 6's, in the same week and of nearly the same maturity date, is 84; of Botany mills 6½'s, of much shorter maturity date, 71½; of Cuba Cane Sugar convertible 8's, due next year, 77⅙; of National Radiator 6½'s, 80; and of Seaboard Airline 6's, 76—which would seem to indicate, at least to such persons as are in the habit of drawing comparisons from esoteric phenomena, that even more people have given up letter writing, wearing-apparel, sugar in their coffee, heat in their houses and railroad travel than playgoing. I happen

to observe, too, that Greek Government 6's are 85½; Peru 6's, 88; Berlin 6's, 90; Budapest 6's, 80½; Bulgaria 7's, 88; Colombia 6's, 88¾; German Central Agricultural Bank 6's, 86½; Poland 6's, 82½; Serbian 7's, 79½; Silesian 6's, 82½; and Vienna 6's, 87½—which would imply that much of Europe and part of South America is also suffering badly from the radio, traffic problems and the talkies.

Turning, somewhat more appropriately perhaps, to the theatrical pages themselves, I find fifty-nine theatres in full operation. "Strange Interlude" has been playing to capacity for more than a whole year. "Show Boat" has been running gayly for the same length of time. "Little Accident" has been playing to excellent trade for many months. The Civic Repertory Company and the Theatre Guild's enterprises show to consistently profitable and sometimes remarkable business. "Blackbirds" has been running a full year. "The Age of Innocence" is doing big business at the Empire. "Follow Thru" and "Whoopee" have been playing to standing room only for months. "Three Cheers" has been something of a gold-mine. Hampden's revival of "Cyrano" plays to full houses. "The Perfect Alibi" is selling out steadily. Even claptrap like "A Most Immoral Lady," "Congai," "Mima," "The Marriage Bed," "Brothers," "Courage" and "Zeppelin" draws a heavy trade. "Holiday" and "Street Scene" have been operating to capacity audiences. "The New Moon" has already run for five months. The Marx Brothers are packing them in. The Actors' Theatre's production of "The Wild Duck" played to pretty good business. "Serena Blandish" has been doing a most satisfactory box-office trade. "Paris" has been going for five months, as I write, and you can still hardly fight your way into "The Front Page." Even the Provincetownners down in Macdougall street have surprised themselves at making money on O'Neill's "S. S. Glencairn." "This Year of Grace" has been a tremendous success and "Fioretta" and "Lady Fingers," it

begins to look, will run for long months. The subway circuit has been enjoying excellent business, and I read an announcement of a new theatre to meet the trade's demand in Flatbush. Across the river in Hoboken, the Morley-Gribble-Throckmorton group can't handle the crowds at their theatre and have had to take over still another to deal with the overflow. The trade at "Wings Over Europe" jumped so at the last moment that when the Guild needed the theatre for O'Neill's "Dynamo" they had to move the play into another house. Ethel Barrymore's venture in West Forty-seventh street has attracted paying customers in large numbers, and "Hold Everything" has been going strong for many months. "Jealousy," the two-character play, enjoyed a long run and, because of low expenses, turned a profit, and Arthur Hammerstein's bank balance has been tickled by "Good Boy." "The High Road" had a highly prosperous run, in New York alone, of more than four months; "This Thing Called Love" certainly didn't fare badly, nor did "Night Hostess"; "Jarnegan" ran for five months, and "Young Love" for three. The "Vani-ties" turned an honest penny for Earl Carroll and "Diamond Lil" made a lot of money for the Mlle. West. A number of plays of last season were such big successes that they had to be held over into the present season. "Diamond Lil" was one of these, so was "Strange Interlude"—showing among other things that it is difference of opinion that makes horse and dramatic races and this kind of article on the present state of the show business. Other held-over plays and shows were "Show Boat," "Good News," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Scandals," "Dracula" (playing the subway circuit as I write), "Porgy," "The Royal Family," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Coquette," "Rosalie," "Rain or Shine," "The Three Musketeers," and "The Bachelor Father."

With two exceptions, every really better-grade new play produced in New York this season has attracted large audiences and

made money: "The Front Page," "The High Road," "Little Accident," "Holiday," "Wings Over Europe," "The Kingdom of God," "Caprice," "Street Scene," "Harlem," "Serena Blandish." The two exceptions—and opinions differ as to the merits of the plays—were Richman's "Heavy Traffic," that ran for only six or seven weeks, and Maugham's "The Sacred Flame," which was vigorously denounced by every New York newspaper save one and ran only a week. Almost all the revivals have done very good business: "The Cherry Orchard," "Macbeth," "Major Barbara," "The Wild Duck," "Cyrano de Bergerac," the *Chauve-Souris* programme, "John Gabriel Borkman" and "Hedda Gabler"—the two last named, like "The Cherry Orchard," in Fourteenth street, and "Othello," also in Fourteenth street at Maurice Schwartz's synagogue. Every even passable musical show, without exception, has enjoyed an uncommon prosperity: "The New Moon," "Whoopee," "Oh, Daddy," "Follow Thru," the "Vanities," "Paris," "Hold Everything," "Three Cheers," "Animal Crackers," "Good Boy," "Lady Fingers," "The Red Robe" and "Fioretta." "Rainbow," that had merit, failed because it deserved to; its production was miserably mismanaged. In the way of revue, "This Year of Grace," as already noted, has been an immense draw. And every theatre in Harlem and on the Bowery—to say nothing of the Irving Place house—is packed to the doors.

Where then is this great theatrical collapse that we hear about? I'll tell you. It is the great collapse—for which everyone should be properly thankful—of bad plays: "The Song Writer," "He Understood Women," "The Big Pond," "The Money Lender," "Ringside," "Caravan," "Trapped," "The Great Power," "Adventure," "The Light of Asia," "The Common Sin," "Mr. Money Penny," "Crashing Through," "On Call," "Back Here," "Sign of the Leopard," "Potiphar's Wife," "Sakura," "The Skyrocket," "Judas," "Be Your Age"—out-and-out balderdash

characteristic of every season since the American theatre began. Even so, business has been so good that exhibits almost as worthless have profited by the season's rush of playgoing, to wit, "Diamond Lil," "Night Hostess," "This Thing Called Love," "Courage," "Jarnegan," "Young Love," "A Most Immoral Lady," "The Age of Innocence," "Congai," "Mima," "Poppa," "Brothers," "The Marriage Bed" and "Zeppelin." But the encouraging fact, above all other facts, is that never before in the history of the American theatre have audiences, as indicated, apparently been so willing and eager to patronize really reputable drama.

II

We hear that the theatre is on its last legs and going broke because of the number of bad plays that have been produced in the last two seasons particularly. Let's for the moment dismiss the truth or untruth of the statement and look into the essential nature of the argument. The theatre was at the top of its prosperity in the two years directly preceding the outbreak of the late war, or at least as prosperous as anyone might have wished it to be. I look at the species of plays produced in those two seasons. They were, the records show, even worse than the bad plays we have been dosed up with recently, and there were comparatively as many of them. In the first theatrical year in point the only even relatively reputable new plays put on were "General John Regan," which failed to draw audiences, Bennett's "The Great Adventure," also a failure, Haddon Chambers' "Tante," also a failure, Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," also a failure, Anne Flexner's "The Marriage Game," also a comparative failure, Masefield's "Nan," also a failure, Lennox Robinson's "Patriots," also a failure, Eleanor Gates' "A Poor Little Rich Girl" and the Housman-Barker "Prunella," moderate successes, Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son," a failure, Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a big success, Molnar's "Where Ignorance Is

Bliss" ("The Guardsman"), a failure, Houghton's "The Younger Generation," a failure, and the repertoire of the Irish Players, also a failure. In other words, just thirteen variably reputable new plays—exclusive of the Irish Players' programme—out of a total production of one hundred and sixty-nine new plays. And ten disastrous failures in the thirteen! The character of the general run of offerings in the season under discussion may be indicated by a quotation of the following samples: Joseph Byron Totten's "Alibi Bill," Clara Lipman's "Children of Today," William Hurlbut's "Are You a Crook?," Robert W. Chambers' "The Common Law," Owen Davis' "The Family Cupboard," Rida Johnson Young's "The Isle o' Dreams," Philip Bartholomae's "Kiss Me Quick," Daniel D. Carter's "The Master Mind," Alice Ives' "September Morn," and Edwin Milton Royle's "The Unwritten Law." Successes of the year were masterpieces like George Scarborough's "The Lure," Charles Klein's "Maggie Pepper," Edgar Selwyn's "Nearly Married," Carlyle Moore's "Stop Thief," George Broadhurst's "Today," and "Grumpy," together with Sheldon's "Romance," regarding which there is still an intelligibly wide divergence of critical opinion.

We come now to the second of the seasons in question. Out of a grand total of one hundred and fifty-five new plays produced, the only ones worth serious critical consideration were these: J. O. Francis' "Change," a failure, Barrie's "The Legend of Leonora," a failure, Chesterton's "Magic," a failure, de Caillavet's and de Flers' "The Beautiful Adventure," a failure, Guiméra's "Maria Rosa," a failure, Davies' "Outcast," that did a moderate business, Molnar's "The Phantom Rival," a failure, Shaw's "Pygmalion," a success, Sheldon's dramatization of "The Song of Songs," a failure, and Craven's "Too Many Cooks," a success—in other words, ten out of one hundred and fifty-five. The general character of productions will be illustrated by the following: "The Battle Cry,"

a combination of play and movie; Owen Davis' "Big Jim Garrity"; Paul Armstrong's "The Bludgeon"; "Eliza Comes To Stay"; Hartley Manners' "Happiness"; "The Heart of Paddy Whack"; "He Comes Up Smiling"; George V. Hobart's "Experience"; George Broadhurst's "The Law of the Land"; "Marrying Money," "A Pair of Sixes," "The Salamander," "The Story of the Rosary," "What Is Love?"; "Yosemite" and "A Modern Girl"—all tripe. Successes of the season were these nonesuch: "On Trial," "Daddy Long-legs," "Mr. Wu," "A Pair of Sixes," "Twin Beds" and "Under Cover"—all also tripe, together with one or two better things like "It Pays To Advertise."

I ask you to compare the records of these two opulent years, so far as the quality of plays went, with the recent two allegedly lean years.

III

I doubt seriously that the road is intrinsically in as bad condition as we are given to understand. Business, true enough, may not be up to previous standards, but why should it be expected of the theatrical business that it alone, of all businesses, never suffer ups and downs? The presently most prosperous businesses in America have at times gone through similar periods of depression and have duly emerged from them. If the financial returns, poor patronage and diversion of the public's interest into other channels at the moment indicate the permanent death of the road theatre, the financial returns, poor patronage and diversion of the public's interest into other channels might just as aptly have been taken in different past years to indicate the permanent death of the railroads, woolen mills and other such institutions. The simple trouble with the provinces is that, as in New York, the cities have been overbuilt with theatres. The circumstance that a lot of the extra theatres are either empty or starving to death no more implies that people have stopped going to the theatre than the circumstance

that a lot of surplus New York speakeasies have been forced to close down for lack of trade implies that New Yorkers have given up boozing and become teetotalers.

IV

That the talkies will do any damage to the theatre is ridiculous. At the moment, they are a novelty and are attracting the crowds that a novelty habitually attracts. In these crowds there are naturally some theatregoers who, drawn by curiosity, want to see what all the shootin's for. But the announced notion that these theatregoers will abandon the theatre in favor of the talkies, simply because the talkies cost less to see, is cousin to the notion that the same theatregoers are in the habit of abandoning plays like "Strange Interlude" or "Holiday" in favor of "Potiphar's Wife" or "Back Seat Drivers" simply because one can get into them at cut rates. The talkies will in the long run appeal only to that more ignorant public which has taken the movies to its bosom. And I have grave doubts that even that public will not get tired of them. This, of course, is merely a personal opinion, but it might be filed for future reference.

We hear that the talkies have already made such great inroads upon the dramatic theatre that the New York managers are rushing to turn their houses over to them in order to keep from going to the poor-house. What are the facts? As I write, three and only three theatres—one of these a girl-show house—have been rented out temporarily to the movie impresarios. The Gaiety is showing a silent movie; the Harris is presently due to go movie for a brief spell; and the Winter Garden, rented out by the Shuberts at a very fancy figure, is showing an Al Jolson singie—the movie people desiring to profit from displaying the singie on Jolson's own revue stage. The Astor has been given over to the movies for a long time, half a dozen more modern legitimate theatres having been put up in other locations to take its place. The Cri-

terion was bought by the Paramount company four or five years ago and it, in turn, has been supplanted by something like a dozen cleaner and more desirable legitimate theatres in the nearby streets. During the late Spring and Summer months some other theatres—the Globe, for example—will doubtless be leased to the movie people for short terms, but during these months, before the advent of the movies, they were always closed anyway. In other words, exactly three legitimate dramatic theatres have gone over to the movies since the movies have come into high prominence and in place of the three exactly twenty-four new houses have been built to take their places. And just how the presence of an Al Jolson singing picture in Al Jolson's former singing theatre is an omen of the demise of the dramatic theatre I leave to your personal sense of jocosity.

The talkies, to return to that dismal subject, are doing nothing so far but cuckooing stale plays, some of them twelve and thirteen years old, or are showing original stuff so bad that a theatregoer caught in one of the tripe-traps is suffocated by the stupidity. But, it is said, though this be admitted, there will yet develop in time playwrights who will write original plays for the talkies that will convert them into something worthwhile. The same thing, let us remember, was said about the silent movies—and look at the damned things! The talkies, it is reasonable to assume, will go along exactly as the silent movies did. One out of every five hundred talkies, like one out of every five hundred movies, may conceivably have some fairly intelligent stuff in it. But if it does it will fail as surely as the fairly intelligent movie has failed in the past. What will happen in the case of the talkies is a lot of fancy rhetoric on the part of the entrepreneurs for a year or so, and then good old Hollywood will again loosen its pants, undo its collar, get back to nature and open up the old slop sluice-gates.

The talkies are confronted with a much harder problem than the silent movies.

The latter, for all the censors, could get away with murder in a dozen directions where the talkies will be able to do nothing of the kind. The censors now permit any number of things to be shown where they will refuse to permit them to be spoken of. Clara Bow is currently allowed to display her anatomy for the incalculable of sailors, to the great profit of the Messrs. Zukor and Lasky, but the moment Clara opens her mouth and says "Come on, boys, get a load of this!" the censors will hop on her and the Messrs. Zukor and Lasky will be out money. In the silent movies, Charles Farrell is permitted to swim up to Mary Duncan without any clothes on, Alice White is permitted to appear stark naked and be chased by Jack Mulhall, Greta Garbo is allowed to be smeared with the amorous saliva of John Gilbert and Vilma Banky is allowed a pleasant seduction by Walter Byron, but the second the boys articulate what is in their minds or the second the girls answer the rascals the one way or the other, such censorship boards as will not permit even the picture of a woman sewing on baby clothes may surely not be expected to do any enthusiastic applauding.

The silent movies, with very few exceptions in the last three or four years, have prospered most greatly from the display of sex garbage. The talkies, without this sex garbage, after their novelty has worn off, will have a difficult time of it. The statistics show clearly that the movie public, save for an occasional airplane or seltzer-siphon picture, wants to spend its money on stories dealing with fornication either contemplated or achieved. You hear, from the counsel for the defence, that this is untrue: that Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and other such stars turn out non-anatomical pictures and make fortunes. But Charlie Chaplin turns out only one picture a year at the very most; Fairbanks' last picture to be counted up, "The Gaucho," was not a success; and Mary Pickford, after a long period of innocent pouting, has now been driven to do a

picture the story of which dallies with a seduction. You've got to give them sex or nothing. The biggest laugh in even "The Big Parade" was got by a dirty crack; "Variety," for all the gabble about Jan-nings' miming, had a hot rape scene; "Sunrise" and "Four Devils" also had their full share of anatomical arson; and you'll have a job finding even a Western without its scene in which the actor with the black moustache lasciviously grabs the blonde. The movies, as a matter of fact, have since the very beginning cultivated the jivaros' half dollars and dollars with sex fireworks. Go back to the old Griffith pictures and you will discover them to have been seldom without attempted rape or illegitimate babies. "The Birth of a Nation's" big climax had nothing to do with Abe Lincoln or the Civil War but consisted in the villain's locking the door on a young girl and attempting an assault upon her.

There will, of course, be dramatic talkies that will make an heroically discreet stab at eliminating the sex stuff but, after the fad of the talkie has passed, they will, save in isolated instances, undoubtedly lose their shirts. No talkie will ever dare or be permitted to go one-hundredth so far as the theatre is freely permitted to go. And a movie public that for thirteen years has consistently made the purveyors of screen sex rich will hardly be converted suddenly into a public that craves Y.M. C.A. films. For a while, as I have said, that public will get a kick from hearing its favorite dummies speak, but it will not be long before it will yearn again for the days when, censorship or no censorship, it could work itself up over the French post-card insinuations of Hungarian, Mexican and Scandinavian houris stretched out languorously on sofas, of Brooklyn and Flatbush ex-stenographers coyly showing their backsides and of side-burned former counter-jumpers lighting the incense in their Louvre bachelor apartments and licking their chops over the imminent prospect of bolting the door on one of the Talmadges.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Escape and Return

DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis. \$2.50. 7¼ x 5; 377 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

THIS somewhat sombre work, I daresay, will give a great deal of comfort to Lewis's enemies, who seem to be extremely numerous, especially among rival novelists. It has faults so obvious that they stand out like sore thumbs, and so gross that they must cause even the most faithful partisan to cough sadly behind his hand. In brief, what Lewis attempts to do is to depict the disintegration of a marriage. It begins in the safe harbor of Zenith City, flourishes there for nearly twenty years, and then goes swiftly to wreck amid the decadent carnalities of Europe. The lady crosses the Atlantic eastward a virtuous wife; she comes back an incorrigible antinomian, with three lovers behind her and a long series of others looming ahead. Her husband, all the while, trails along. Her first slip shocks him and her second enrages him, but after that he learns to bear it. When we part from them at last, he has given her up as hopeless, and his eyes flicker toward a sweetie of his own.

Two defects mar the story, and both of them are of capital importance. The first lies in the fact that the woman is never rationally accounted for—that her adulteries, like the social pushing that inspires them, seem gratuitous and senseless. The second has to do with her husband. Lewis first shows that he is intelligent, and then pictures him playing the complete fool. I am not arguing here that real people do not do things irrationally or that intelligent men are above folly: all I am arguing is that the novelist gets into dangerous waters when he puts such folks into his book. We somehow expect him to show us

something beyond their bald externals, their overt acts. We assume unconsciously that he must know a great deal about them that is not on the surface, else he would not write about them at all. We look for him to organize their acts into a coherent drama. It seems to me that, in the present case, Lewis has not done this as persuasively as he ought to have done it. His Fran Dodsworth plainly puzzles him. His Sam Dodsworth is alive one moment, and a stuffed shirt the next.

The worst holes in the book are where the two come together. Some of the dialogues between them are simply impossible. They harangue each other in the manner of actors in a bad play. Nothing comes out of these harangues. When one of them is over there is no more light upon the underlying motives of the parties—nor even, indeed, upon their feelings—than there was when it began. Fran has merely made a disingenuous and improbable speech, and Sam has replied to it in correct but hollow phrases. If these dialogues were missing altogether the story would be better than it is. Lewis would still fail to account logically for Fran's follies and Sam's complacency, but he would at least avoid disconcerting the reader by accounting for them in unpalatable ways. Strike out all the connubial gabble, and try it for yourself. It seems to me that the story gains momentum instantly, and loses the air of false philosophizing which now damages it.

So much for its defects. Its merits are many and should not be overlooked. There are passages which show Lewis at his best—unctuous, ingenious, penetrating and devastating. No novelist in practice among us observes so accurately, or has so vast a talent for putting what he sees into pun-

gent phrases. He is, by long odds, the best reporter ever heard of—not, as incompetent critics so often allege, because he is only a reporter, but because he is so much more than a reporter. Babbitt shaving, Dr. Kennicott operating, Gantry drunk—these are little masterpieces that no rival has ever matched. The quality of complete reality is in them, but they are also informed by imagination. There are plenty of things of the same kind in "Dodsworth"—the ante-nuptial dinner at the grandiose, Norddeutscher-Lloyd home of old Herman Voelker; the encounter between Sam and Alec Kynance, boss of the great Unit Automotive Company; the grand drunk with Tub Pearson in Paris; the palaver with Matey Pearson in the bathroom. There is vastly more than good reporting in such episodes; one senses in them, also, something that is a kind of poetry.

Lewis's observation is always fresh, trenchant and full of the color of his peculiarly biting and charming personality. Whatever his defects as an explorer of the soul of man, he is at least a master professor of man's behavior. Somewhere in "Dodsworth" there is a passage on the horrors of travel—the lonely evenings in flabby hotels, the dismaying struggles with enigmatical languages, the vain effort to emerge from the tourist's harness and live as the people live. It is short, but it is well-nigh perfect. The whole folly of gadding about is made obvious and appalling. Everyone who has done any travelling will recognize the truth of every word. But it remained for Lewis to fetch those words out of the reservoir of common knowledge, and arrange them consummately, just as it remained for him to make visible the Main Street that all of us knew, and to give a habitation and a name to the Babbitt who was everywhere. He is, in such matters, *facile princeps*. No other contemporary novelist, not even the early Wells, has dredged more memorable stuff out of the illimitable stock of what-everyone-knows. The joy of recognition is not the only joy that a work of art can engender, but it is

surely one of the most agreeable and satisfying, and Lewis is unsurpassed at evoking it. Put beside him, most other novelists seem to be incarcerated in ivory towers, with the actual world far away.

It is my belief, frequently set forth at length, to the ire alike of sturdy 100% Americans and tender æsthètes, that his work will probably endure, at all events as long as any other fiction of the Coolidge *Aufklärung* endures. As everyone knows, it is irritatingly uneven. From the best scenes of "Babbitt" to the worst of "Mantrap" there is a drop as dizzy as that from a string quartette to a movie. Within the limits of a single book he can manage to be both incomparably good and unbelievably bad. I point to "Arrowsmith." I point to "Dodsworth." The chief defect of "Elmer Gantry" is that very variability. "Gantry," to be sure, is never quite as false as the critics who dislike it say it is, but certainly it is sometimes false enough. But equally certainly it is basically and prevailingly true. Elmer Gantrys not only exist; they are as common, almost, as George F. Babbitts. I have known personally at least a dozen of them. There is a touch of Gantry, indeed, in every evangelical pastor, and not a few of them are far worse than Elmer at his worst.

The opposition to his history, as Lewis sets it forth so magnificently, is psychological, and lies within the cortices of those who voice it so raucously. The trouble with them is that, despite the spread of atheism and antinomianism, they are still authentic Americanoes, and hence born with a reverence for theologians. It takes at least two generations, and usually three or four, to breed out that folly. The leaders of the anti-Lewis camorra are simply unable to throw it off. "Elmer Gantry" outrages them, not in proportion as it is false, but in proportion as it is true. They would not dislike it so much if it were actually as flimsy that they pretend to think it is. I do not denounce these gentlemen for their weakness; I merely point it out. After all, every man must be something, and in

America it is quite natural for many men to be Americans. But I do not share their apparent belief that being Americans makes them trustworthy critics of works of art. The national talent lies in other directions. It is the special gift of our people, not to differentiate swiftly and certainly between the false and the true, whether in art or in philosophy, but to love and venerate the sweet. The ideal, to them, is always a shade more convincing than the real. If they lacked their gift, then life in the Republic, to most of them, would be unendurable.

Lewis has been bathed in more bad criticism than any other novelist of his time and country. His books, beginning with "Main Street," have always encountered the subjective hostility that I have just described, and so they have been exposed to a great deal of mauling. He himself has aided the business, for he is a dreadful ham as a critic, and yet he insists, ever and anon, upon putting on the critical chasuble. It is sad. It is deplorable. Once, if my agents do not lie, he concocted the preposterous theory that he was himself a Babbitt. I can imagine nothing less true. Lewis's lingering Americanism, such as it is, actually belongs to Main Street, not to the Zenith City Club. One might fancy him going back to Gopher Prairie and settling down behind the pumps of a quiet service station, but he could no more turn himself into a big town realtor than he could turn himself into an archbishop. His essential rusticity shows itself in his humor, which is as far from Broadway wise-cracking as it is from the Greek anthology. The actual Babbitts know better. They rank him, being numskulls, with Trotsky and Karl Marx, Ingersoll and Tom Paine. If they were subtler they would put him with Sockless Jerry Simpson—and Mark Twain.

But here I wander into an autopsy on the man, whereas the sole business of a reviewer, if what I hear is true, is with his books. The Lewis books, it seems to me, are sufficiently excellent to make their weaknesses more than tolerable. "Dods-

worth," to be sure, is mainly flabby, but what of "Babbitt"? The more I abandon myself to prayer and meditation, the more I am convinced that it is a genuinely first-rate piece of work. There is in it the lusty reality of things actually seen, and there is in it, too, something else—the vaguely poetical quality that I was mentioning a little while back. Lewis is anything but a mere caricaturist; he is, indeed, the precise opposite of a caricaturist. He is too humane and romantic a man to make his people worse than they are, or even as bad as they are; he always manages to make them a bit better. In "Dodsworth" that habit helps to bring him to grief. He is so obviously eager to make his wretched Fran Dodsworth a victim, not of her own inherent rascality, but of forces beyond her, that he succeeds only in making her false. His Sam Dodsworth is better, but still not quite plausible. Let him spit on his hands at once and begin another book. If he can produce a "Babbitt," a "Main Street" or an "Elmer Gantry" now and then, he is entitled to his intervening "Dodsworths."

The Story of a Saint

THE WHITE ROBE, by James Branch Cabell. \$10. 11¼ x 7¼; 91 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

"THE White Robe" is very short, but it manages nevertheless to be two stories, joined together deftly but not necessarily. The first relates the sinister transactions between young Odo le Noir and the dark Master of the Forest, with Odo's ensuing conversion to the True Faith and his rise to the high eminence of Abbott of St. Hoprig. The second deals with his translation to the see of Valnères, his exemplary life and death, and his staggering discovery *post mortem* that the hopes of Heaven he held out to his flock were sound, and that he is bound there himself. This second story, under the style of "Between Worlds," appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September, 1926. Few tales as wicked and as charming have ever adorned these re-

spectable pages. Retold in "The White Robe," and hooked to what goes before it, it retains all its pristine piquancy. The underlying anecdote is a capital one; the form is perfect; the writing is full of the voluptuous impudence that is Cabell's hallmark. He has never done a better piece of work.

But the first part, it seems to me, rather damages the gorgeous story of the Bishop's ascension. That is not because it is not good in itself, but because it pumps some of the irony out of the dénouement. After we behold His Grace, as a youth, being turned into "an animal somewhat shorter and stouter than a wolf," and going hunting in a Druid wood, and then widening his territory to take in the whole Val-Ardray district, and finally devouring the Countess of Basarda's baby—after all this, it seems somehow unlikely that he should fall into skepticism in his old age, and harbor doubts about the plain guarantees of Holy Writ and Holy Church. It would have been better, I suspect, to have begun with him as a Bishop, for from the moment of his consecration his story has a highly plausible ring. The world, no doubt, has seen many such Bishops—and maybe they have been amazed and flabbergasted after death in the precise fashion of Monsignor le Noir. It is, indeed, quite possible. Thomas Henry Huxley himself, at this very moment, may be a gaseous vertebrate, seasick on an "infernal automatic cloud." Stranger things have happened. We can only hope for the best.

Cabell's writing was never more adroit and delightful than in this little book. It has the bell-like clang of Mozart's music. The notion that it is laborious and artificial is full of error; it is actually very simple. Save for a few archaisms, always used with sure skill, it is grounded on the words of everyday. Consider a specimen:

At this time also, on an April afternoon, in open daylight, a wolf attacked the peasant girl Ettarre while she was watching the cow and the four sheep, but she defended herself boldly with the fallen branch of an oak tree. After that the stout reddish-colored animal drew back and sat down

like a dog upon his haunches, at a more comfortably remote distance of about twelve paces, and thence looked at her for a longish while. A thrush chirped and twittered overhead. The wolf presently yawned; he trotted away; and Ettarre at supper mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that the beast's tail was pronged.

Here there is surely no heave of effort. The words, with few exceptions, are plain Anglo-Saxon. Of the 105, 67 are of one syllable, and 15 more are inflexions or combinations of monosyllables. If Cabell has an affectation, it is not for the glitter of ornament; it is for a somewhat self-conscious austerity. He writes, at times, so simply that one longs for the swish and sough of compensatory Johnsonisms. But his monotony, so to speak, is not actually monotonous: he almost always manages to relieve it by one device or another. No man writing in America today has a more strongly individualized, or, on the whole, a more charming style.

The Riddle of the Universe

THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD, by A. S. Eddington. \$3.75. 8½ x 5¼; 361 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

MAN A MACHINE, by Joseph Needham. \$1. 6½ x 4¼; 103 pp. New York: *W. W. Norton & Company*.

THE historian of science, writing a century hence, will probably treat our present age of marvels with a considerable jocosity. It is marked by researches and discoveries hitherto unparalleled in the world, but it is also marked by a vast groping and uncertainty. The physicists, baffled by the wonders unfolded before them, wobble all over the lot, and the biologists perform scarcely less comically. The easy certainties of a Huxley are no more. Millikan, in physics, attempts a grotesque compromise with theology, and Driesch, in biology, concocts a metaphysics that even many theologians would balk at. The two authors here under review show the sad effects of this demoralization. Dr. Eddington, an astronomer, leaps so far into interstellar space that, at the end of his book, he is forced to admit gloomily that, even to himself, much of what he has written

bears the aspect of "a well-meaning kind of nonsense." And Dr. Needham, who is a biochemist, closes a brilliant demonstration that the living organism is a machine, and responsive to natural laws like any other, with the amazing confession that the mechanistic theory, in the last analysis, is only "a methodological fiction."

What ails both of these learned men, and their brethren with them, is their constant assumption that what is known today is the sum total of possible knowledge. They protest endlessly that they assume nothing of the sort, but nevertheless they do so unconsciously, and the fact leads them into endless absurdities. For example, consider Dr. Eddington's dealing with the Planck quantum theory. Starting out by showing that it knocks out the laws of causality, as those laws have been understood in the past, he proceeds gaily to the postulate that they do not exist at all, and from that postulate he goes on to speculations which lead him, in the end, to the borders of supernaturalism. But why assume that the quantum theory disposes of causation? All that it actually does is to confront us with a variety of causation which, at the moment, we are unable to account for. But it may be accounted for very plausibly tomorrow or next day. Meanwhile, it is certainly just as rational to assume that it will be as to assume that it won't be. In the past man has solved far tougher problems. Why should it be set down as a fact that this one will forever baffle him?

Dr. Needham's error is of the same order. He proves conclusively that, from the biologist's standpoint, it is a sheer intellectual impossibility to think of the living organism as anything save a machine, and then he goes on to show that, from some

other standpoint (say the theologian's), it must be thought of as something more, or, at all events, something different. But why waste any time thinking of it in that way? Is there anything in the general thinking of theologians which makes their opinion on the point of any interest or value? What have they ever done in other fields to match the fact-finding of the biologists? I can find nothing in the record. Their processes of thought, taking one day with another, are so defective as to be preposterous. True enough, they are masters of logic, but they always start out from palpably false premises. I see no reason why anyone should bother about their nonsensical caveats. Whether or not man is a machine is a fact to be established by an examination of the evidence. If the answer turns out to be yes, then it will plainly be far from "a methodological fiction." And if it is no, then the theologians will still have to prove their case. For the virtue of A cannot be demonstrated by showing that B is a rogue.

There is a vast need, in the physical sciences, for a new Huxley. The discoveries of Einstein, Planck and company have brought in a reign of intellectual chaos. The Millikans, Eddingtons and Driesches, though they are worthy men otherwise, seem to be unable to grapple successfully with the unrolling facts. In their discussions of the huge problems confronting the scientific fraternity there is comfort for New Thinkers, university pedagogues and Methodist bishops, but not much for the rest of us. What is called for is a master-mind capable of grappling with the confusion now prevailing and getting some order into it. I herewith issue a summons for candidates. Whoever fills the bill is sure of great fame.

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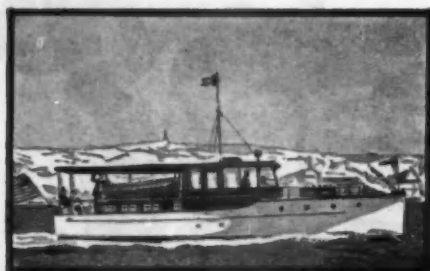
The April issue of The American Mercury containing an article praising talking pictures reaches Hollywood.

"Renaissance in Hollywood"

This issue of The American Mercury carries a story by Robert E. Sherwood on the talking motion pictures. If you want to discover for yourself what an adult art and what interesting entertainment the see-and-hear cinema can be, go to a theatre showing **PARAMOUNT QUALITY TALKING PICTURES**. See and hear, for example, Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter", "The Doctor's Secret" (by Sir James M. Barrie), Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris". You will be surprised, edified and converted. ▲ ▲ ▲

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"Days we wish
would never end..."



THE SARAJO* docks in the beautiful inlet at Mamaroneck, a hundred yards or so from the summer home of its owners.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrence are enthusiastic in their conviction that this handsome Forty-Two represents not an extravagance, but a sound investment in health and happiness. No taxes, no expensive repairs, surprisingly low running cost. And during the long boating season endless opportunity for outdoor sports, for the most delightful kind of entertaining, for travel in the economical comfort of a compact home on the water . . .

Almost any still summer night finds the Sarajo slipping quietly out into the Sound . . . Probably a gay, informal supper aboard with five or six friends. Perhaps, on moonlight nights, a swim, or swift careening on an aquaplane in the Sarajo's lively wake . . .

Cruising is a hobby with this young couple, who make frequent short trips—through the Sound—up the Essex River—around the Long Island shore. Last August, with four friends, they made a ten-day cruise to Nantucket, with shore stops at New London and New Bedford. As delightful a short vacation trip as they ever took, Mrs. Torrence says. And already plans are under way for next summer's cruising. Plans which fortunately need consider neither time tables nor accommodations, but only the whim of the Sarajo's happy owners . . .

Visit Port Elco or send for Catalog AME.

PORT ELCO (permanent exhibit), 247 Park Avenue, at 46th Street, New York. Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami. Plant and Marine Basin, The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, \$2,975; Veedette, \$4,875; Cruisette, \$5,950; Thirty-Eight, \$10,750; Forty-Two, \$16,500; Fifty, \$25,500.

*Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.

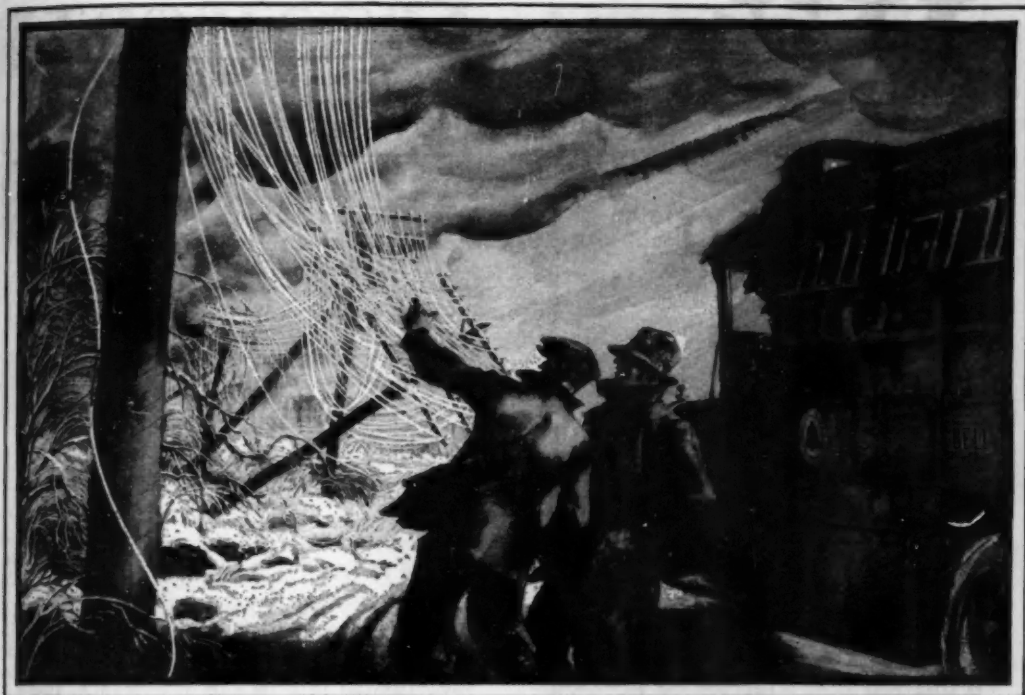


Editorial NOTES

THE time limit for entering articles for the two College Prizes announced last month is herewith extended to August 1. This will give contestants time to write them after graduation in June. One prize, of \$500, is offered for the best article received from a male graduate of this year; the other, of the same amount, is offered for the best received from a woman graduate. The aim of the contest is to show how the four years of college life appear to actual graduates. In the treatment of the subject a wide margin will be allowed. But it is hoped that contestants will confine themselves as much as possible to personal experiences. In every case the name of the college discussed must be given, and save where good taste and decency forbid it the names of instructors mentioned must be given likewise. The MSS. sent in will be judged by the honesty and intelligence they show, by the freshness of their points of view, and by their interest and value as human documents. Good writing will also count, and very heavily. The competition is open to the seniors of 1929 in all American colleges of good repute. MSS. may be sent in at any time up to August 1, and need not be deferred until commencement, though the prize-winners must graduate this year. The conditions:

1. No article should be less than 3000 words long, or more than 8000.
2. Each must be a wholly original work by a student graduating from an American college with the class of 1929, and taking the A.B. or its equivalent.
3. Each must bear the full name and address of the author, the name of the college frequented, and a statement of the course followed and the degree to be taken.

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Suddenly, out of a spring sky . . .

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

ALL was well on the telephone front on April 27, 1928. Suddenly, out of a spring sky, rain began to fall over central Pennsylvania. As night came on this turned into a furious storm of sleet, snow and wind. Inside of 48 hours, 3700 telephone poles were down. Seven thousand miles of wire tangled wreckage. Thirty-nine exchanges isolated. Eleven thousand telephones silent.

Repair crews were instantly mobilized and sent to the scene. From Philadelphia 47 crews came. Other parts of Pennsylvania sent 13. New Jersey, 6. New York, 4. Ohio, 6. Maryland and West Virginia, 12. In record time, 1000 men were stringing insulated wire and temporary cables along the highways, on fences and on the ground.

Within 72 hours the isolated exchanges



were connected and the 11,000 telephones back in service. Then, while the temporary construction carried on, neighboring Bell System warehouses poured out all needed equipment, new poles were set, new crossarms placed and new wire and cable run.

In any crisis there are no state lines in the Bell System. In all emergencies of flood or storm, as well as in the daily tasks of extending and maintaining the nation-wide network, is seen the wisdom of One Policy, One System, Universal Service.

Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal of the Bell System. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

Why do you brush your teeth?

THERE is good reason why so much stress is laid on the importance of using the right dentifrice! For on its effectiveness depend the soundness of your gums, and often the general condition of your health.

Apart from mere cleanliness, the reason why you should brush your teeth and gums is that you must guard against the acids which cause decay and gum irritation. These acids form particularly in pits of your teeth and at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. To prevent trouble it is necessary to use a dentifrice which can neutralize these dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream, made with more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, brings this protection. Tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the tiny crevices where your tooth-brush cannot reach and neutralize the acids there.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans and polishes the teeth beautifully. It is also extraordinarily soothing to sensitive teeth and gums. Only 40 cents a tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

Guard The Danger Line

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



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Editorial NOTES

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4. Each must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for its return in case it is not accepted.

5. THE AMERICAN MERCURY may make offers for a few MSS. other than those awarded prizes, but their authors are free to decline such offers.

6. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be the sole judge of the competition.

The honoraria will be paid on August 2, and the two prize-winning articles will be printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October.

Dr. Edward Sapir, author of "The Discipline of Sex" in this issue, is one of the leading anthropologists of America. He was born January 26, 1884, in Lauenburg, a small German town near the Baltic, in the Prussian province of Pomerania. Both his parents were Lithuanian Jews who had emigrated to Germany. He was brought to the United States when about five years of age, and received his earliest schooling in Richmond, Va., where for three years he attended the old Marshall School, housed in the former home of Jefferson Davis. The remainder of his elementary schooling, and his high-school training and college and university education he obtained in New York City. He was graduated from DeWitt Clinton High-school in 1901, and received his A.B. from Columbia three years later. He also won his Ph.D. at the latter university in 1909.

He began field work in American Indian linguistics in 1905 with a series of investigations on the Wishram Indians, now located on the Yakima Reservation, Washington, for the Bureau of American Ethnology. In 1907-1908 he was research assistant in anthropology at the University of California. In 1908-1910 he was instructor in anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania. From 1910 to 1925 he was chief of the division of anthropology of the National Museum of Canada at Ottawa,

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A memory of your Dear Ones that will never fade

WHISTLER painted a picture of his mother. He painted her so cleverly that unnumbered people of all races hung copies of his picture on their walls. It reminded them of their own mothers.

But to Whistler it was not merely a reminder . . . it was his mother, and since then many have envied him because of this. Although they, too, formed mental images of their mothers, these images remained mental. He could put his on canvas. His memory might fail; his mother might change; but that painted image of her in the mood that he loved best could neither fail nor change.

Your Mother on the Silver Screen

Today, however, the Ciné-Kodak can do more for you than Whistler's brush could do for him. In movies that you take yourself, it records your mother as she lives and breathes. It preserves her for you in a thousand attitudes. It captures her mannerisms; each fleeting facial expression; each familiar gesture.

When the films are projected by your Kodascope on your own screen, you realize that no painting or series of paintings could compare with them. They show her to you as an active human being, with all the evidences of her charm and personality and character. Her lips move, she smiles, her eyes twinkle; a wisp of her hair blows out of place . . . and you know that you'll always remember her as she actually is today.

Astonishing Simplicity

In thousands of safe deposit vaults duplicates of such films are stored away and each day the number grows. The increase in popularity of home movies has been amazing and is largely due to the ease with which the Ciné-Kodak works.

It is as simple as taking snapshots. You press the lever and you're taking pictures. You send the film to us and we develop and return it to you immediately. The cost of this service is included in the price of the film.

Movies in Color!

And now, another Eastman development—Kodacolor—enables you to make home movies in full natural color. With the Ciné-Kodak f.1.9., a filter and Kodacolor



How wonderful to be able to see your mother's smile at any moment you wish and as long as you live!

color Film, you can make the most beautiful living portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your dealer's. They cost only \$7.50 per 100 feet.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Dept. 196, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... 29



French Cuisine that is... **FRENCH!**

Down the Grand Staircase on the "Paris" they come...to show the smartest frocks... to make the most amusing conversation... to enjoy a dinner that isn't French in name alone, but French in fact. :- Anybody can sprinkle a few phrases on a menu card... but French Line chefs can cook. :- Yet if madame is on a diet, if monsieur prefers the dishes suggested by his gym instructor...these will appear to order, so lovingly and artfully prepared that restrictions are glorified and self-denial becomes a pleasure as well as a virtue. :- Weekly Express Liners...the "France", the "Paris" and the "Ile de France"...call at Plymouth for London and form the quickest route to Paris, via Le Havre. :- A covered pier, a 3-hour boat-train, then Paris itself...but one has been in Paris ever since crossing "the longest gangplank in the world" at the New York end. :- Slightly more leisurely and a lot less expensive are those charming cabin steamers, the "De Grasse" and the "Rochambeau", manned by the same staunch breed of Breton Sailors who have carried the tricolore for centuries across the Seven Seas!

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent
or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

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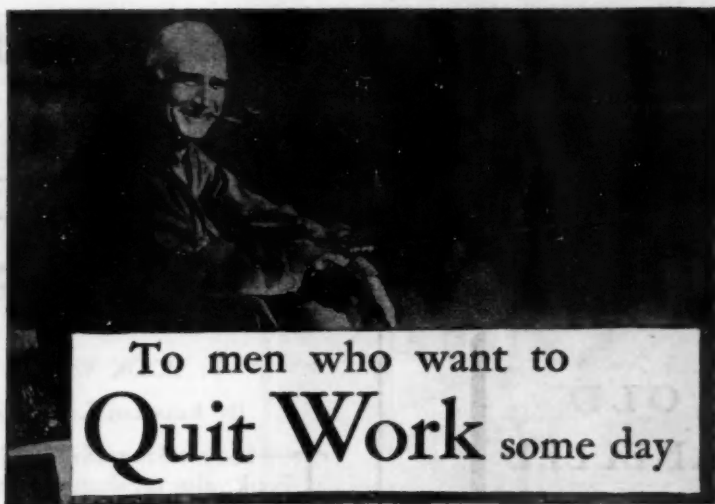
Editorial NOTES

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Ontario, and carried on many researches among the Canadian Indians. In 1925 he was appointed associate professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago, and in 1927 was made professor of anthropology and general linguistics at the same university, which position he now holds. He is the author of "Language: An Introduction to the Study of Speech," "Time Perspective in Aboriginal American Culture: A Study in Method," "The Takelma Language of Southwestern Oregon," "Wishram Texts," "Takelma Texts," "Yana Texts" and "Folk Songs of French Canada," the latter in collaboration with C. M. Barbeau. His latest work, "The Psychology of Culture," will be published in the near future.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY welcomes the first issue of *Human Biology*, a quarterly published at Baltimore by Warwick & York. The editor, Dr. Raymond Pearl, of the Johns Hopkins, has been a frequent and valued contributor to this magazine, and so has the head of the publishing firm, Mr. H. E. Buchholz. The purposes of the new journal are sufficiently explained by its name. It will seek to coördinate the work that is now being done in a dozen separate fields, all to the end of determining the laws governing the life of man on earth. The high competence of the editor is obvious. His own writings in the field of human biology are various and rich. His associates include Dr. E. M. East of Harvard, Dr. Eugen Fischer of Berlin, Dr. Aleš Hrdlička of the Smithsonian, Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski and Dr. Clark Wissler. The new journal is addressed primarily to scientific men, but the educated layman will find much of interest in its programme. Like the *Quarterly Review of Biology*, also edited by Dr. Pearl, it is well printed and substantially bound. The subscription price is \$5 a year.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



To men who want to
Quit Work some day

THIS PAGE is addressed to those thousands of earnest, hard-working men who want to take things easier some day.

It tells how these men, by following a simple, definite plan, can provide for themselves in later years *a guaranteed income they cannot outlive.*

How the Plan Works

It doesn't matter whether your present income is large or merely average. It doesn't matter whether you are making fifty dollars a week or five hundred. If you follow this plan you will some day have an income upon which to retire.

The plan calls for the deposit of only a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age. The minute you make your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you should become totally and permanent-

ly disabled, you would not need to worry. Your payments would be made by us out of a special fund provided for that purpose.

And not only that. We would mail you a check every month during the entire time of your disability, even if that disability should continue for many, many years—the remainder of your natural life.

New Retirement Income Plan

Here is what a dividend-paying \$10,000 policy will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 65

A Monthly Income for life of \$100 which assures a return of at least \$10,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. Or, if you prefer, A Cash Settlement of \$12,000.

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of \$10,000. Or \$50 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months. Total \$14,823

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60

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The INVESTOR

BOOK VALUE

By RUDOLPH L. WEISSMAN

THE book value tradition dies hard. The book value per share of a common stock is obtained from the balance sheet. The process is simple. From the total assets, excluding goodwill and deferred items, the funded debt, preferred stock, current liabilities and reserves are deducted, and the remainder is divided by the number of shares outstanding. This is the book value per share, or, as it is sometimes referred to, the net tangible assets per share.

The belief is held widely that there should be some relation between the book value of a common stock and its market price. In a syndicated analysis of various common stocks, it is pointed out that the stock reviewed sells for "——— times the actual property value back of it." Apparently, it is a point of recommendation that a stock may be purchased for less than its book value, and a matter of concern if it sells at several times its book value.

The term itself is sufficient proof that it is of no significance as applied to the stock of a manufacturing or merchandising corporation. The assumption is that if a corporation were called upon to liquidate its current debt, and redeem its fixed obligations and preferred stock from the sale of its resources, the remainder would be left for distribution among the shareholders. In other words, the resources and liabilities are taken at their book figures. As a matter of experience, it is common knowledge that the monetary worth of resources shrinks when offered at a forced sale. As a rule, the weak enterprise keeps its

Continued on page xlii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

No. 4 of a series of Ad-
vertisements of American
Water Works and Electric
Company, Incorporated



More than Spain...

SPAIN, realm of romance and enchantment, is rapidly growing in industrial and commercial importance.

But last year the electrical properties of American Water Works and Electric Company, in a territory of twenty-two thousand square miles, delivered more electricity to homes and industries than was used in all the wide kingdom of Spain:

The growing use of electric light and power by progressive American homes and industries is one source of the strength of the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company and those of its subsidiaries.

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AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

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[Information about this Company, or
any of its subsidiaries, will be furnish-
ed on request. Write for Booklet K1]

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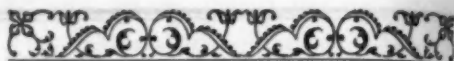
what a whale of a difference
just a few drops make

YES
*and what a whale of
a difference just a
few cents make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



The INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

books in such a manner that the assets are far above their liquidating value, whereas the stronger enterprise, through heavy depreciation charges and reserves, writes down its assets to only a fraction of their sales value. The book value theory, therefore, puts a premium on slipshod accounting. The discrepancy between book figures and the prices at which assets are salable may be illustrated by a few examples.

The National Conduit & Cable Company was purchased by the American Brass Company in 1923, at a receiver's sale, for \$3,000,000. The last balance sheet of the company showed plant and equipment worth in excess of \$6,000,000.

The Locomobile Company's balance sheet as of June 30, 1921, showed real estate, machinery and plants of \$3,639,000, inventories at \$4,091,000, accounts receivable at \$665,000, cash of \$279,000 and total assets, excluding deferred items, of \$8,723,000, against which was a funded debt of only \$1,500,000. In October 1923 the company was sold for \$1,750,000. The creditors received 35%.

The last balance sheet prior to the receivership of the Lincoln Motor Company showed total assets, aside from deferred charges and other asset items, which are such purely by courtesy, of approximately \$18,500,000 and indebtedness of less than \$7,000,000. The book value for 160,000 shares of Class A stock was thus approximately \$70. The property was bought at a receiver's sale for \$8,000,000, and nothing remained for the shareholders.

Revision of plant values is a favorite method in consolidations, for in this way, the inflated capital structures are made to appear reasonable and conservative. The report of the receiver in the United States Shipbuilding Company case, a fiasco of a former generation, showed that the directors paid approximately \$68,000,000 for

Continued on page xlii



TOWN AND COUNTRY

THE LITTLE TOWNS of America, founded as the farmer's trade centers, are assuming still a further function, a greater destiny. Industry is distributing itself, breaking the bands of congestion and concentration. The widespread distribution of electric power *wherever it is needed* enables industry to locate wherever it is most advantageous from the standpoints of transportation, markets, raw material and labor. And so factories turn more and more to the small community.

This—a profitable course for industry—is strengthening the small town and giving it an important status in America's industrial scheme. The farmer profits, too—in the strengthening of his

local markets, in the increased money available for public works and education without increasing the farmer's taxes, in the stable and well-rounded economic development which results.

There is, as a result, a closer union of factory and farm, of land and industry, of men with the soil from which their sustenance comes. In the small town, industry and agriculture are joined.

The Middle West Utilities System, serving town and countryside, supplies electric power to three thousand small and medium-sized communities and more than forty thousand farms. It has pioneered in the widespread diffusion of power upon which industry and agriculture are basing their new relationship.

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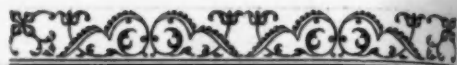
Name

Street

City State

wants information on Personal Effects Insurance

xliv



The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

property previously carried on the books at \$12,441,000. The fictitious values set on the plants permitted the vendors of the constituent companies to receive large blocks of bonus stock. There was no difficulty in issuing \$46,000,000 of bonds and preferred stock. Book value for the common stock was \$100 a share.

The short-lived period of prosperity in the textile industry in 1919-1920 was used to form a number of consolidations. In one instance the invaluable listing application filed with the New York Stock Exchange revealed that the plants of the individual mills were carried at \$690,009, after depreciation. The balance sheet of the consolidation, on the other hand, showed that the same mills and properties were now carried at \$2,200,000! Conservatism was then illustrated by carrying goodwill, brands and trade marks at a nominal figure. The stock was offered to the public slightly under the indicated book value per share, which was based on a momentary boom in an overbuilt, economically sick industry. At present, the stocks of New England mills are often available on a ring spindle basis at less than half of the reproduction cost.

In a recent consolidation in a branch of the building supply trades, the balance sheets of the individual corporations showed fixed assets of approximately \$6,000,000; the consolidation's fixed assets, which were identical with those of the constituent units, showed an upward revision of more than \$2,000,000, an excess of 33½%. One may well ask whether there was not an intimate relation between the change and the securities issued, since the bonded indebtedness and the preferred stock were covered at par by the revaluation. Perhaps the appraisal was more accurate than the original balance sheet figures, but such policies always suggest jockeying.

Continued on page xlv

"Non, Non-sweets are not for me - I smoke a Lucky to keep petite"

Irene Bordoni,
Fascinating Star of
Musical Comedy

Irene Bordoni

"Non, non—sweets are not for me—I smoke a Lucky to keep petite. I cannot afford to eat the French pastries that my countrymen know so well how to make. What would my public think if La Bordoni were no longer slim and petite? So, I smoke my favorite Lucky Strike, with its delightful flavor. It rests my tired nerves after the play—it never irritates my throat—and, it always makes me so happy."

IRENE BORDONI

THE modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

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No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

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for a
Lucky
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Think of the England of the Washingtons, Franklins and Penns; of Raleigh, Frobenius and Rainier in the west; of Tintagel, with King Arthur and his knights in council; Glastonbury founded by Joseph of Arimathea. Then roam through romantic Somerset, Hampshire, Dorset and Kent to wondrous old Canterbury, see of every Primate since Augustine, where the Black Prince rests.

Follow the dawn to England and land at Plymouth or Southampton and feel as if you were stepping into a landscape of Turner or Gainsborough. England, the natural door to Europe, is as dainty as a madrigal and really welcomes Americans.

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and
SOUTHERN
Railways of England**



The INVESTOR

Continued from page xliiv

It would be a novel policy if the capital assets were varied each year, in accordance with trade conditions. Every advance in copper or iron ore prices would be reflected by changes aggregating millions of dollars for the large corporations in these industries. Real estate sites would be written up and down as the real estate market changed. Book values are, at best, arbitrary. The established practice is not to write up land, machinery or equipment. If the original cost prices are reasonable, the capital assets remain at these figures, plus additions, and less accrued depreciation. If errors are to be made, they should be on the side of conservatism. No one accepts the book figures of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the United States Steel Corporation or the International Harvester Company as indications of their current value.

The General Electric Company, for example, in the thirty-seven years of its existence, has made additions to its properties of more than \$300,000,000, yet, the net plant valuation is now (1927 balance sheet) only \$52,835,000. It is known that the plants of the International Harvester Company in Chicago, erected in a part of the city where land values were then small, may be worth many times their original cost, purely as real property.

The balance sheet of a corporation in existence for many years does not pretend to show the liquidating value. Large sums may have been spent in capital improvements. Depreciation charges, or reserves, where proper repairs and replacements have been made, are probably, to a large extent, bookkeeping items. Moreover, the investor rarely purchases the securities of a corporation with the idea that it will liquidate. So far as the equity is concerned, it is hoped to profit by increased earnings.

A recent exchange of the securities of

Continued on page xlviii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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RELIEF
COMFORT

Rub in

Absorbine Jr.

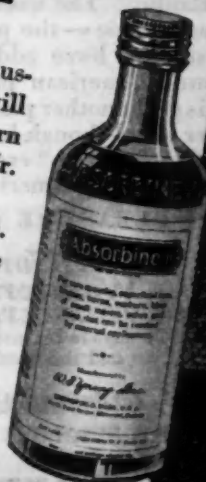
WEATHER changes and sudden exposure bring aching muscles. Rub in Absorbine, Jr. at once. Almost instantly you will appreciate its soothing and comforting action. Stubborn attacks will respond to frequent applications of Absorbine, Jr. rubbed in vigorously.

Absorbine, Jr. keeps the muscles in wonderful condition. It is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. There are many other uses, for all the family. Read "Timely Suggestions."

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From NEW YORK for HAMBURG via CHERBOURG
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walk of life, have added their names to
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there is still another passenger whose name
is never listed though he is always there—
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Or Local Steamship Agents.



The **INVESTOR**

Continued from page xlv

two meat packing corporations illustrates
forcibly the dominant factor in the value
of a security. The larger had nominal net
assets of \$14,434,076, but its securities were
selling in the market at approximately
\$4,864,276, or about 33% of the indicated
book value. Its bonds were selling at less
than 50% of their par value. The second
with net assets of only \$3,228,000 was sell-
ing in the market at about \$8,557,000. The
committee in its letter stated the practical
rule:

While the book value of the assets of
largely exceeds the book value of the assets of
the and the volume of business of the
former greatly exceeds that of the latter, the
ability of a corporation to make net earnings is
the ultimate criterion which largely determines
the value of an investment in a going concern.

The following is a list of representative
common stocks and the book value per
share, according to the last available bal-
ance sheet.

Air Reduction Company Inc.	\$ 31.39
Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation . .	81.23
American Can Company	47.21
American Locomotive Company . . .	91.36
American Smelting & Refining Com- pany	58.43
American Tobacco Company	42.43
American Woolen Company	126.95
American Sugar Refining Company . .	138.14
Anaconda Copper Mining Company . .	74.16
Atlantic Refining Company	50.08
Bethlehem Steel Corporation	173.11
Chrysler Corporation	20.34
Corn Products Refining Company . . .	31.03
Endicott Johnson Corporation	65.26
General Motors Corporation	40.54
General Electric Company	45.84
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company . .	20.21
Kennecott Copper Corporation	31.00
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey .	41.78
Westinghouse Electric & Manufactur- ing Company	74.86
F. W. Woolworth Company	37.57

The low book value per share of common
stocks of the highest grade is striking, and
nothing more than comparison with the

Continued on page l

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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xlix



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SPA PRODUCTS
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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlviii

average market prices of these shares is needed to establish that there is no direct relation between the book values and either market prices or financial strength.

New Financial Books

A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT.

By Dwight C. Rose

Harper & Brothers

\$5

8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 480 pp.

New York

Mr. Rose supports, with a wealth of statistical material, the ideas associated with Dr. Dewing and Mr. E. L. Smith, *i.e.*, that investing is not successful unless it brings a larger return than the riskless rental value of money, and that well selected common stocks in leading American corporations prove more profitable over a period of years than bonds. An exhaustive study was made of the underwriting and investment accomplishments in the period 1905-1927 of twenty-five large fire insurance companies. The results are somewhat startling. The annual average underwriting return was less than 1%; the return from investment operations was 4.29%. Several companies got a much higher return from their investments. Success was almost in exact proportion to the relative investment in common stocks. The company that made the best showing had holdings in common stocks averaging 38.8% of the total; the poorest company, 11.2%. Mr. Rose declares that "even without skillful supervision, if reasonable intelligence is employed to maintain wide diversification of the leading companies in leading industries, the inexperienced investor can, from the long term viewpoint, do a very creditable job." He might have considered seriously the small investor's tendency to grasp such statements, and forget that later he is warned that "the investing public in the year 1928 has a dangerous immediate background of optimistic history and success upon which to construct a conservative programme."

ANALYSIS OF RAILROAD SECURITIES.

By Dr. Jules I. Bogn

The Ronald Press Company

\$6

8 3/4 x 6; 449 pp.

New York

This is the first work dealing exclusively with railroad securities that has been published since the passage of the Transportation Act of 1920. It is principally a study of the fundamental changes in the position of the railroads and their securities, and of the interpretation of the provisions of the act. In addition to a full discussion of "the new order in the railroad industry," the book explains the elements of railroad economics and financial analysis as applied to railroad securities. It will serve as a useful textbook and an introduction to the subject. Helpful bibliographies are appended to the chapters.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xxx*

RELIGION

THE NEED OF A NEW BIBLE & A CREEDLESS CHURCH.

By Samuel H. Guggenheimer.

\$3.50

8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 388 pp.

Greenberg
New York

The argument of this book is that "men's salvation lies solely in themselves," that "the highest values consist in the development of applied science, health and wealth," and that the Bible, in denying both these principles, has been "a baneful influence." Mr. Guggenheimer thinks that a new Bible is needed, one that gives "in true perspective a picture of the world, men's relation to it, and its origin and history, including that of thought and morals." All this is probably true, but it has been said before and often, and with much more learning and greater effectiveness.

THE GREAT GALILEAN.

By Robert Kaable.

\$2.50

Little, Brown & Company
New York

"We have in Christ all the God we know, and all we need to know," avows Mr. Keable in this tract. "In saying this we do not, on the one hand, identify him with the Creator of heaven and earth, or, on the other, make two Gods, one of Him and one of this Creator, as Mr. H. G. Wells seems so curiously to have done. It is just that His spiritual genius raises Him so far above us in our spiritual life that He becomes naturally our leader, our hero, our model. It is a providence that He is so far historically unknown that He can call forth from us something of the same emotion that is called forth by the Unknown Soldier." There is an appendix containing a reconstruction of the earthly life of Jesus and a poetical description of Easter morning. The author has died since the book was written.

SOCIOLOGY

THE CHALLENGE OF THE AGED.

By Abraham Epstein.

\$3

8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 435 pp.

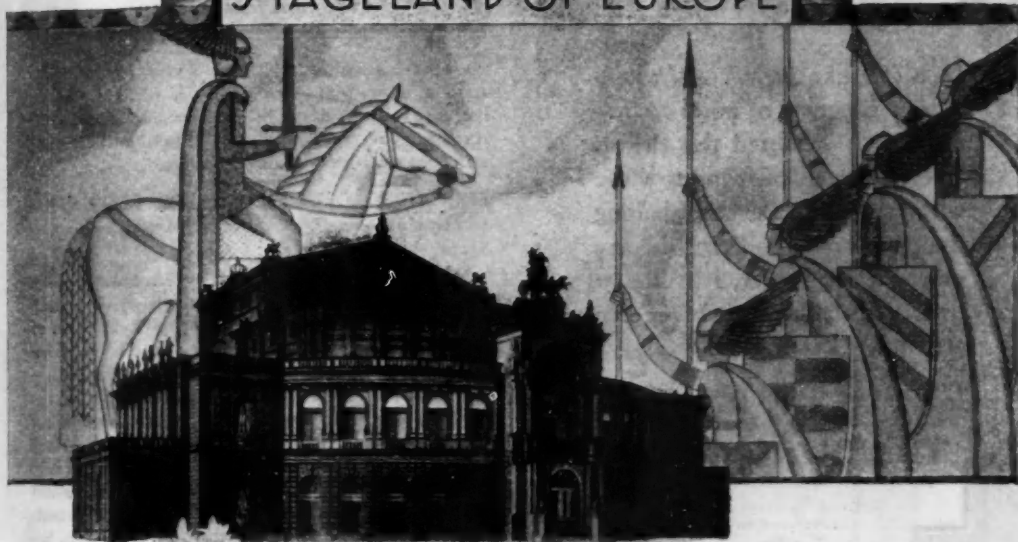
The Vanguard Press
New York

Mr. Epstein is an ardent advocate of old age pensions, and here argues for them with great learning and plausibility. He believes that they are made necessary by the industrial system, which wears out and rejects its workers before they have got much beyond middle age, and offers them no chance of even part-time employment thereafter. The United States, he shows, is far behind other countries in caring for them. A great many class, craft and company pension systems, most of them involving contributions by the workers, have been tried here, but practically all of

Continued on page liv

GERMANY

STAGELAND OF EUROPE



For the novel, the unusual, the perfect in music and dramatic art, go to Germany! Her famous operas and theatres, centuries old in tradition, yet wholly modern in the conception of their art, have won international acclaim. Add thereto, as special summer features, operatic and dramatic performances on sylvan stages in starlit nights; folk plays acted by Bavarian mountaineers in their quaint, colorful garb; festivals reenacting great historic events, with entire medieval towns as stages and their burghers, in costumes of times long past, as the actors. Whatever your preference, the world's great classics or the most modern of the moderns, you will find it in the many art centers of Germany.

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Dept 619, 100 North Michigan Ave., Chicago



Check List of NEW BOOKS

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them have failed. Mr. Epstein's criticism of these systems is well-informed and shrewd. He has an immense mass of facts at his command and he presents them very effectively. His book is heavily documented and covers its ground almost exhaustively.

EDUCATIONAL SOCIOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS.

By David Snodden.

The Macmillan Company

\$3.50

7 3/4 x 5; 636 pp.

New York

Here are the ideas submitted by Professor Snodden as "basic assumptions or postulates towards getting a satisfactory orientation of the writer and readers of this book: 1. Every normal human being is by nature a learner. 2. Social groups or societies use these learning powers of their members, and especially of the younger ones, in fitting them for useful coöperations of many kinds. 3. Learning by children, women, and men goes on constantly. 4. Schools are created to take charge of certain kinds of teaching in all advanced societies. 5. In highly civilized societies schools multiply in kind and extent. 6. Other social agencies beside schools, however, do vast amounts of teaching in all advanced societies. 7. The results of learning and of teaching are by no means always good." There are questions at the ends of the chapters, with the view of encouraging social philosophizing, but Professor Snodden advises students not to tackle more than a few of them. The volume has an index.

POETRY

THE SET-UP.

By Joseph Moncre March.

Covici-Friede

\$2.

9 x 5 3/4; 184 pp.

New York

Pansy Jones is a promising young Negro candidate for the middleweight championship when a charge of bigamy sends him up for a five-year term. Ten years later, his career over, he is matched against Sailor Gray, a powerful newcomer with a deadly punch. His manager agrees to throw the fight but rather than split the sixty dollars he gets for doing so neglects to tell Pansy. In the ensuing fight, Pansy knocks Sailor out, but is set upon later by Sailor and his gang, and trapped in the subway, where he is struck by a train. A melodramatic story told in execrable verse.

MORNING MOODS and Other Poems.

By Lorna Greene.

The Century Company

\$1.75

8 x 5; 109 pp.

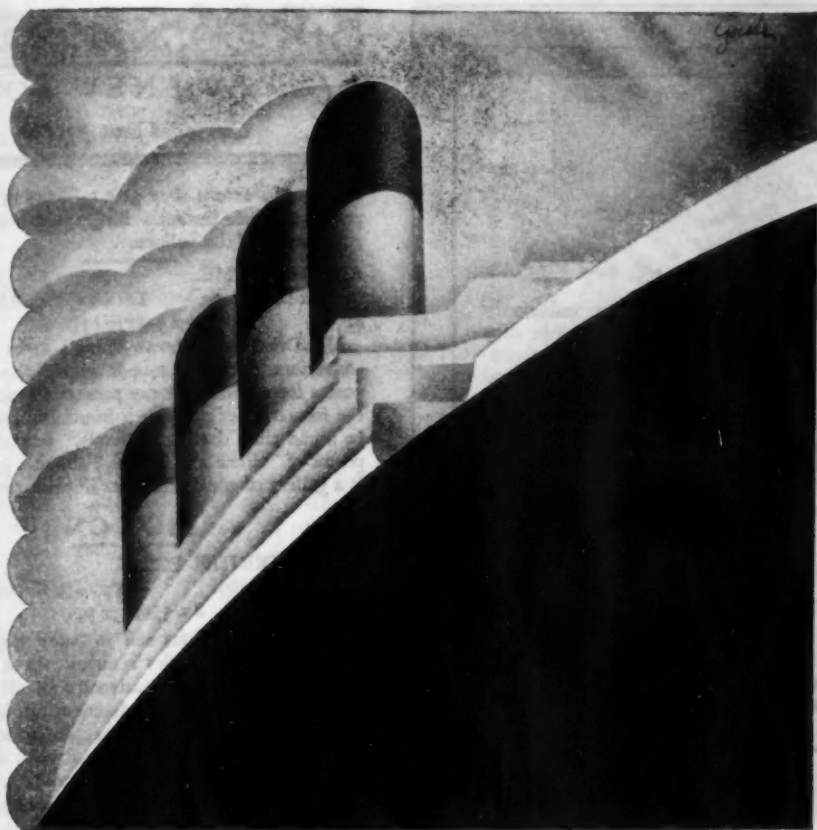
New York

Lorna Greene, the daughter of Anne Bosworth Greene, died in September, 1927, at the age of twenty-four. This volume of her poems, collected and edited by Mrs. Greene, includes all her work, the earliest of which was begun at nineteen. Most of the poems deal with the outdoors, and though they have a certain

Continued on page lvi

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vitality of interest, they give evidence of no unusual promise. Mrs. Greene's biographical introduction comprises half the volume.

ALL ABOUT ME.

By John Drinkwater. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$2. 8 x 5 3/4; 104 pp. Boston

Mr. Drinkwater shows himself to be charmingly conversant with the moods of childhood in these poems for a child. A more penetrating description of the formation of a childish friendship could scarcely be found than that in "Friends," one of the longer poems of "Home and School," the first group. There is a gallery of adult eccentrics in the second group.

FICTION

POINT COUNTER POINT.

By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$2.50 8 x 5 3/4; 432 pp. New York

The most ambitious and in many ways the most brilliant of Mr. Huxley's novels. In it he wittily labors the persistent illusiveness of all human aspirations. He presents a picture of an infinitely sophisticated society wherein people are as intelligent as they well can be, and supplied with all the latest mechanical conveniences and the most detailed knowledge concerning the world in which they are a part. Yet the fact remains that the one ambition realizable to them is on an elementary animal plane, and according to the author it will always be thus, for all men at all times, no matter if their knowledge outstrip the stars. Mr. Huxley's characters, as one of them puts it, are "made-up affairs, necessarily; for people who can reel off neatly formulated notions aren't quite real; they're slightly monstrous. Living with monsters becomes rather tiresome in the long run." Such is the case with Mr. Huxley's novel of over four hundred closely-printed pages, in spite of its excellent portraiture, its humor, and its undeniable force.

MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

By George Sylvester Viereck & Paul Eldridge.
\$2.50 8 x 5 3/4; 501 pp. The Macaulay Company New York

This story is in the form of an autobiography of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew, and in it he describes his wanderings and philanderings, particularly his romantic passion for the Princess Salomé. The philosophic conception of reincarnation and the Freudian theme of the repetition compulsion form the basis of his observations. He presents provocative portraits of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, Nero, the Empress Faustina, Heliogabalus, Appolonius of Tyana, Prester John, Mohammed, Charlemagne, Attila, Don Juan, Leonardo da Vinci, Pope Alexander VI, Spinoza, Rothschild, and, among personages of the present day,

Continued on page lviii

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Continued from page lvi

Shaw, Einstein, Lenin and Mussolini. The book is
 well written, but far too long drawn out.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE ONLY TWO WAYS TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.

By John Gallishaw.

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$5

9 3/4 x 6; 486 pp.

New York

Mr. Gallishaw is the founder and directing genius
 of the John Gallishaw School for Creative Writing,
 and formerly was assistant dean of Harvard College.
 He has spent many years in the study of the philosophy
 of the short story, and now feels ready to announce
 to the world his discoveries. They are the following:
 (a) "Architecturally, a story must have a beginning,
 a body and an end;" (b) "it must have a scene...
 or a series of scenes;" (c) the only two types of short
 stories are those where "the central actor is called
 upon to accomplish some purpose" and those where
 "the central actor is called upon to make some
 decision or choice;" and (d) the only two ways "of
 presenting or telling a story are in chronological se-
 quence or in anti-chronological sequence." Mr.
 Gallishaw thinks, "beyond any question of doubt,
 that the application of these principles can cut down
 the period of apprenticeship through which every
 writer must go." All this appears in the foreword.
 The rest of the book is made up of Cases of Craftsman-
 ship, that is, reprints of Stories of Accomplishment
 and Stories of Decision. Each of them is prefaced by
 a brief but penetrating piece of Gallishaw analysis
 and also by an "architectural chart." Among the emi-
 nent writers whose stories are selected are Charles
 Lamb, O. Henry, Irvin S. Cobb, George W. Worts,
 Will Payne, Mary Brecht Pulver, Mary Synon, Rich-
 ard Connell, Melanie Koll and Fannie Kilbourne.

A FATALIST AT WAR.

By Rudolf Binding.

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$3.75

8 3/4 x 5 3/8; 246 pp.

Boston

Binding was born in Basle in 1867, and educated at
 Leipzig. At the beginning of this century he achieved
 something of a reputation in Germany as a poet and
 novelist. In 1914 he joined one of the Jungdeutschland
 divisions, and participated in some of the war's most
 bloody battles. Trench fever and dysentery killed him
 just before the Armistice. The present book is made
 up of extracts from the diary he kept as a soldier, and
 also from his correspondence at the time. It is full of
 very realistic portraits of the military life, and makes
 gruesome reading. Binding, every now and then, in-
 dulges in philosophical observations; they are not
 very original, but in their context they take on
 pointedness. The poetry in the book is pretty bad.
 The translation from the German is by Ian F. D.
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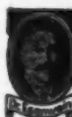
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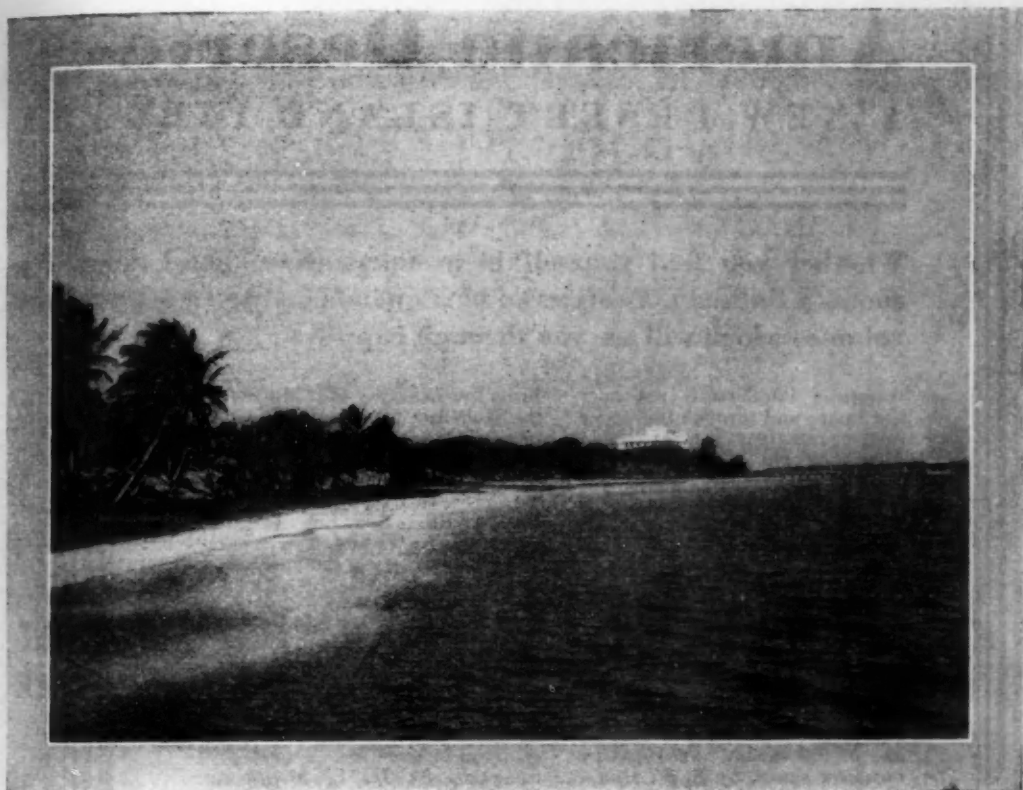
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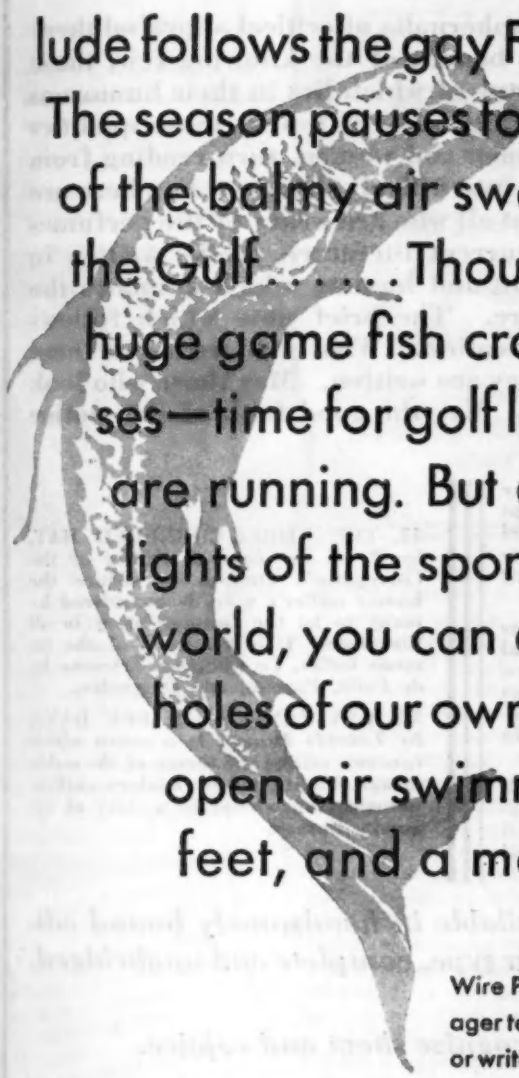
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The first selection from the material is in the April issue,

Three Poems by Stephen Crane

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Also in the APRIL issue:

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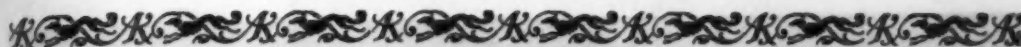
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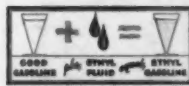
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